

A

COLLECTION

Of all the

POEMS

Written by

William Drummond,

OF

HAWTHORNDEN.

*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori,
Cælo Musa beat.* -----

Horat. Od. 8. lib. 4.



EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Watson, in Craig's-Closs, 1711.

COLLECTION

No. 10

САНКТ



П

British

Библиотека Британского музея

МАДИЯОНТИНАН



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To the Author.

P A R T H E N I U S,

On his Sonnets.

WHILE thou dost praise the Roses, Lillies, Gold,
Which in a dangling Tress and Face appear,
Still stands the Sun in Skies, thy Songs to bear,
A Silence sweet each whispering Wind doth hold:
Sleep in Patishea's Lap his Eyes doth fold,
The Sword falls from the God of the Fifth Sphere;
The Herds to Feed, the Birds to Sing forber,
Each Plant breaths Love, each Flood and Fountain cold.
And hence it is, that that once Nymph, now Tree,
Who did th' Amphrylian Shepherds Sighs disdain;
And scorn'd his Lays mov'd by a Sweeter Vein,
Is become pitiful, and follows thee.
Thee loves, and vauntest that she hath the Grace,
A Garland for thy Locks to enterlace.

A L E X I S.

On the Madrigals.

THE Love Alexis did to Damon bear,
Shall witness'd be to all the Woods and Plains,
As singular, renown'd by neighbouring Swains,
That to our Relicts Time may Tropies rear.
Those Madrigals we sung amidst our Flocks,
With Garlands guarded from Apollo's Beams,
On Ochels whiles, whiles near Bodotrian Streams,
The Echo's did resound them from the Rocks;
Of foreign Shepherds bent to try the States
Though I (World's Guest) a Vagabond do stray,
Thou may that Store which I esteem survey,
As best acquainted with my Soul's Conceits.
What ever Fate Heavens have for me design'd,
I trust thee with the Treasure of my Mind.

C H L O R U S.

SWAN, which so sweetly sings,
By Aska's Banks, and pitifully plains,
That old Meander never heard such Strains,
Eternal Fame thou to thy Country brings:

And now our Caledon
Is by thy Songs made a new Helicon.
Her Mountains, Woods, and Springs,
While Mountains, Woods, Springs be, shall sound thy Praise :
And though fierce Lions oft make pale her Bays,
And kill these Myrtles with enraged Breath,
Which should thy Brows inwreath ;
Her Flouds have Pearls, Seas Amber do send forth,
Her Heaven bath golden Stars to crown thy Worth.

M O E R I S.

TH E Sister Nymphs which haunt the Thespian Springs,
More lib' rally their Gifts ne're did bequeath
To them who on ~~thee~~ ^{thee} Hill shot sacred Breath,
Than unto thee, by which thou sweetly sings.
Ne're did Apollo raise on Pegase Wings
A Muse more near Himself, more far from Earth,
Than thine; whether thou weep thy Lady's Death,
Or sing those sweet four Pangs that Passion brings.
To write our Thoughts in Verse doth merit Praise,
But thus the Verse to gild in Fiction's Ore,
Bright, rich, delightful, doth deserve much more,
As thou hast done these thy melodious Lays.

Upon the Tears on the Death of Mæliades.

IN waves of Woe thy Sighs my Soul do toss,
And make run out the Flood-gates of my Tears,
Whose rankling Wound no smoothing Balm long bears,
But freely bleeds when ought upbraids my Loss.
Tis thou so sweetly Sorrow makest to sing,
And troubled Passions dost so well accord,
That more Delight thy Anguish doth afford,
Than others Joys can Satisfaction bring.
What sacred Wits, (when ravish'd) do affect,
To force Affections, metamorphose Minds,
Whilst numerous Power the Soul in secret binds,
Thou hast perform'd, transforming in Effect.
For never Complaints did greater Pity move,
The best Applause that can such Notes approve.

POEMS

САМОЛЕТЫ



P O E M S.

The First Part.

I. SONNET.

IN my First Prime, when childish Humours fed
My wanton Wit, ere I did know the Bliss
Lies in a loving Eye, or amorous Kiss,
Or with what Sighs a Lover warms his Bed;
By the sweet *Thespian* Sisters Error led,
I had more mind to read, than lov'd to write,
And so to praise a perfect Red and White;
But (God wot) knew not what was in my Head.
Love smil'd to see me take so great Delight,
To turn thole *Antiques* of the Age of Gold,
And that I might more *Mysteries* behold,
He set so fair a *Volume* to my Sight,
That I *Ephemerides* laid aside
Glad on this blushing Book my Death to read.

2. SON.

I Know that all beneath the *Moon* decays,
And what by Mortals in this World is brought,
In Time's great Periods shall return to nought;
That fairest *States* have fatal Nights and Days.
I know that all the *Muses* heavenly Lays,
With toil of *Spirit*, which are so dearly bought,
As *idle Sounds*, of few, or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than vain Praise;
I know frail *Beauty* like the purple Flower,
To which one Morn oft Birth and Death affords,
That Love a jarring is of Minds Accords,
Where *Sense* and *Will* bring under *Reason's* Power:
Know what I lift, all this cannot me move,
But that (alas) I both must Write, and Love,

3. SON.

YYE who so curiously do paint your Thoughts,
Enlightning ev'ry Line in such a guise,
That they seem rather to have fallen from Skies,
Than of a humane Hand by mortal Draughts.
In one Part *Sorrow* so tormented lies,
As if his Life at ev'ry Sigh would part:
Love Here blindfolded stands with Bow and Dart,
There *Hope* looks pale, *Despair* with flaming Eyes:
Of my rude Pens I look not for such Art,
My Wit I find too little to devise
So high Conceptions to express my Smart,
And some say *Love* is feign'd that's too too wise.
These troubled Words and Lines confus'd you find,
Are like unto their Model, my sick Mind.

4. SON.

A Y me, and I am now the Man whose Muse
In happier Times was wont to laugh at *Love*,
And those who suff'red that blind Boy abuse
The noble Gifts were given them from above.
What *Metamorphose* strange is this I prove?
My Self now scarce I find my Self, to be,
And think no Fable *Circe's* Tyranny,
And all the Tales are told of changed *Jove*;
Virtue hath taught with her *Philosophy*
My Mind into a better Course to move;
Reason may chide her ill, and oft reprove
Affection's Power, but what is that to me?
Who ever think, and never think on Ought
But that bright *Cberubin* which thralls my Thought.

5. SON.

HOW that vast Heaven intitl'd *First* is roll'd,
If any glancing *Tow'r*s beyond it be

And People living in Eternity,
Or *Essence* pure that doth this *All* uphold:
What Motion have those fixed *Sparks* of *Gold*,
The *wand'ring Carbuncles* which shine from high,
By Sp'rits, or Bodies cross-ways in the Sky,
If they be turn'd, and Mortal Things behold.
How *Sun* posts Heaven about, how *Night's* pale *Queen*
With borrowed Beams looks on this hanging *Round*,
What Cause fair *Irus* hath, and Monsters seen
In Air's large Fields of Light, and Seas profound,
Did hold my *wand'ring* Thoughts, when thy sweet *Eye*
Bade me leave all, and only think on Thee.

6. SON.

Fair is my Yoke, though grievous be my Pains,
Sweet are my Wounds, although they deeply smart,
My Bit is Gold, though shortened be the Reins,
My Bondage brave, though I may not depart,
Although I burn, the Fire which doth impart
Those Flames, so sweet reviving Force contains,
That, like *Arabia's* Bird, my wasted Heart
Made quick by Death, more lively still remains.
I joy though oft my waking Eyes spend Tears,
I never want Delight, even when I groan,
Best companied when most I am alone,
A Heaven of Hopes I have midst Hells of Fears:
Thus every way Contentment strange I find,
But most in Her rare Beauty, my rare Mind.

7. SON.

VAIN not, fair *Heavens*, of your two glorious Lights,
Which though most bright, yet see not when they
And shining, cannot show their Beams divine (shine,
Both in one Place, but part by Days and Nights;
Earth vaunt not of those Treasures you enshrine,
Held on'y dear, because hid from our Sights,
Your pure and burnish'd Gold, your Diamonds fine,]
Snow-passing Ivory that the Eye delights,
Nor *Seas* of those dear Wares are in you found.
Vaunt not, rich Pearl, red Coral, which do stir
A fond Desire in Fools to plunge your Ground;
These all more fair are to be had in Her:
Pearl, Ivory, Coral, Diamond, Suns, Gold,
Teeth, Neck, Lips, Heart, Eyes, Hair are to behold.

8. SON.

WHEN *Nature* now had wonderfully wrought
All *Auristella's* Parts, except her Eyes,
To make those Twins Two Lamps in *Beauty's* Skies,
She Counsel of her *Starry Senate* sought.
Mars and *Apollo* first did her advise,
To wrap in Colour Black, those Comets bright,
That *Love* him so might soberly disguise,
And unperceived Wound at every Sight.
Chast Phœbe spake for purest azure Dies;
But *Jove* and *Venus* Green about the Light,
To frame thought best, as bringing most Delight,
That to pin'd Hearts *Hope* might for ay arise:
Nature (all said) a *Paradise* of Green
There plac'd, to make all Love which have them seen.

9. SON.

THAT learned *Grecian* who did so excel
In Knowledge passing Sense, that he is nam'd
Of all the After-worlds *Divine*, doth tell,
That all the Time when first our Souls are fram'd,
Ere in these Mansions blind they come to dwell,
They

They live bright Rays of that *Eternal Light*,
And others see, know, love, in Heaven's great height;
Not toil'd with ought to *Reason* doth rebel.
It is most true, for straight at the first sight
My Mind me told that in some other place
It elsewhere saw th' *Idea* of that Face,
And lov'd a *Love* of Heavenly pure Delight.
What wonder now I feel so fair a Flame,
Since I her lov'd ere on this *Earth* She came?

10. SON.

Now while the *Night* her sable Veil hath spred,
And silently her refty Coach doth roll,
Rowling with Her from *Tibys* azure Bed,
Those starry *Nymphs* which dance about the Pole,
While *Cynbia* in pureft Cypress cled,
The *Lamian* Shepherd in a Trance descries,
And looking pale from height of all the Skies,
She dies her Beauties in a blushing Red,
While *Sleep* (in Triumph) closed hath all Eyes,
And Birds, and Beasts a Silence sweet do keep,
And *Proteus* monstrous People in the Deep,
The Winds and Waves (hulft up) to rest entice,
I wake, I turn, I weep opprest with Pain,
Perplex'd in the *Meanders* of my Brain.

11. SON.

Sleep, Silence Child, sweet Father of soft Rest,
Prince whose Approach Peace to all Mortals brings,
Indifferent Host to Shepherds and to Kings,
Sole Comforter of Minds which are opprest.
Lo by thy charming Rod all breathing Things
Ly slumbering, with Forgetfulness possest,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy Wings
Thou spar'ft (alas) who cannot be thy Guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that Face
To inward Light which thou art wont to show,
With tained Solace ease a true felt Wo;
Or if, deaf God, thou do deny that Grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiss the *Image* of my Death.

12. SON.

Fair Moon who with thy cold and silver Shine,
Makes sweet the Horror of the dreadful *Night*,
Delighting the weak Eye with Smiles divine,
Which *Phœbus* dazles with his too much *Light*,
Bright Queen of the first *Heaven*, if in thy Shrine
By turning oft, and Heavens eternal Might,
Thou haft not yet that once sweet *Fire* of thine
Endymion, forgot, and Lovers Plight:
If Cause like thine may Pity breed in thee,
And Pity somewhat else to it obtain,
Since thou haft Power of Dreams as well as He
Who paints strange Figures in the slumbering Brain:
Now while She sleeps in doleful Guise her Show,
These Tears, and the black *Map* of all my Wo.

13. SON.

Lamp of Heaven's Christal Hall that brings the
Eye-dazeler, who makes the ugly *Night* (Hours,
At thy Approach fly to her slumbray Bow'rs,
And fills the World with Wonder and Delight.
Life of all Lives, Death-giver by thy flight
To the South Pole from these six Signs of ours,
Gold-smith of all the Stars, with Silver bright
Who *Moon* enamels, *Apelles* of the Flow'rs.
Ah from these wat'ry Plains thy golden Head
Raise up, and bring the so long ling'ring *Morn*,
A Grave, nay Hell, I find become this Bed,
This Bed so grievously where I am torn:
But wo is me though thou now brought the Day,
Day shall but serve moe Sorrows to display.

14. SONG.

It was the Time when to our Northern Pole
The brightest Lamp of Heaven begins to roll,
When Earth more wanton in new Robes appeareth,
And scorning Skies her Flow'rs in Rain-bows beareth,
On which the Air moist Diamonds doth bequeath,

Which quake to feel the kissing *Zephyrs* breath:
When Birds from shady Groves their Love forth warble,
And Sea-like Heaven, Heaven looks like smoothest Mar.
When I in simple Course free from all Cares, (ble
Far from the muddy World's enslaving Snares.

By *Ora*'s flow'ry Banks alone did wander:
Ora that sports her like to old *Meander*,
A Flood more worthy Fame and lasting Praise
Than that which *Phæton*'s fall so high did raise:
By whose pure moving Glads the Milk-white Lillies
Do dress their Tresses and the Daffadillies.

Where *Ora* with a Wood is crown'd about
And (seems) forgets the way how to come out,
A Place there is, where a delicious Fountain
Springs from the swelling Breast of a proud Mountain,
Whose falling Streams the quiet Caverns wound,
And make the Echoes thrill resound that Sound.
The Laurel there the shining Chanel graces,
The Palm her Love with long stretch'd Arms embraces,
The Poplar spreads her Branches to the Sky,
And hides from sight that azure Canopy. (rise,
The Streams the Trees, the Trees their leaves still now.
That Place grave *VVinter* finds not without flourish.
If living Eyes *Elysian* Fields could see
This little *Arden* might *Elysium* be.

Oft did *Diana* there her self repose,
And *Mars* the Acidalian Queen enclose.
The *Nymphs* oft here their Baskets bring with Flow'rs,
And *Anadems* weave for their Paramours.
The *Saxys* in those Shades are heard to languish,
And make the Shepherds Partners of their anguish,
The Shepherds who in Barks of tender Trees
Do grave their Loves, Disdains and Jealousies:
Which *Pbillus*, when there by her Flocks she feedeth,
With Pity now, anon with Laughter readeth.

Near to this Place; when Sun in midst of Day
In highest top of Heaven his Coach did stay,
And (as adviling) on his Career glanced
As all along, that Morn he had advanced
His panting Steeds along those Fields of Light,
Most princely looking from that glorious Height:
When mott the Grashoppers are heard in Meadows,
And iottiest Pines or small, or have no shadows:
It was my Hap, O woful Hap! to bide
Where thicket Shadys me from all Rays did hide,
In a fair Arbor, 'twas some *Sylvan*'s Chamber,
Whose ceiling spred was with the Locks of Amber
Of new bloom'd Sycamores, Floor wrought with Flow'rs,
More sweet and rich than those in Princes Bow'rs.
Here *Adon* blush't, and *Clisia* all amazed
Lookt pale, with Him who in the Fountain gazed,
The *Amarantibus* smil'd, and that sweet Boy
Which sometimes was the God of *Delos* Joy:
The brave Carnation, speckled Pink here shined,
The Violet her fainting Head declined
Beneath a sleepy Chesbow, all of Gold
The Marigold her Leaves did here unfold.

Now while that ravish'd with Delight and Wonder,
Half in a Trance I lay those Arches under,
The Season, Silence, Place began t' entice,
Eyes drowsy Lids to bring Night on their Skies,
Which softly having stollen themselves together
(Like Evening Clouds) me plac'd I wot not whether.
As Cowards leave the Fort which they should keep,
My Senses one by one gave place to *Sleep*,
Who followed with a Troop of golden Slumbers
Thrust from my quiet Brain all base Encumbers,
And thrice me touching with his Rod of Gold,
A Heaven of Visions in my Temples roll'd,
To countervail those Pleasures were bereft me,
Thus in his silent Prison clos'd he left me.

Methought through all the neighbour Woods a Noise
Of *Quirijers*, more sweet than Lute or Voice,
(For whole harmonious Sounds to *Jove* are given
By the soft Touches of the Nine-string'd Heaven,
Such Airs, and nothing else) did wound mine Ear,
No Soul but would become all Eat to hear:
And whilst I listning lay, O lovely Wonder!
I saw a pleasant Mirtle cleave asunder;
A Mirtle great with Birth, from whose rent Womb

Three



Three naked Nymphs more white than Snow forth come.
 For Nymphs they seem'd, about their heavenly Faces,
 In Waves of Gold floted their curling Tresses,
 About their Arms, their Arms more white than Milk,
 They blushing Armlets wore of crimson Silk.
 The Goddesses were such that by Scamander,
 Appeared to the Phrygian Alexander :
Aglaia and her Sisters such perchance
 Are, when about some sacred Spring they dance.
 But scarce the Grove their naked Beauties graced,
 And on the Verdure had each other traced,
 When to the Flood they ran, the Flood in Robes
 Of curling Christal their Breasts Ivory Globes
 Did all about incircle, yet took pleasure
 To show white Snows throughout her liquid Azure.
 Look how Prometheus Man when heavenly Fire
 First gave him Breath, Days Brandon did admire,
 And wondred at this World's Amphitheater :
 So gaz'd I on those new Guests of the Water.
 All Three were fair, yet one excell'd as far
 The rest as Phœbus doth the Cyprian Star,
 Or Diamonds, small Gems, or Gems do other,
 Or Pearls that shining Shell is call'd their Mother.
 Her Hair more bright than are the Morning's Beams
 Hung in a golden Shower above the Streams,
 And dangling sought her fore-head for to cover,
 Which seen did straight a Sky of Milk discover,
 With two fair Brows, Love's Bows, which never bend
 But that a golden Arrow forth they send,
 Beneath the which two burning Planets glancing
 Flasht Flames of Love, for Love there still is dancing.
 Her either Cheek resembled blushing Morn,
 Or Roles Gules in Field of Lillies born :
 'Twixt which an Ivory Wall so fair is raised,
 That it is but abased when it's praised.
 Her Lips like Rows of Coral soft did swell,
 And th' one like th' other only doth excel :
 The Tyrian Fish looks pale, pale look the Roses,
 The Rubies pale, when Mouth's sweet Cherry closes.
 Her Chin like Silver Phœbe did appear
 Dark in the midst, to make the rest more clear :
 Her Neck seem'd fram'd by curious Phidias Master,
 Most smooth, most white, a Piece of Alabaster.
 Two foaming Billows flow'd upon her Breast.
 Which did their tops with Coral red increst :
 There all about as Brooks them sport at leisure,
 With Circling Branches Veins did swell in Azure :
 Within those Crooks are only found those Isles
 Which Fortunate the dreaming old World files.
 The rest the Streams did hide, but as a Lilly
 Sunk in a Christal's fair transparent Belly.
 I who yet humane Weaknes did not know,
 (For yet I had not felt that Archer's Bow,
 Nor could I think that from the coldest Water
 The winged Yongling burning Flames could scatter)
 On every part my vagabounding Sight
 Did cast, and drown mine Eyes in sweet Delight.
 O wondrous thing (said I) that Beauty's named !
 Now I perceive I heretofore have dreamed,
 And never found in all my flying Days
 Joy unto this, which only merits Praise.
 My Pleasures have been Pains, my Comforts Crosses,
 My Treasure Poverty, my Gains but Losses.
 O precious Sight ! which none doth else descry
 Except the burning Sun, and quivering I.
 And yet O dear-bought Sight ! O would for ever
 I might enjoy you, or had joy'd you never !
 O happy Flood ! if so ye might abide,
 Yet ever glory of this Moment's Pride,
 Adjure your Rillets all for to behold Her,
 And in their Christal Arms to come and fold Her ;
 And since ye may not long this Bliss embrace,
 Draw Thousand Pourtraits of Her on your Face,
 Pourtraits which in my Heart are more apparent,
 It like to yours my Breast were but transparent.
 O that I were while She doth in you play,
 A Dolphin to transport Her to the Sea !
 To none of all those Gods I would Her render,
 From true to true though I shoud with Her wander.
 Oh ! what is this ? the more I fix mine Eye,

Mine Eye the more new Wonders doth espy,
 The more I spy, the more in uncouth fashion
 My Soul is ravish'd in a pleasant Passion.
 But look not Eyes, (as more I would have said)
 A sound of ratling Wheels me all dismayd,
 And with the sound forth from the trembling Bushes,
 With storm-like Course a sumptuous Chariot rushes,
 A Chariot all of Gold, the Wheels were Gold,
 The Nails and Axel Gold on which it roll'd :
 The upmost part a Scarlet Veil did cover,
 More rich than Danae's Lap spred with her Lover.
 In midst of it in a triumphing Chair,
 A Lady sat miraculously fair,
 Whose pensive Countenance, and looks of Honour,
 Do more allure the mind that thinketh on her,
 Than the most wanton Face and amorous Eyes,
 That Amalbus or flowry Paphos sees,
 A Crew of Virgins made a Ring about Her,
 The Diamond she, they seem the Gold without Her.
 Such Thetis is when to the Billows roar
 With Mermaids nice she danceth on the Shore :
 So in a fable Night the Sun's bright Sister
 Among the lesser twinkling Lights doth glister.
 Fair Yokes of Ermelipes whose Colour pass
 The whitest Snows on aged Græpius Face,
 More swift than Venus Birds this Chariot guided
 To the astonish'd Banks, where as it bided :
 But long it did not bide, when poor those Streams
 Ay me, it made, transporting those rich Gems,
 And by that Burthen lighter, swiftly driv'd
 Till (as me thought) it at a Tow'r arrived.
 Upon a Rock of Christal shining clear
 With Diamonds wrought this Castle did appear,
 Whose rising Spires of Gold so high them reared,
 That Atlas-like it seem'd the Heaven they beared.
 Amidst which Hights, on Arches did arise
 (Arches which gilt Flames brandish to the Skies)
 Of sparkling Topazes, Proud, Gorgeous, Ample,
 (Like to a little Heaven) a sacred Temple.
 The Walls no Windows have, nay all the Wall
 Is but one Window, Night there doth not fall,
 More when the Sun to Western World's declineth,
 Than in our Zenith when at Noon he shineth.
 Two flaming Hills the Passage strait defend
 Which to this radiant Building doth ascend,
 Upon whose Arching tops on a Pilaster,
 A Port stands open, rais'd in Love's Disaster.
 For none that narrow Bridge and Gate can pass,
 Who have their Faces seen in Venus Glass.
 If those within, but to come forth do venter,
 That stately Place again they never enter.
 The Precincts strengthen'd with a Ditch of Fears,
 In which doth swell a Lake of Inky Tears
 Of madding Lovers, who abide there moaning,
 And thicken even the Air with piteous Groaning.
 This Hold to brave the Skies the Destines fram'd,
 And then the Fort of Chastity is nam'd.
 The Queen of the third Heaven once to appal it,
 The God of Thrace here brought who could not thrall it ;
 For which he vow'd ne're Arms more to put on
 And on Riphean Hills was heard to groan.
 Here Psyche's Lover hurls his Darts at Randon,
 Which all for nought him serve, as doth his Brandon.
 What grievous Agony did invade my Mind ?
 When in that Place my Hope I saw confin'd,
 Where with high towring Thoughts I only reach'd her,
 Which did burn up their Wings when they approach'd
 Me thought I set me by a Cypress Shade ;
 And Night and Day the Hyacinth there read :
 And that bewailing Nightingales did borrow
 Plaints of my Plaint, and Sorrows of my Sorrow.
 My Food was Wormwood, mine own Tears my Drink,
 My Rest, on Death and sad Mishaps to think.
 And for such Thoughts to have my Heart enlarged,
 And easement Eyes with briny Tribute charged,
 Over a Brook I laid my pining Face ;
 But then the Brook, as griev'd at my Disgrace,
 A Face me shew'd to pine, laid over clouded,
 That at the Sight afraid mine Eyes them throw'd,
 This is the Guerdon, Love, this is the Gain,

In end which to thy Servants doth remain.
More would I say, when Fear made Sleep to leave me,
And of those fatal Shadows did bereave me.
Butah alas! instead to dream of Love,
And Woes, I now them in Effect did prove:
For what into my troubled Brain was painted,
Awak'd I found that Time and Place presented.

15. SON.

A H butning Thoughts! now let me take some Rest,
And your tumultuous Broyls a while appease;
Is't not enough, Stars, Fortune, Love molest
Me all at once, but ye must too displease?
Let Hope, tho' false, yet lodge within my Breast,
My high Attempt (tho' dangerous) yet praise;
What tho' I trace not right Heaven's steppy ways,
It doth suffice my Fall shall make me blest,
I do not doat on Days, I fear not Death,
So that my Life be good, I wish't not long;
Let me renown'd live from the Vulgar Throng,
And when Heaven lifts, recal this borrowed Breath,
Men but like Visions are, Time all doth claim,
He lives who dies to win a lasting Name.

16. SON.

N Or Arne, nor Mincius, nor stately Tiber,
Sebesbus, nor the Flood into whose Streams
He fell who burnt the World with borrowed Beams,
Gold-rolling, Tagus, Munda, famous Iber,
Sorgue, Rosne, Loire, Garron, not proud banked Seine,
Peneus, Phasis, Xanthus, humble Ladon,
Nor She whose Nymphs excel her loved Adon,
Fair Tameis nor Ister large, nor Rhine,
Euphrates, Tigris, Indus, Hermus, Gange.
Pearly Hydapses, Serpent-like Meander,
The Flood which robbed Hero of Leander,
Nile that far far his hidden Head doth range,
Have ever had so rare a cause of Praise,
As Orawhere this Northern Phoenix stays.

17. SON.

T O hear my Plaints fair River Christalline
Thou in a silent Slumber seems to stay,
Delicious Flowers, Lilly and Columbine,
Ye bow your Heads when I my Woes display.
Forrefts in you the Mirtle, Palm and Bay,
Have had Compassion liftning to my Groans,
The Winds with Sighs have solemnz'd my Moans
*Mong leaves which whispered what they could not say,
The Caves, the Rocks, the Hills, the Sylvans Thrones,
(As it even Pity did in them appear)
Have at my Sorrow rent their ruthless Stones,
Each thing I find hath Sentie except my Dear.
Who doth not think I love, or will not know
My Grief, perchance delighting in my Wo.

18. SON.

S VVeet Brook, in whose clear Chrystal I my Eyes
Have oft seen great in Labour of their Tears,
Enamell'd Bank whose shining Gravel bears
These sad Characters of my Miseries,
High Woods, whose mounting Tops menace the Spheres
VVild Citizens, Ampibions of the Trees,
You gloomy Groves at hottest Noons which freeze,
Elysian Shades which Phæbus never clears;
Vast solitary Mountains, pleasant Plains,
Embroidered Meads that Ocean-ways you reach;
Hills, Dales, Springs, all whom my sad Cry constrain,
To take part of my Plaints, and learn woes Speech,
VVill that remorsless Fair e're Pity show?
Of Grace now answer if ye ought know: No.

19. SON.

W Ith flaming Horns the Bull now brings the Year,
Melt do the Mountains rowling Floods of snow,
The silver Rivers in smooth Channels flow,
The late bare Woods green Anadems do wear,
The Nightingale forgetting VVinter's wo,
Calls up the lazy Morn her Notes to hear,
Spread are those Flow'rs which Names of Princes bear,

Some red, some azure, white, and golden grow.
Here lowes a Heifer, there bea-wailing strays
A harmles Lamb, not far a Stag rebounds;
The Shepherds sing to grazing Flocks sweet Lays:
And all about the Echoing Air resounds.
Hills, Dales, Woods, Floods, and ev'ry thing doth
But s^t in Rigour, I in Love am strange. (change

20. SON.

T Hat I so slenderly set forth my Mind;
Writing I wot not what in ragged Rimes,
O'recharg'd with Brass in these so golden Times
When others tower so high, am left behind:
I crave not Phæbus leave his sacred Cell
To bind my Brows with fresh Aonian Bays:
But leav't to those who tuning sweetest Lays
By Tempe sit, or Aganippe's Well;
Nor yet to Venus Tree do I aspire,
Since She for whom I might aff^t that Praise,
My best Attempts with cruel Words gainfays,
And I seek not that others me admire.
Of weeping Myrr^b be the Crown is which I crave,
With a lad Cypress to adorn my Grave.

21. MADRIGAL.

W Hen as She smiles, I find
More Light before mine Eyes,
Than when the Sun from Inde
Brings to our VVorld a flowry Paradise:
But when She gently weeps,
And pours forth pearly Showers,
On Cheeks fair blushing Flowers,
A sweet Melancholy my Senses keeps.
Both feed so my Disease,
So much both do me please,
That oft I doubt, which more my Heart doth burn,
Love to behold her smile, or Pity mourn.

22. SON.

M Y Tears may well Numidian Lions tame,
And Pity breed into the hardest Heart
That ever Pyrrha did to Maid impart,
VVhen She them first of blushing Rocks did frame.
Ah Eyes! which only serve to wail my smart,
How long will you my inward woes proclaim,
May't not suffice you bear a weeping part
All Night, at Day but you must do the same?
Cease idie Sighs to spend your Storms in vain,
And these sweet silent Thickets to molest,
Contain you in the Prilon of my Breast,
You do not ease but aggravate my Pain;
Or if burst forth you must, that Tempest move
In fight of her whom I so dearly love.

23. SON.

Y Ou restless Seas, appease your roaring Waves,
And you who raise huge Mountains in that Plain,
Air's Trumpeters, your hideous Sounds contain,
And listen to the Plaints my Grief doth cause.
Eternal Lights! though Adamantine Laws
Of Destinies to move still you ordain,
Turn hither all your Eyes, your Axels pause,
And wonder at the Torments I sustain.
Sad Earth, if thou made dull by my Disgrace,
Be not as senseless, ask those Powers above,
Why they so croft a VVretch brought on thy Face,
Fram'd for Mishap, th'Anachorit of Love,
And bid them (that no more Erina's may burn)
To Erimant^b, or Rhodope me turn.

24. SON.

I F croft with all Mishaps be my poor Life,
If one short Day I never spent in Mirth,
If my Sp'r^t with it self holds lasting Strife,
If Sorrows Death is but new Sorrows Birth;
If this vain World be but a mournful Stage,
Where Slave-born Man plays to the laugning Stars,
If Youth be toss'd with Love, with Weakness Age,
If Knowledge serves to hold our Thoughts in VVars,
If Time can close the hundred Mouths of Fame,
And

And make what's long since past, like that's to be ;
If Virtue only be an idle Name,
If being born I was but born to die ;
Why seek I to prolong these loathsome Days ?
The fairest Rose in shorlest Time decays.

25. S O N.

ALL other Beauties, howso'er they shine
In Hairs more bright than is the golden Ore,
Or Cheeks more fair than fairest Eglantine,
Or Hands like her's that comes the Sun before :
Match'd with that Heavenly Hue and Shape Divine,
With those dear Stars which my weak Thoughts adore,
Look but as Shadows, or if they be more,
It is in this, that they are like to thine,
Who sees those Eyes, their Force that doth not prove ?
Who gazeth on the Dimple of that Chin,
And finds not Venus Son entrench'd therein,
Or hath not Sense, or knows not what is Love ?
To see thee had Narcissus had the Grace,
He would have died with wondring on thy Face,

26. SEXTAIN.

THE Heaven doth not contain so many Stars,
Nor levell'd ly so many Leaves in Woods,
When Autumn and cold Bore is found their VVars;
So many Waves have not the Ocean Floods,
As my torn Mind bath Torments all the Night,
And Heart spends Sighs, when Phæbus brings the Light.

Why was I made a Partner of the Light,
Who crost in Birth, by bad Aspect of Stars,
Have never since had happy Day nor Night ?
Why was not I a Liver in the Woods,
Or Citizen of Thetis Christal Floods,
But fram'd a Man for Love and Fortune's VVars ?

I look each Day when Death should end the VVars,
Uncivil Wars 'twixt Sense and Reason's Light :
My Pains I count to Mountains, Meads and Floods,
And of my Sorrow Partners make the Stars,
All Desolate I haunt the fearful Woods,
When I should give my self to Rest at Night.

With watchful Eyes I ne'er behold the Night
Mother of Peace, but ah ! to me of VVars,
And Cynthia Queen-like shining through the Woods,
But straight those Lamps come in my Thought, whose
My Judgment daz'd, passing brightest Stars, (Light)
And then my Eyes in-isle themselves with Floods.

Turn to their Springs again first shall the Floods,
Clear shall the Sun the sad and gloomy Night,
To dance about the Pole cease shall the Stars,
The Elements renew their ancient VVars
Shall first, and be depriv'd of Place and Light,
E're I find Rest in City, Fields, or Woods.

End these my Days you Inmates of the Woods,
Take this my Life ye deep and raging Floods,
Sun never rise to clear me with thy Light,
Horror and Darkness keep a lasting Night,
Consume me, Care, with thy Intestine VVars,
And stay your Influence ov'r me bright Stars.

In vain the Stars the Inhabitants o'th' Woods,
Care, Horror, VVars I call, and raging Floods,
For all have sworn no Night shall dim my Light,

27. S O N.

OSacred Blush, enpurpling Cheeks, pure Skies
With Crimson Wings which spread thee like the
O bashful Look, sent from those shining Eyes, (Morn,
Which though slid down on Earth doth Heaven adorn.
O Tongue in which most luscious Ne&star lies,
That can at once both bless and make forlorn,
Dear Coral Lip, which Beauty beautifies,
That trembling stood before her Words were born.
And you her Words, Words, no, but golden Chains
Which did enslave my Ears, ensnare my Soul,

Wise Image of her Mind, Mind that contains
A Power all Power of *Senses* to controul:
So sweetly you from Love diss Wade do me,
That I love more, if more my Love can be.

28. S O N.

Sound hoarse, sad Lute, true Witness of my Wo,
And strive no more to ease self-chosen Pain,
With Soul-enchanting Sounds your Accents strain,
Unto these Tears incessantly which flow,
Sad Treble weep, and you dull Basses show
Your Masters Sorrow in a doleful Strain ;
Let never joyful Hand upon you go,
Nor Comfort keep, but when you do complain,
Fly Phæbus Rays, abhor the irksome Light,
Wood's solitary Shades for thee are best,
Or the black Horrors of the blackest Night,
When all the World save thou and I do rest:
Then sound, sad Lute, and bear a mourning Part,
Thou Hell canst move, tho' not a Woman's Heart.

29. S O N.

IN vain I haunt the cold and silver Springs,
To quench the Fever burning in my Veins,
In vain (Love's Pilgrim) Mountains, Dales and Plains
I over-run, vain Help long Absence brings,
In vain my Friends your Counsel me constrains
To fly, and place my Thoughts on other Things ;
Ah ! like the Bird that fired hath her Wings,
The more I move, the greater are my Pains,
Desire (alas) Desire a Zeuxis new,
From th'Orient borrowing Gold, from Western Skies
Heavenly Cinabre, sets before my Eyes,
In every place, her Hair, sweet Look, and Hue :
That flie, run; rest, I, all doth prove but vain,
My Life lies in those Eyes which have me slain.

30. S O N.

Slide soft fair Forth, and make a Christal Plain,
Cut your white Locks, and on your foamy Face
Let not a Wrinkle be, when you embrace
The Boat that Earth's Perfections doth contain.
Winds wonder, and through wondring hold your Peace:
Or if that ye your Hearts cannot restrain
From sending Sighs, feeling a Lover's Care,
Sigh, and in her fair Hair your selves enchain.
Or take these Sighs which Absence makes arise
From my oppressed Breast, and the Sails fill,
Or some sweet Breath new brought from Paradise :
The Floods do smile, Love o'er the Winds prevails ;
And yet huge Waves arise, the Cause is this,
The Ocean strives with Forth the Boat to kis.

31. S O N.

TRust not, sweet Soul, those curled Waves of Gold
With gentle Tides that on your Temples flow,
Nor Temples spread with Flakes of Virgin Snow,
Nor Snow of Cheeks with Tyrian Grain enrol'd.
Trust not those shining Lights which wrought my Woe,
When first I did their azure Rayes behold,
Nor Voice, whose Sounds more strange Effects do show
Than of the Thracian Harper have been told :
Look to this dying Lilly, fading Rose,
Dark Hyacinth, of late whose blushing Beams
Made all the neighbouring Herbs and Grass rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt Life's Extreams ;
The cruel Tyrant that did kill those Flowers,
Shall once, ay me, not spare that Spring of yours.

32. S O N.

IN Mind's pure Glass when I my self behold,
And lively see how my best Days are spent,
What Clouds of Care above my Head are rol'd,
What coming Ill, which I cannot prevent :
My Course begun I wearied do repent,
And would embrace what Reason oft hath told,
But scarce thus think I, when Love hath control'd
All the best Reasons Reason could invent.
Tho' sure I know my Labour's End is Grief,
The more I strive that I the more shall pine,

That only Death shall be my last Relief:
Yet when I think upon that Face divine,
Like one with Arrow shot, in Laughter's place,
Maugre my Heart, I joy in my Disgrace.

33. SON.

DEAR Quirister, who from those Shadows sends
E're that the blushing Morn dare shew her Light,
Such sad lamenting Strains, that *Night* attends,
(Become all Ear) *Stars* stay to hear thy Plight.
If one whose Grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne're (not in a Dream) did taste Delight,
May thee importune who like Case pretends,
And seems to joy in Wo, in Wo's despight.
Tell me (so may thou *Fortune* milder try,
And long long sing) for what thou thus complains,
Since *Winter's* gone and *Sun* in dapled Sky
Enamour'd smiles on Woods and flowry Plains?
The Bird, as if my Questions did her move,
With trembling Wings sigh'd forth, *I love, I love.*

34. SON.

OCRU� Beauty, Sweetness inhumane,
That Night and Day contends with my Desire,
And seeks my Hope to kill, not quench my Fire,
By Death, not Balm to ease my pleasant Pain.
Though ye my Thoughts tread down which would aspire
And bound my Bliss, do not alas disdain
That I your matchless Worth and Grace admire,
And for their Cause these Torments sharp sustain.
Let great *Empedocles* vaunt of his Death
Found in the midst of those *Sicilian* Flames,
And *Phaeton* that Heaven him rest of Breath,
And *Dadal's* Son who nam'd the *Samian* Streams:
Their Haps I not envy, my Praise shall be
That the most Fair that lives mov'd me to die.

35. SON.

THE Hyperborean Hills, *Ceraunus* Snow,
Or *Arimaspis* (cruel) first thee bred,
The *Caspian* Tigers with their Milk thee fed,
And *Fawns* did humane Blood on the bestow.
Fierce *Orithya's* Lover in thy bed
Thee lull'd asleep, where he enrag'd doth blow,
Thou didst not drink the Floods which here do flow,
But Tears, or those by icy *Tanais* Head.
Since thou disdains my Love, neglects my Grief,
Laughs at my Groans, and still affects my Death:
Of thee, nor Heaven I'll seek no more Relief,
Nor longer entertain this loathsome Breath;
But yield unto my Stars, that thou may'ft prove,
What Los thou hadst in losing such a Love.

36. SONG.

PHOEBS arise,
And paint the sable Skies
With azure, white, and red:
Rowse Memmon's Mother from her *Tithon's* Bed,
That she thy Career may with Roses spread,
The Nightingales thy coming eachwhere sing,
Make an eternal Spring:
Give Life to this dark World which lyeth dead.
Spread forth thy golden Hair
In larger Locks than thou walt wont before,
And Emperour-like decore
With Diadem of Pearl thy Temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly *Night*
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious Light.
This is that happy Morn,
That Day, long-wished Day,
Of all my Life so dark,
(If cruel Stars have not my Ruin sworn,
And Fates my Hopes betray)
Which (purely white) deserves
An everlasting *Diamond* should it mark.
This is the Morn should bring unto this Grove
My Love, to hear, and recompence my Love.
Fair King, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing Beams,
And thou Two sweeter Eyes

Shall see than those which by *Peneus's* Streams
Did once thy Heart surprise:
Nay, Suns which shine as clear
As thou when two thou did'ft to *Rome* appear:
Now *Flora* deck thy self in fairest Guise,
If that ye *VVinds* would hear
A voice surpassing far *Amphion's* Lyre,
Your furious Chiding stay,
Let *Zephyr's* only breath,
And with her Tresses play,
Kissing sometimes those purple Ports of Death.
The *VVinds* all silent are,
And *Phæbus* in his Chair
Ensaffroning Sea and Air,
Makes vanish every Star:
Night like a Drunkard reels
Beyond the Hills to shun his flaming Wheels:
The Fields with Flow'rs are deckt in every Hue,
The Clouds with Orient Gold spangle their blue:
Here is the pleasant Place,
And nothing wanting is save *She* alas.

37. SON.

WHO hath not seen into her saffron Bed
The Morning's Goddess mildly her repose,
Or her of whose pure Blood first sprang the Rose
Lull'd in a Slumber by a Mirtle shade?
Who hath not seen that sleeping white and red,
Makes *Phæbe* look so pale, which she did close
In that *Fonian* Hill, to ease her Woes,
Which only lives by her dear Kisses fed?
Come but and see my Lady sweetly sleep,
The fighing Rubies of those heavenly Lips,
The *Cupids* which Breasts golden Apples keep.
Those Eyes which shine in midst of their Eclipse:
And he them all shall see, perhaps and prove
She waking but persuades, now forceth Love.

38. SON.

SEE *Citherona's* Birds, that milk-white Pair
On yonder leavy *Mirtle* Tree which groan,
And waken with their Kisses in the Air
Th' enamour'd *Zephyses* murmuring one by one;
If thou but Sense had'ft like *Pigmalion's* Stone,
Or hadst not seen *Medusa's* snaky Hair,
Love's Lessons thou might'ft learn; and learn sweet Fair,
To *Summer's* Heat, ere that thy *Spring* be grown.
And if those kissing Lovers seem but cold,
Look how that *Elme* this *Ivy* doth embrace,
And binds and clasp with many a wanton Fold,
And courting Sleep, o'reshadows all the Place;
Nay, seems to say, dear Tree, we shall not part,
In Sign whereof, lo in each Leaf a *Heart.*

39. SON.

THE Sun is fair when he with crimson Crown,
And flaming Rubies leaves his Eastern Bed,
Fair is *Thaumanias* in her Christal Gown,
When Clouds engemm'd shew Azure, Green and Red.
To Western Worlds when wearied Day goes down,
And from Heaven's Windows each *Star* shows her Head,
Earth's silent Daughter, *Night*, is fair tho' brown,
Fair is the *Moon* though in *Love's* Livery cled.
The *Spring* is fair when it doth paint *April*,
Fair are the *Meads*, the *VWoods*, the *Floods* are fair,
Fair looketh *Ceres* with her Yellow Hair,
And *Apple's*-Queen when *Rose*-cheek'd she doth smile.
That Heaven and Earth, and Seas are fair is true,
Yet true that all not please so much as you-

40. MADRIGAL.

LIKE the *Idalian* Queen
Her hair about her Eyne,
And Neck, on Breasts ripe Apples to be seen,
At first Glance of the *Morn*,
In *Cyprus* Gardens gathering those fair Flowers
Which of her Blood were born,
I saw, but fainting saw my Paramours.
The *Graces* naked danc'd about the Place,]
The *VWind* and *Trees* amaz'd

P O E M S.

7

With Silence on her gaz'd,
The Flowers did smile like those upon her Face,
And as their Aspin stalks those Fingers bind,
That she might read my Case
I wish'd to be a *Hyacinth* in her Hand.

41. S O N.

Then is she gone? O Fool and Coward I!
O good Occasion lost, ne'er to be found!
What fatal Chains have my dull Senses bound,
When best they might; that did not Fortune try?
Here is the fainting Grass where She did lie,
With Roses here she stellify'd the Ground,
She fix'd her Eyes on this yet smiling Pond,
Nor time, nor place seem'd ought for to deny.
Too long, too long Respect I do embrace,
Your Counsel full of Threats and sharp Disdain.
Disdain in her sweet Heart can have no Place,
And though come there, must straight retire again:
Henceforth Respect farewell, I've heard it told
Who lives in Love can never be too bold,

42. S O N.

WHAT cruel Star into this World me brought?
What gloomy Day did dawn to give me Light?
What unkind Hand to nurse me (Orphan) sought,
And would not leave me in eternal Night?
What thing so dear as I hath Essence bought?
The Elements dry, humid, heavy, light,
The smallest living Things which Nature wrought,
Be freed of Wo, if they have small Delight.
Ab only I abandon'd to *Despair*,
Nail'd to my Torments in pale *Horror's* Shade,
Like wand'ring Clouds see all my Comforts fled,
And Ill on Ill with Hours my Life impair:
The Heavens and Fortune which were wont to turn,
Stay in one Mansion fixt to cause me mourn.

43. S O N.

DEAR Eye, which deign'd on this sad Monument,
The fable Scroll of my Mishaps to view,
Though it with mourning Mules Tears be spent,
And darkly drawn, which is not feign'd, but true;
If thou not dazl'd with a Heavenly Hue,
And comely Feature, didst not yet lament,
But happy lives unto thy self content,
O let not Love thee to his Laws subdue.
Look on the woful Ship-wreck of my Youth,
And let my Ruines thee for Beacon serve,
To shun this Rock *Capbarean* of Untruth,
And serve no God which doth his Church-men flarve:
His Kingdom's but of Plaints, his Guerdon Tears,
What he gives more is Jealousies and Fears.

44. M A D.

TO the delightful Green
Of your fair radiant Een,
Let each black yeld beneath the starry Arch.
Eyes burnisht Heavens of Love,
Sinople Lamps of *Jove*, (parch:
Save all those Hearts which with your Flames you
Two burning Suns you prove;
All other Eyes compar'd with you, dear Lights,
Are Hells, or if not Hells, yet dumpish Nights.
The Heavens [if we their Glass
The Sea believe] are green not perfect blue
They all make fair what ever fair yet was,
And they are fair because they look like you.

45. S O N.

Nymphs, Sister Nymphs, which haunt this christal
And happy in these floating Bowers abide, (Brook,
Where trembling Roofs of Trees from Sun you hide,
Which make *Idean* Woods in every Crook;
Whether ye Garlands for your Locks provide,
Or pearly Letters seek in sandy Book,
Or count your Loves when *Thetis* was a Bride,
Lift up your golden Heads and on me look.
Read in mine Eyes my agonizing Cares,
And what ye read, recount to her again:

Fair Nymphs, say all these Streams are but my Tears,
And if she ask you how they sweet remain,
Tell that the bitt'rest Tears which Eyes can pour,
When shed for her can be no longer sowe.

46. S O N.

SHe whose fair Flowers no Autumn makes decay,
Whose Hue Celestial earthly Hues doth stain,
Into a pleasant odoriferous Plain
Did walk alone to brave the Pride of *May*;
And whilst through flowry Lifts she made her Way,
That proudly smil'd her Sight to entertain,
Lo, unawares where Love did hid remain
She spied, and sought to make of him her Prey:
For which of golden Locks a fairest Hair
To bind the Boy she took, but he afraid
At her Approach sprang swiftly in the Air,
And mounting far from Reach, looke back and said,
Why shouldst thou sweet, me seek in Chains to bind,
Sith in thy Eyes I daily am confin'd?

47. M A D.

Sweet Rose, whence is this Hue
Which does all Hues excell?
Whence this most fragrant Smell?
And whence this Form and gracing Grace in you?
In flowry *Pælum's* Fields perhaps you grew,
Or *Hybla's* Hills you bred,
Or Odoriferous *Enna's* Plains you fed,
Or *Tmolus*, or where Boar young *Adon* slew;
Or hath the Queen of Love you dy'd of new
In that dear Blood, which makes you look so red?
No, none of thoe, but cause more high you blifit,
My Lady's Breast you bore, her Lips you kist.

48. M A D.

ON this cold World of ours,
Flow'r of the Seasons, Season of the Flowr's;
Sun of the Sun, sweet *Spring*,
Such hot and burning Days why dost thou bring?
Is it because these high Eternal Powr's
Flash down that Fire this World environing?
Or that now *Phæbus* keeps his Sister's Sphere?
Or doth some *Phaeton*
Enflame the Sea and Air?
Or rather is't not Usher of the Year,
Or that last Day among the Flow'r's alone
Unmask'd thou saw'ft my Fair?
And whilst thou on her gaz'd she did thee burn,
And to thy Brother *Summer* doth thee turn.

49. S O N.

DEAR Wood, and you sweet solitary Place,
Where I estranged from the Vulgar live,
Contented more with what your Shades me give,
Than if I had what *Thetis* doth embrace:
What snaky Eye grown jealous of my Peace,
Now from your silent Horrorets would me drive,
When Sun advancing in his glorious Race
Beyond the *Twins*, doth near our Pole arrive.
What sweet Delight a quiet Life affords,
And what it is to be from Bondage free,
Far from the madding Worldling's hoarse Discords,
Sweet flowry Place, I first did learn of thee.
Ah! if I were mine own, your dear Resorts
I would not change with Princes stateli'st Courts.

50. S O N.

AH! who can see those Fruits of Paradise,
Cœlestial Cherries which so sweetly swell,
That Sweetness self confin'd there seems to dwell,
And all those sweetest Parts about despise?
Ah who can see and feel no Flame surprise
His hard'ned Heart? For me, alas! too well
I know their Force, and how they do excell,
Now through Desire I burn, and now I freeze,
I die. (dear Life) unless to me be given
As many Kisses as the Spring hath Flow'r's,
Or there be silver Drops in *Iru* Show'r's,
Or Stars there be in all embracing Heaven;

And

And if displeas'd ye of the Match complain,
Ye shall have leave to take them back again.

51. SON,

I S't not enough (say me!) me thus to see
Like some Heaven-banish'd Ghost still wailing go,
A Shadow which your Rays do only show ;
To vex me more unless you bid me die ;
What could ye worse allot unto your Foe ?
But die will I, so ye will not deny
That Grace to me which mortal Foes even try.
To chuse what sort of Death shall end my Woe.
Once did I find that whiles you did me kiss,
Ye gave my panting Soul so sweet a Touch,
That half I swoon'd in midst of all my Bliss,
I do but crave my Death's Wound may be such :
For though by Grief I die not and annoy,
Is't not enough to die through too much Joy ?

52. MAD.

U nhappy Light,
Do not approach to bring the woful Day,
When I must bid for ay
Farewel to her, and live in endless Plight.
Fair Moon with gentle Beams,
The Sight who never mars,
Clear long Heaven's sable Vault, and you bright Stars,
Your golden Locks long View in Earth's pure Streams,
Let *Phebus* never rile
To dim your watchful Eyes ;
Prolong, alas ! prolong my short Delight,
And if ye can, make an eternal Night.

53. SON.

W ith Grief in Heart, and Tears in swelling Eyes,
When I to her had given a sad Farewel,
Close sealed with a Kiss, and Dew which fell
On my else moistned Face from Beauty's Skies ;
So strange Amazement did my Mind surprise,
That at each Pace I fainting turn'd again,
Like one whom a *Torpedo* stupifies,
Not feeling Honour's Bit, nor Reason's Rein :
But when fierce Stars to part me did constrain,
With back-catt Looks I both envy'd and bleſſ'd
The happy Walls and Place did her contain,
Untill my Eyes that flying Object miss'd ;
So wailing parted *Canymede* the fair,
When Eagle's Talons bore him through the Air.

54. SEXTAIN.

S ih gone is my Delight and only *Pleasure*,
The last of all my Hopes, the cheerful *Sun*
That clear'd my Life's dark Sphere, Nature's sweet
More dear to me than all beneath the *Moon*, (*Treasure*,
What refleth now, but that upon this *Mountain*
I weep, till Heaven transform me to a *Fountain* ?

Fresh, fair, delicious, christal, pearly *Fountain*,
On whose smooth Face to look she oft took *Pleasure*,
Tell me (so may thy Streams long clear this *Mountain*)
So Serpent ne'er thee stain, nor scorch thee *Sun*,
So may with wat'ry Beams thee kiss the *Moon*)
Dost thou not mourn to want so fair a *Treasure* ?

W hile she here gaz'd on thee, rich *Tagus* *Treasure*,
Thou needed'st not envy, nor yet the *Fountain*,
In which the Hunter saw that naked *Moon*,
Absence hath robb'd thee of thy Wealth and *Pleasure*,
And I remain like Marigold of *Sun*
Depriv'd, that dies by Shadow of some *Mountain*.

Nymphs of the Forrests, Nymphs who on this *Moun*.
Are wout to dance, shewing your Beauty's *Treasure* (taint
To Goat-feet *Sylvans* and the wondring *Sun*,
When as you gather Flowers about this *Fountain*,
Bid her farewell, who placed here her *Pleasure*,
And sing her Praises to the Stars and *Moon*.

A mong the lesser Lights as is the *Moon*,
Blushing through muffling Clouds on *Latmos Mountain*

Or when she views her silver Locks for *Pleasure*,
In *Thetis* Streams, proud of so gay a *Treasure*,
Such was my Fair when she sat by this *Fountain*,
With other Nymphs to shun the amorous *Sun*.

A s is our Earth in Absence of the *Sun*,
Or when of Sun deprived is the *Moon*,
As is without a verdant Shade a *Fountain*,
Or wanting Grass, a Mead, a Vale, a *Mountain* ;
Such is my State, bereft of my dear *Treasure*,
To know whose only Worth was all my *Pleasure*.

N e'er think of *Pleasure*, Heart, Eyes shun the *Sun*,
Tears be your *Treasure*, which the wandring *Moon*
Shall see you shed by *Mountain*, *Vale* and *Fountain*.

55. SON.

W indow sometime which served for a Sphere,
To that dear Planet of my Heart, whose Light
Made often blush the glorious Queen of Night,
While she in thee more beauteous did appear,
VVhat mourning Weeds alas ! dost thou now wear ?
How loathsome to my Eyes is thy sad Sight ?
How poorly looks thou, with what heavy Chear,
Since set's that Sun which made thee shine so bright ?
Unhappy, now thee close, for as of late
To wond'ring Eyes thou wert a Paradise,
Bereft of her who made thee fortunate,
A Gulf thou art whence Clouds of Sighs arise :
But unto none so noisome as to me,
Who hourly sees my murdered Joys in thee.

56. SON.

H ow many times Night's silent Queen her Face
Hath hid, how oft with Stars in Silver Mask,
In Heaven's great Hall, she hath begun her Task,
And chear'd the waking Eye in lower Place ?
How oft the Sun hath made by Heaven's swift Race
The happy Lover to forsake the Breast
Of his dear Lady, wishing in the West,
His Golden Coach to run had larger space ?
I ever count and tell, since I, alas,
Did bid Farewel to my Heart's dearest Guest,
The Miles I number, and in mind I chase,
The Floods and Mountains hold me from my rest.
But wo is me, long count and count may I,
E'er I see her whose Absence makes me die.

57. SON.

O f Death some tell, some of the cruel Pain
Which that bad Crafts-man in his Work did try,
When [a new Monster] Flames once did constrain
A humane Corps to yield a bellowing Cry.
Some tell of those in burning Beds who lie,
Because they durst in the *Plegrean* Plain
The mighty Ruler of the Skies defie,
And siege those christal Tow'rs which all contain,
Another counts of *Plegeton*'s hot Floods,
The Souls which drink *Ixion*'s endless Smart,
And his who feeds a Vultur with his Heart,
One tells of Spectres in enchanted Woods :
Of all those Pains th' extreameſt who would prove,
Let him be absent and but burn in Love.

58. SON.

H air, precious Hair, which *Mida*'s Hand did strain,
Part of the Wreath of Gold that crowns those
Which Winter's whiteft white in whiteness stain, (Brows
And Lilly by *Eridan*'s Bank that grows,
Hair fatal present, which first caus'd my Woes,
When loose ye hang like *Danae*'s golden Rain,
Sweet Nets which sweetly do all Hearts enchain ;
Strings, deadly Strings, with which Love bends his
How are ye hither come, tell me O Hair ? Bows,
Dear Armelet, for what were thus ye given !
I know, a Badge of Bondage I you wear,
Yet Hair for you, O that I were a Heaven !
Like Berenice's Locks, that ye might shine,
(But brighter far) about this Arm of mine.

P O E M S.

9

59. SON.

A Re these the flowry Banks ? Is this the Mead
Where she was wont to pass the pleasant Hours ?
Was't here her Eyes exhal'd mine Eyes salt Showr's,
And on her Lap did lay my wearied Head ?
Is this the goodly Elm did us o'respread,
Whose tender Rind, cut forth in curious Flowr's
By that white Hand, contains these Flames of ours ?
Is this the murmuring Spring us Musick made ?
Deflourisht Mead, where is your heavenly Hue ?
And Bank, that Arras did you late adorn ?
How look'ft thou Elm, all withered and forlorn ?
Only sweet Spring nought alter'd seems in you.
But while here chang'd each other Thing appears,
To salt your Streams take of mine Eyes these Tears.

60. SON.

A Lexis, here she stay'd, among these Pines,
Sweet Hermitress she did alone repair ;
Here did she spread the Treasure of her Hair,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian Mines.
Here sat she by these Musket Eglantines,
The happy Flow'r seem yet the Print to bear,
Her Voice did sweeten here thy sug'red Lines,
To which Winds, Trees, Beasts, Birds, did lend an Ear.
She here me first perceiv'd, and here a Morn
Of bright Carnations did o'respread her Face :
Here did she sigh, here first my Hopes were born,
Here first I got a Pledge of promis'd Grace :
But ah ! what servest t'have been made happy so ?
Since passed Pleasures double but new Woe.

61. SON.

P lace me where angry Titan burns the Moor,
And thirsty Africk fiery Monflers brings,
Or where the New-born Phœnix spreads her Wings,
And Troops of wondring Birds her Flight adore :
Place me by Gange or Inde's enammell'd Shore,
Where smiling Heav'n's on Earth cause double Springs,
Place me where Neptune's Quire of Syrens sings,
Or where made hoarse through Cold he leaves to roar :
Place me where Fortune doth her Darlings crown,
A Wonder or a Spark in Envie's Eye,
Or you outragious Fates upon me frown,
Till Pity wailing see disafred me ;
Affection's Print my Mind so deep doth prove,
I may forget my self, but not my Love.

62. MADRIGAL.

T he Ivory, Coral, Gold,
Of Breast, of Lips, of Hair,
So lively Sleep doth shew to inward Sight,
That wake I think I hold
No Shadow, but my Fair :
My self so to deceive
With long-shut Eyes I shun the irksome Light.
Such Pleasure here I have
Delighting in false Gleams,
If Death Sleep's Brother be,
And Souls bereft of Sense have so sweet Dreams,
How could I wish thus stiil to dream and die.

63. SON.

F ame, who with golden Wings abroad doth range,
Where Phœbus leaves the Night, or brings the Day,
Fame, in one Place who restles doth not stay
Till thou haft flown from Atlas unto Gange ;
Fame, Enemy to Time, that still doth change,
And in his changing Course wouldest make Decay
What here below he findeth in his Way,
Even making Virtue to her self look strange :
Daughter of Heaven; now all thy Trumpets sound,
Raife up thy Head unto the highest Sky,
With Wonder blaze the Gifts in her are found,
And when she from this mortal Glob shall fly,
In thy wide mouth keep long, keep long her Name,
So thou by her, she by thee live shall Fame.

64. SON.

L et Fortune triumph now, and I sing,
Sith I must fall beneath this Load of Care,
Let her what most I prize of ev'ry thing
Now wicked Trophees in her Temple rear.
She who high Palmy Empires doth not spare,
And tramples in the Dust the proudest King,
Let her vaunt how my Bleis she did impair,
To what low Ebb she now my Flow doth bring :
Let her count how (a new Ixion) Me,
She in her Wheel did turn, how high nor low
I never stood, but more to tortur'd be.
Weep Soul, weep plaintful Soul, thy Sorrows know,
Weep, of thy Tears till a black River swell,
Which may Cocytus be to this thy Hell,

65. SON.

O Night, clear Night, O dark and gloomy Day !
O woefull Waking ! O Soul-pleasing Sleep !
O sweet Conceits which in my Brains did creep !
Yet sour Conceits which went so soon away.
A Sleep I had more then poor Words can say,
For clos'd in Arms (me thought) I did thee keep,
A forry Wretch plung'd in Misfortunes deep.
Am I not wak'd ? when Light doth Lies bewray.
O that that Night had ever still been black !
O that that Day had never yet begun !
And you mine Eyes would ye no Time saw Sun !
To have your Sun in such a Zodiack :
Lo, what is good of Life is but a Dream,
When Sorrow is a never-ebbing Stream.

66. MADRIGAL.

I fear not henceforth Death,
Sith after this Departure yet I breath,
Let Rocks, and Seas, and Wind,
Their highest Treasons show,
Let Sky and Earth combin'd,
Strive (if they can) to end my Life and Woe :
Sith Grief cannot, me nothing can o'rethrew,
Or if that ought can cause my fatal Lot,
It will be when I hear I am forgot.

67. SON.

S o grievous is my Pain, so painful Life,
That oft I find me in the Arms of Death,
But (Breath half gone) that Tyrant called Death,
Who others kills, restoreth me to Life :
For while I think how Woe shall end with Life,
And that I quiet Peace shall joy by Death,
That Thought ev'n doth ov'rpow'r the Pains of Death,
And call me home again to loathed Life :
Thus doth mine Evil transcend both Life and Death,
While no Death is so bad as is my Life,
Nor no Life such which doth not end by Death,
And Protean Changes turn my Death and Life :
O happy those who in their Birth find Death,
Sith but to languish Heaven affordeth Life,

68. SON.

I curse the Night, yet doth from Day me hide,
The Pandionian Birds I tyre with Moans,
The Eccho's even are weari'd with my Groans,
Since Absence did me from my Bliss divide.
Each Dream, each Toy, my Reason doth affright,
And when Remembrance reads the curious Scroul
Of past Contentments caused by her Sight,
Then bitter Anguish doth invade my Soul,
While thus I live Eclipsed of her Light.
(O me !) what better am I then the Mole ?
Or those whose Zenith is the only Pole,
Whose Hemisphere is hid with so long Night ?
Save that in Earth he rests, they hope for Sun,
I pine, and find mine endle's Night begun.

69. MADRIGAL.

Tritons, which bounding dive
Through Neptune's liquid Plain,
When as ye shall arrive

With tilting Tides where silver *Ora* plays,
And to your King his watry Tribute pays,
Tell how I dying live,
And burn in midft of all the coldest Main.

POEMS.

The Second Part.

1. SONNET.

Of mortal Glory O soon darkned Ray !
O posting Joys of Man ! more swift than Wind,
O fond Desires ! which wing'd with Fancies stray,
O trait'rous Hopes ! which do our Judgments blind :
Lo, in a Flash that Light is gone away,
Which dazzle did each Eye, delight each Mind,
And with that Sun (from whence it came) combin'd,
Now makes more radiant Heavens eternal Day.
Let Beauty now bedew her Cheeks with Tears,
Let widow'd Musick only roar and plain :
Poor Virtue get thee Wings, and mount the Spheres,
And let thine only Name on Earth remain.
Death hath thy Temple raz'd, Loves Empire foil'd,
The World of Honour, Worth, and Sweetness spoil'd.

2. SON.

Those Eyes, those sparkling Saphires of Delight,
Which thousand thousand Hearts did set on Fire,
Of which that Eye of Heaven which brings the Light,
Oft Jealous, stayed amaz'd them to admire.
That living Snow, those Crimson Roses bright,
Those Pearls, those Rubies which enflam'd Desire,
Those Locks of Gold, that Purple afir of *Tyre*,
Are wrapt (ay me !) up in eternal Night.
What hast thou more to vaunt of, wretched World,
Sith she who caused all thy Bliss is gone ?
Thy ever-burning Lamps, Rounds ever-whorl'd
Cannot unto thee modell such a one :
Or if they should such Beauty bring on Earth,
They should be forc'd again to give her Birth.

3. SON.

O Fate, conjur'd to pour your worst on me !
O rigorous Rigour which doth all confound !
With cruel Hands ye have cut down the Tree,
And Fruit with Leaves have scatter'd on the Ground,
A little Space of Earth my Love doth bound,
That Beauty which did raise it to the Sky,
Turn'd in dislained Dust, now low doth ly,
Deaf to my Plaints, and senseless of my Wound.
Ah ! did I live for this ? ah ! did I love ?
And was't for this (fierce Powers) she did excell,
That e're she well the Sweets of Life did prove,
She should (too dear a Guest) with Darknes dwell ?
Weak Influence of Heaven ! what fair is wrought,
Falls in the Prime, and passeth like a Thought.

4. SON.

Owful Life ! Life, no, but living Death,
Frail Boat of Chriftal in a rocky Sea,
A Gem expos'd to Fortune's stormy Breath,
Which kept with Pain with Terror doth decay :
The false Delights, true Woes thou doft bequeath
My all-appalled Mind fodo affray,
That I those envy who are laid in Earth,
And pity those who run thy dreadfull Way.

When did mine Eyes behold one cheerful Morn?
When had my tossed Soul one Night of Rest ?
When did not angry Stars my Projects scorn ?
O ! now I find what is for Mortals best :
Even, fince our Voyage shameful is, and short,
Soon to strike Sail, and perish in the Port.

5. SON.

Diffolve, my Eyes, your Globes in briny Streams,
And with a Cloud of Sorrow dim your Sight,
The Sun's bright Sun is set, of late whose Beams
Gave Lustre to your Day, Day to your Night.
My Voice, now cleave the Earth with Anathems,
Roar for a Challenge in the World's Despight,
Till that disguised Grief is her Delight,
That Life a Slumber is of fearfull Dreams ;
And woful Mind abhor to think of Joy,
My Senses all from Comforts all you hide,
Accept no Object but of black Annoy, (wide,
Tears, Plaints, Sighs, mourning Weeds, Graves gaping
I have nought left to wish, my Hopes are dead,
And all with her beneath a Marble laid.

6. SON.

Sweet Soul, which in the April of thy Years,
For to enrich the Heaven mad'ft poor this Round,
And now with flaming Rays of Glory crown'd
Most blest abides above the Sphere of Spheres ;
If Heavenly Laws, alas ! have not thee bound
From looking to this Globe that all up bears,
If Ruth and Pity there above be found,
O daign to lend a Look unto these Tears,
Do not disdain (dear Ghost) this Sacrifice,
And though I raise not Pillars to thy Praise,
My Off'rings take, let this for me suffice,
My Heart a living Pyramide I raise : (green,
And whilst King's Tombs with Lawrells flourish
Thine shall with Mirtles and these Flow'rs be seen.

7. SON.

Sweet Spring, thou turn'ft with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flowers,
The Zephyres curl the green Locks of the Plain,
The Clouds for Joy in Pearls weep down their showers,
Turn thou, sweet Youth ? but ah ! my pleasant Hours
And happy Days with thee come not again,
The sad Memorials only of my Pain
Do with thee turn, which turn my sweet to sowl's.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair,
But she whose Breath embalm'd thy wholesome Air
Is gone ; nor Gold, nor Gems can her restore.
Neglected Virtue, Seasons go and come,
While thine forgot lie closed in a Tomb.

8. SON.

WHat doth it serve to see the Sun's bright Face ?
And Skies enamell'd with the Indian Gold ?

Or

Or jetty Moon at Night in Chariot roll'd,
And all the Glory of that starry Place?
What doth it serve Earth's Beauty to behold?
The Mountains Pride, the Meadows flow'ry Grace,
The stately Comelines of Forrefts old,
The Sport of Floods, which would themselves embrace?
What doth it serve to hear the *Sylvans* Songs,
The cheerful *Thrush*, the *Nightingale's* sad Strains,
Which in dark Shades seem to deplore my Wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this World contains?
Since she, for whom those once to me were dear,
Can have no Part of them now with me here.

9. MAD.

THIS Life which seems so fair,
Is like a Bubble blown up in the Air,
By sporting Childrens Breath,
Who chase it every where,
And strive who can most Motion it bequeath.
And though it sometime seem of its own Might,
Like to an Eye of Gold to be fixt there,
And firm to hover in that empty Height;
That only is, because it is so light.
But in that Pomp it doth not long appear;
For when 'tis most admired, in a Thought,
Because it earft was nought, it turns to nought.

10. SON.

MY Lute, be as thou wert when thou did grow
With thy green Mother in some shady Grove,
When immelodious Winds but made thee move,
And Birds their Ramage did on thee bestow.
Since that dear Voice which did thy Sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious Strains to flow,
Is rest from Earth to tune those Spheres above,
What art thou but a Harbinger of Woe?
Thy pleasing Notes be pleasing Notes no more,
But Orphans Vailings to their fainting Ear,
Each Stroke a Sigh, each Sound draws forth a Tear,
For which be silent as in Woods before:
Or if that any Hand to touch thee daign,
Like widow'd Turtle still her Loss complain.

11. SON.

AH Handkercheif! sad Present of my Dear,
Gift miserable, which doth now remain
The only Guerdon of my helpless Pain,
When I thee got thou shewest my State too clear,
I never since have ceased to complain,
I since the Badge of Grief did ever wear,
Joy in my Face durst never since appear.
Care was the Food which did me entertain,
But since that thou art mine, O do not grieve,
That I this Tribute pay thee for mine Een,
And that I (this short Time I am to live)
Laundre thy filken Figures in this Brine:
No, I must yet even beg of thee the Grace,
That in my Grave thou daign to shroud my Face.

12. MAD.

TRees happier far than I,
Which have the Grace to heave your Heads so
And overlook those Plains: (high,
Grow till your Branches kiss that lofty Sky,
Which her sweet self contains.
There make her know mine endless Love and Pains,
And how these Tears which from mine Eyes do fall,
Help you to rise so tall:
Tell her, as once I for her sake lov'd Breath,
So for her sake I now court lingring Death.

13. SONG.

SAd Damon being come,
To that for ever lamentable Tomb,
Which these eternal Powers that all controul,
Unto his living Soul,
A melancholy Prison had prescrib'd:
Of Colour, Heat, and Motion depriv'd,
In Arms weak, fainting, cold,
A Marble, he the Marble did infold:

And having made it warm with many a Shower,
Which dimmed Eyes did pour, (stay'd
When Grief had given him Leave, and Sighs them
Thus with a sad Alas, at last be said.

Who would have thought to me
The Place where thou didst lie could grievous be?
And that (dear Body) long thee having sought,
(O me)! who would have thought,
Thee once to find it should my Soul confound,
And give my Heart than Death a deeper Wound?
Thou didst disdain my Tears,
But grieve not that this ruthful Stone them bears,
Mine Eyes for nothing serve, but thee to weep,
And let that Curse them keep,
Although thou never wouldest them Comfort show,
Do not repine, they have Part of thy Woe.

Ah Wretch! too late I find
How Virtue's glorious Titles prove but Wind;
For if that Virtue could release from Death,
Thou yet enjoy'd hadst Breath:
For if she e're appear'd to mortal Een,
It was in thy fair Shape that she was seen.
But O! if I was made
For thee, with thee why too am I not dead?
Why do outragious Fates which dimm'd thy Sight,
Let me see hatefull Light?
They without me made Death thee to surprise,
Tyrants (no doubt) that they might kill me twice.

O Grief! and could one Day
Have Force such Excellence to take away?
Could a swift flying Moment, ah! deface
Those matchless Gifts, that Grace,
Which Art and Nature had in thee combin'd,
To make thy Body paragon thy Mind?
Have all pass'd like a Cloud,
And doth eternal Silence now them shroud?
Is that so much admir'd, now nought but Dust,
Of which a Stone hath Trust?
O Change! O cruel Change, thou to our Sight
Show'st the Fates Rigour equal to their might!

When thou from Earth didst pass,
Sweet Nymph, Perfection's Mirror broken was,
And this of late so glorious World of ours,
Like Meadow without Flowers,
Or Ring of a rich Gem made blind, appear'd,
Or Starless Night, or *Cynthia* nothing clear'd.
Love when he saw thee dy
Entomb'd him in the Lid of either Eye,
And left his Torch within thy sacred Urn,
There for a Lamp to burn:
Worth, Honour, Pleasure, with thy Life expir'd,
Death since grown sweet begins to be desir'd.

Whilft thou to us wert given,
The Earth her *Venus* had as well as Heaven:
Nay, and her Suns which burnt as many Hearts,
As he the Eastern Parts;
Bright Suns which forc'd to leave these Hemispheres,
Benighted set into a Sea of Tears.

Ah Death, who shall thee flee,
Since the most mighty are o'erthrown by thee?
Thou spar'st the Crow, and *Nightingale* dost kill,
And triumph'st at thy Will,
But give thou cannot such another Blow,
Because Earth cannot such another show:

O bitter sweets of Love!
How better is't at all you not to prove,
Than when we do your Pleasures most posses,
To find them thus made less?
O! that the Cause which doth consume our Joy
Would the Remembrance of it too destroy?

What doth this Life bestow,
But Flow'r's on Thorns which grow?
Which though they sometime blandish soft Delight,
Yet afterwards us smite:
And if the rising Sun them fair doth see,
That Planet setting doth behold them die.

This World is made a Hell,
Depriv'd of all that did in it excell.
O Pan, Pan, Winter is fallen in our May,

Turn'd is to Night our Day,
Forsake thy Pipe, a Scepter take to thee,
Thy Locks disgarland, thou black Jove shall be.
The Flocks do leave the Meads,
And loathing Three-leav'd Grass hold up their Heads,
The Streams not glide now with a gentle Roar,
Nor Birds sing as before,
Hills stand with Clouds like Mourners vail'd in black,
And Owls upon our Roofs foretell our Wrack.

That Zephyre every Year
So soon was hear'd to sigh in Forrests here,
It was for her : That wrapt in Gowns of Green,
Meads were so early seen ;
That in the saddest Months oft sung the Mearls,
It was for her : For her Trees dropt forth Pearls.
That proud and stately Courts
Did envy these our Shades and calm Resorts,
It was for her ; and she is gone, O woe !
Woods cut again do grow,
Bud doth the Rose and Dazy, Winter's done,
But we once dead, do no more see the Sun.

Whose Names shall now make ring
The Ecchoes ? of whom shall the Nymphets sing ?
Whose heavenly Voice, whose Soul-invading Strains,
Shall fill with Joy the Plains ?
What Hair, what Eyes, can make the Morn in East,
Weep that a fairer riseth in the West ?
Fair Sun, post still away,
No Musick here is left thy Course to stay.
Sweet Hybla's swarms, with Wormwood fill your Bowsrs.
Gone is the Flow'r of Flow'rs :
Blush no more, Rose, nor Lilly pale remain,
Dead is that Beauty which your's late did stain.
Ay me ! to wait my Plight,
Why have not I as many Eyes as Night ?
Or as that Shepherd which Jove's Love did keep,
That I still, still may weep ?
But though I had, my Tears unto my Cross
Were not yet equal, nor Grief to my Loss.
Yet of you, briny Show'rs,
Which here I pour, may spring as many Flow'rs,
As come of those which fell from Helen's Eyes :
And when ye do arise,
May every Leaf in sable Letters bear
The dolefull Cause for which ye spring up here.

14. MAD.

THE Beauty and the Life
Of Life's and Beautie's fairest Paragon,
O Tears ! O Grief ! hung at a feeble Thread,
To which pale Atropos had set her Knife :
The Soul with many a Groan
Had left each outward Part,
And now did take the last Leave of the Heart ;
Nought else did want save Death, for to be dead :
When the sad Company about her Bed
Seeing Death invade her Lips, her Cheeks, her Eyes,
Cried ah ! and can Death enter Paradise ?

15. SON.

O ! It is not to me bright Lamp of Day,
That in the East thou shew'ft thy golden Face,
O ! it is not to me thou leav'ft that Sea,
And in those Azure Lifts began'ft thy Race,
Thou shin'ft not to the Dead in any Place.
And I dead from this World am past away,
Or if I seem (a Shadow) yet to stay,
It is a while but to bewail my Case.
My Mirth is lost, my Comforts are dismaid,
And unto sad Mishaps their Place do yield ;
My Knowledge represents a bloody Field,
Where I my Hopes and Helps see prostrate laid.
So painful is Life's Course which I have run,
That I do wish it never had begun.

16. MADRIGAL.

Dear Night, the Ease of Care,
Untroubled Seat of Peace,
Time's eldest Child, which oft the blind do see,
On this our Hemisphere,

What makes thee now so sadly dark to be ?
Comes thou in funeral Pomp her Grave to grace ?
Or do those Stars which should thy Horrour clear,
In Jove's high Hall advise,
In what Part of the Skies,
With them, or Cynthia she shall appear ?
Or ah ! alas ! because those matchless Eyes,
Which shone so fair, below thou dost not find,
Striv'ft thou to make all others Eyes look blind ?

17. SON.

Since it hath pleas'd that first and supreme Fair,
To take that Beauty to himself again,
Which in this World of Sense not to remain,
But to amaze, was sent, and home repair ;
The Love which to that Beauty I did bear,
Made pure of mortal Spots which did it stain,
And endless, which even Death cannot impair,
I place on him who will it not disdain.
No shining Eyes, no Locks of curling Gold :
No blushing Roses on a Virgin Face,
No outward Show, no, nor no inward Grace,
Shall Power have my Thoughts henceforth to hold :
Love here on Earth huge Storms of Care doth
But plac'd above exempted is from Loss. (tols,

18. SONG.

IT Autumn was, and on our Hemisphere,
Fair Eryne began bright to appear,
Night Westward did her gemmy World decline,
And hide her Lights that greater Lights might shine :
The crested Bird had given Alarm twice
To lazy Mortals to unlock their Eyes,
The Owl had left to plain, and from each Thorn
The wing'd Musicians did salute the Morn,
Who (while she dress'd her Locks in Gange's Streams)
Set open wide the chrystral Port of Dreams :
When I, whose Eyes no drowsy Night could close,
In Sleep's soft Arms did quietly repose,
And, for that Heavens to die did me deny,
Death's Image kissed, and as dead did lie.
I lay as dead, but scarce charm'd were my Cares,
And slacked scarce my Sighs, scarce dried my Tears,
Sleep scarce the ugly Figures of the Day,
Had with his sable Pencil put away,
And left me in a still and calmy Mood,
When by my Bed, me thought a Virgin stood,
A Virgin in the blooming of her Prime,
If such rare Beauty measur'd be by Time,
Her Head a Garland wore of Opals bright,
About her flow'd a Gown like purest Light,
Pure Amber Locks gave Umbrage to her Face,
Where Modesty high Majesty did grace ;
Her Eyes such Beams sent forth, that but with Pain
Here, weaker Sights their Sparklings could sustain.
No feigned Deity which haunts the Woods
Is like to her, nor Syren of the Floods :
Such is the golden Planet of the Year,
When blushing in the East he doth appear.
Her Grace did Beauty, Voice yet Grace did pass.
Which thus through Pearls and Rubies broken was.

How long wilt thou, said she, estrang'd from Joy
Paint Shadows to thy self of false Annoy ?
How long thy Mind with horrid Shapes affright,
And in imaginary Evils delight ?
Esteem that Loss, which (when well view'd) is Gain,
Or if a Loss, yet not a Loss to plain !
O leave thy plaintful Soul more to molest,
And think, that Woe when shortest then is best.
If she for whom thou thus dost deaf the Sky
Be dead ; what then ? was she not born to die ?
Was she not mortal born ? If thou dost grieve
That Times should be in which she should not live,
Er e're she was weep that Day's Wheel was roll'd,
Weep that she liv'd not in the Age of Gold.
For that she was not then, thou mayst deplore,
As well as that she now can be no more.
If only she had died, thou sure hadst cause
To blame the Fates, and their too iron Laws.
But look how many Millions her advance,

What

What Numbers with her enter in this Dance,
With those which are to come: Shall Heavens them-
And th' Universe dissolve, thee to obey? (stay,
As Birth, Death, which so much thee doth apall,
A Piece is of the Life of this great All.
Strong Cities die, die do high palmy Reigns,
And Fondling thou thus to be us'd complains.

If she be dead, then she of loathsome Days
Hath past the Line, whole Length but Loss bewrays,
Then she hath left this filthy Stage of Care,
Where Pleasures seldom, Woe doth still repair.
For all the Pleasures which it doth contain,
Not countervail the small'st Minute's Pain.
And tell me, thou who dost so much admire
This little Vapour, this poor Spark of Fire,
Which Life is call'd, what doth it thee bequeath,
But some few Years, which Birth draws out to Death?
Which if thou parallel with Lustres run,
Or those whose Courses are but now begun,
In Days great Number they shall less appear,
Than with the Sea when matched is a Tear.
But why shouldst thou here longer wish to be?
One Year doth serve all Nature's Pomp to see.
Nay, even one Day and Night: This Moon, that Sun,
Those lesser Fires about this Round which run,
Be but the same, which under *Saturn's* Reign:
Did the serpentine Seasons interchain.
How oft doth Life grow less by living long?
And what excelleth but what dieth young?
For Age, which all abhor (yet would embrace)
Doth make the Mind as wrinkled as the Face.
Then leave Laments, and think thou didst not live
Laws to that first eternal Cause to give,
But to obey those Laws which he hath given,
And bow unto the just Decrees of Heaven,
Which cannot erre, whatever foggy Misfts
Do blind Men in these sublunary Lifts.

But what if she, for whom thou spends those Groans,
And wastest thy Life's dear Torch in ruthfull Moans,
She, for whose sake thou hat'ft the joyfull Light,
Courts solitary Shades and irksome Night,
Doth live? ah! if thou canst, through Tears, a Space
Lift thy dim'd Lights, and look upon this Face,
Look if those Eyes which, Fool, thou didst adore,
Shine not more bright than they were wont before.
Look if those Roses Death could ought impair
Those Roses which thou once saidst were so fair,
And if these Locks have lost ought of that Gold,
Which once they had when thou them didst behold.
I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,
And still shalt be, till thou be like me made.

Alas! while we are wrapt in Gowns of Earth,
And blind here suck the Air of Woe beneath,
Each thing in Senses Ballances we weigh,
And but with Toil and Pain the Truth descry.

Above this vast and admirable Frame,
This Temple visible, which World we name,
Within whose Walls so many Lamps do burn,
So many Arches with cross Motions turn,
Where th' Elemental Brothers nurse their Strife,
And by intestine Wars maintain their Life:
There is a World, a World of perfect Bleſſ,
Pure, immaterial, bright as, far from this,
As that high Circle which the reflit enospheres,
Is from this dull, ignoble Vale of Tears.

A World, where all is found, that here is found,
But further discrepant than Heaven and Ground:
It hath an Earth, as hath this World of yours,
With Creatures peopled, and adorn'd with Flow'rs,
It hath a Sea, like Saphire Girdle cast
Which decks of the harmonious Shores the Waſte,
It hath pure Fire, it hath delicious Air,
Moon, Sun, and Stars, Heavens wonderfully fair:
Flow'rs never therē do fade, Trees grow not old,
No Creature dieth there through Heat or Cold:
Sea there not tossed is, nor Air made black,
Fire doth not greedy feed on others Wrack:
There Heavens be not contrain'd about to range,
For this VWorld hath no Need of any Change:
Minutes mount not to Hours, nor Hours to Days,

Days make no Months, but ever blooming Mays.
Here I remain, and hitherward do tend
All who their Span of Days in Virtue spend;
VVhat'ever pleasant this low Place contains,
Is but a Glance of what above remains.
Those who, perchance, think there can nothing be
Beyond this wide Expansion which they see;
And that nought else mounts Stars Circumference,
For that nought else is subject to their Sense,
Feel such a Case, as one whom some Abime
In the deep Ocean kept had all his Time:
Who born and nourish'd there, cannot believe
Than elsewhere ought without those Waves can live:
Cannot believe that there be Temples, Towr's,
Which go beyond his Caves and dampish Bow'r's:
Or there be other People, Manners, Laws,
Than what he finds within the churlish Waves:
That sweeter Flow'r's do spring than grow on Rocks,
Or Beasts there are excell the scaly Flocks,
That other Elements are to be found,
Than is the Water and this Ball of Ground:
But think that Man from this Abime be'ng brought
Did see what curious Nature here hath wrought,
Did view the Meads, the tall and shady Woods,
And mark'd the Hills, and the clear rowling Floods;
And all the Beasts which Nature forth doth bring,
The feathered Troops that flee, and sweetly sing:
Observe'd the Palaces and Cities fair,
Mens Fashion of Life, the Fire, the Air,
The Brightness of the Sun that dims his Sight,
The Moon, and Splendors of the painted Night:
What sudden Rapture would his Mind surprise?
How would he his late dear Relore despise?
How would he muse how foolish he had been,
To think all nothing but what there was seen?
Why do we get this high and vast Desire,
Unto immortal Things full to aspire?
Why doth our Mind extend it beyond Time,
And to that highest Happiness even climb?
If we are nought but what to Sense we seem,
And more than Dust us Worldlings do esteem?
We are not made for Earth, though here we come,
More than the Embryo for the Mother's Womb:
It weeps to be made free, and we complain
To leave this loathsome Jaile of Care and Pain.

But thou, who vulgar Footsteps dost not trace,
Learn to rowse up thy Mind to view this Place,
And what Earth-creeping Mortals most affect,
If not at all to scorn, yet to neglect:
Seek not vain Shadows, which when once obtain'd
Are better lost than with such Travel gain'd.
Think that on Earth what Worldlings Greatness call,
Is but a glorious Title to live thrall:
That Scepters, Diadems, and Chairs of State,
Not in themselves, but to small Minds are great:
That those who loftiſt mount do hardest light,
And deepest Falls be from the highest Height:
That Fame an Echo is, and all Renown
Like to a blasted Rose, e're Night falls down:
And though it something were, think how this Round
Is but a little Point which doth it bound.
O leave that Love which reacheth but to Duff,
And in that Love eternal only trust,
And Beauty, which when once it is posſeſt
Can only fill the Soul, and make it bleſſ.
Pale Envy, jealous Emulations, Fears,
Sighs, Plaints, Remorse, here have no Place, nor Tears:
False Joys, vain Hopes, here be not, Hate, nor Wrath
What ends all Love here most augments it, Death.
If such Force had the dim Glance of an Eye,
Which but some few Days afterwards did die,
That it could make thee leave all other Things:
And like a Taper-fly there burn thy Wings:
And if a Voice, of late which could but wail,
Such Power had as through Ears thy Soul t
If once thou on that purely Fair could gaze,
What Flames of Love would this within thee raise?
In what amazing Maze would it thee bring,
To hear but once that Quire Celestial ting?
The faireſt Shapes on which thy Love did ſeize,

Which erst didst breed Delight, then would displease,
But Discords hoarse were Earth's enticing Sounds,
All Musick but a Noise, which Sense confounds.
This great and burning Glass which clears all Eyes,
And mustereth such Glory in the Skies.
That silver Star which with her purer Light
Makes Day oft envy the Eye-pleasing Night,
Those golden Letters which so brightly shine
In Heaven's great Volume gorgeously divine ;
All Wonders in the Sea, the Earth, the Air,
Be but dark Pictures of that Sovereign Fair,
And Tongues which still thus cry into your Ear
(Could ye amidst World's *Cataracts* them hear.)
From fading Things, fond Men, lift your Desire,
And in our Beauty, his us, made admire :
If we seem fair ? O think how fair is he,
Of whose great Fairness, Shadows, Steps we be.
No Shadow can compare unto the Face,
No Step with that dear Foot which did it trace,
Your Souls immortal are, then place them hence,
And do not drown them in the Mist of Sense :
O do not, do not by false Pleasures Might
Deprive them of that true and sole Delight.
That Happiness ye seek is not below,
Earth's sweetest Joy is but disguised Woe.

Here did she pause, and with a mild Aspect,
Did towards me those lamping Twins direct.
The wonted Rays I knew, and thrice essay'd
To answer make, thrice falt'ring Tongue it stay'd.
And while upon that Face I fed my Sight,
Me thought she vanish'd up in *Iisan's* Light ;
Who gilding with his Rays each Hill and Plain,
Seem'd to have brought the golden World again.

19. MAD.

Poor Turtle, thou bemoans
The Loss of thy dear Love,

And I for mine send forth these smoaking Groans,
Unhappy widow'd Dove,
While all about do sing,
I at the Root, thou on the Branch above,
Even weary with our Moans the gaudy Spring.
Yet these our Plaints we do not spend in vain,
Sith sighing Zephyres answer us again.

20. SON.

As in a dusky and tempestous Night,
A Star is wont to spread her Locks of Gold,
And while her pleasant Rays abroad are roll'd,
Some spitefull Cloud doth rob us of her Sight :
Fair Soul, in this black Age so shin'd thou bright,
And made all Eyes with Wonder thee behold,
Till ugly Death depriving us of Light,
In his grim misty Arms thee did enfold.
Who more shall vaunt true Beauty here to see ?
What Hope doth more in any Heart remain,
That such Perfections shall his Reason rein ?
If Beauty with thee born, too died with thee ?
World, plain no more of Love, nor count his Harms,
With his pale Trophies Death has hung his Arms.

21. MAD.

My Thoughts hold mortal Strife,
I do detest my Life,
And with lamenting Cries
Peace to my Soul to bring,
Oft call that Prince, which here doth Monarchize,
But he grim grinning King,
Who Catives scorns, and doth the Blest surprise,
Late having deckt with Beauty's Rose his Tomb,
Disdains to crop a Weed, and will not come.

URANIA.

Or Spiritual Poems.

I.

Triumphing Chariots, Statues, Crowns of Bays,
Sky-threatening Arches, the Rewards of Worth,
Books heavenly-wife in sweet harmonious Lays,
Which Men divine unto the World set forth :
States, which ambitious Minds in Blood do raise,
From frozen *Tanais* unto Sun-burnt *Gange*,
Gigantial Frames held Wonders rarely strange,
Like Spiders Webs are made the Sport of Days.
Nothing is constant but in constant Change.
What's done still is undone, and when undone
Into some other Fashion doth it range ;
Thus goes the floating World beneath the Moon :
Wherefore my Mind above Time, Motion, Place,
Rise up, and Steps unknown to Nature trace.

2.

Too long I followed have my fond Desire,
And too long painted on the Ocean Streams,
Too long Refreshment sought amidst the Fire,
Purif'd those Joys which to my Soul are Blames.
Ah ! when I had what most I did admire,
And seen of Life's Delights the last Extreams,
I found all but a Rose hedg'd with a Brier,
A Nought, a Thought, a Masquerade of Dreams.

Henceforth on thee, my only Good, I'll think,
For only thou canst grant what I do crave ;
Thy Nail my Pen shall be, thy Blood mine Ink,
Thy Winding-sheet my Paper ; Study, Grave :
And till my Soul forth of this Body flee,
No Hope I'll have but only only Thee,

3.

To spread the Azure Canopy of Heaven,
And spangle it all with Sparks of burning Gold,
To place this pond'rous Globe of Earth so even,
That it should all, and nought should it uphold ;
With Motions strange t'indue the Planets seven,
And *Jove* to make so mild, and *Mars* so bold,
To temper what is moist, dry, hot and cold,
Of all their Jars that sweet Accords are given.
Lord, to thy Wisdom's nought, nought to thy Might,
But that thou should'st thy Glory laid aside,
Come basely in Mortality to bide,
And die for those deserv'd an endless Night ;
A Wonder is so far above our Wit,
That Angels stand amaz'd to think on it.

4.

What hapless Hap had I for to be born
In these unhappy Times, and dying Days

Or

Of this now doating World, when Good decays,
Love's quite extinct, and Virtue's held a Scorn !
When such are only pris'd by wretched Ways,
Who with a golden Fleece them can adorn ;
When Avarice and Lust are counted Praise,
And bravest Minds live Orphan-like forlorn !
Why was not I born in that golden Age,
When Gold was not yet known ? and those black Arts
By which base Worldlings vilely play their Parts,
With horrid A&ts staining Earth's fatley Stage ?
To have been then, O Heaven, 't had been my Bless,
But bles me now, and take me soon from this.

5.

A Street in this Time
A Now doth not live, but is fled up to Heaven,
Or if she live, it is not without Crime,
That she doth use her Power,
And she is no more Virgin, but a Whore,
Whore prostitute for Gold :

For she doth never hold her Ballance even,
And when her Sword is roll'd,
The Bad, Injurious, False, she not o'rethrows,
But on the Innocent lets fall her Blows.

6.

What serves it to be good ? Goodness by thee
The Holy-wise is thought a Fool to be,
For thee the Man to Temperance inclin'd,
Is held but of a base and abject Mind,
The Continent is thought for thee but cold,
Who yet was good, that ever died old ?
The Pitiful, who others fears to kill,
Is kill'd himself, and Goodness doth him ill :
The Meek and Humble Man who cannot brave,
By thee is to some Giant's Brood made Slave.
Poor Goodness, thine thou to such Wrongs set forth,
That O ! I fear me, thou art nothing worth.
And when I look to Earth, and not to Heaven,
Ere I were turned Dove, I would be Raven.

TEARS

On the Death of MOELIADES.

O Heavens ! then is it true that thou art gone,
And left this wofull Isle her Lots to moan,
* Mæliades, bright Day-star of the West,
A Comet blazing Terror to the East :
And neither that thy Sp'rit so heavenly wise,
Nor Body, though of Earth, more pure than Skies,
Nor Royal Stem, nor thy sweet tender Age,
Of cruel Destinies could quench the Rage ?
O fading Hopes ! O short while lasting Joy
Of Earth-born Man, that one Hour can destroy !
Then even of Virtue's Spoils Death Trophies rears,
As if he gloried most in many Tears.
Forc'd by hard Fates, do Heavens neglect our Cries ?
Are Stars set only to act Tragedies ?
Then let them do their worst, since thou art gone,
Raise whom they list to Thrones, enthron'd dethrone,
Stain Princely Bow'rs with Blood, and even to Gange,
In Cypress sad, glad Hymen's Torches change.
Ah ! Thou hast left to live, and in the Time,
When scarce thou blossom'dst in thy pleasant Prime :
So falls by Northern Blast a Virgin Rose,
At half that doth her bashfull Bosom close :
So a sweet Flower languishing decays,
That late did blush when kist by Phœbus Rays.
So Phœbus mounting the Meridian's Hight,
Choakt by pale Phœbe, faints unto our Sight.
Aftonish'd Nature fullen stands to see,
The Life of all this All so chang'd to be.
In gloomy Gowns the Stars this Loss deplore,
The Sea with murmuring Mountains beats the Shore

Black Darkness reels o'er all in thousand Show'rs,
The weeping Air on Earth her Sorrow pours,
That, in a Palsey, quakes to see so soon
Her Lover set, and Night burst forth e're Noon.
If Heaven, alas ! ordain'd thee young to die,
Why was't not where thou might'ft thy Valour try ?
And to the wondring World at leaft set forth
Some little Spark of thy expected Worth ?
Mæliades, O that by Ister's Streams,
'Mong sounding Trumpets, fiery twinkling Gleams
Of warm Vermilion Swords, and Cannons roar,
Balls thick as Rain pour'd on the Caspian Shore,
'Mongst broken spears, 'mongst ringing helms & shields,
Huge Heaps of slaughtered Bodies long the Fields,
In Turkish Blood made red like Mars's Star,
Thou ended hadst thy Life and Christian War :
Or, as brave Bourbon, thou hadst made old Rome
Queen of the World, thy Triumph and thy Tomb.
So Heaven's fair Face to th'unborn World, which reads,
A Book had been of thy illustrious Deeds.
So to their Nepheus aged Sires had told
The high Exploits perform'd by thee of old ;
Towns raz'd and rais'd, victorious, vanquish'd Bands,
Fierce Tyrants flying, foil'd, kill'd by thy Hands.
And in rich Aras, Virgins fair had wrought
The Bays and Trophees to thy Country brought :
While some new Homer imping Wings to Fame,
Deaf Nilus Dwellers had made hear thy Name.
That thou didst not attain these Honours Spheres,
Through Want of Worth it was not, but of Years.

D 2

A

* The Name, which in these Verses is given unto Prince Henry, is that which he himself, in the Challenges of his Martial Sports and Masquerades, was wont to use ; Mæliades, Prince of the Isles, which in Anagram makes a Word most worthy of such a Knight as he was, a Knight (if Time had suffered his Actions answer the World's Expectation) only worthy of such a Word, Miles a Deo.

A Youth more brave pale *Troy*, with trembling Walls
Did never see, nor she whose Name appals
Both *Titan*'s golden Bow'rs in bloody Fights,
Mustring on *Mars* his Field, such *Mars*-like Knights.
The Heavens had brought thee to the highest Hight
Of Wit and Courage, shewing all their Might;
When they thee fram'd. Ay me! that what is brave
On Earth, they as their own so soon should crave.
Mæliades sweet courtly Nymphs deplore,
From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* pearly Shore. (pafs)

When *Forth* thy Nurse, *Forth* where thou first didst
Tender Days (who siml'd oft on her Glass,
To see thee gaze) Meandering with her Streams,
Heard thou hadst left this Round, from *Phœbus* Beams,
She sought to flee, but forced to return
By Neighbouring Brooks, she set her self to mourn:
And as she rush'd her *Cyclades* among,
She seem'd to plain, that Heaven had done her Wrong.
With a hoarse Plaint, *Clyde* down her steepy Rocks,
And *Tweed* through her green Mountains clad with
Did wound the Ocean murmuring thy Death, (Flocks
The Ocean it roar'd about the Earth,
And to the *Mauritanian Atlas* told, (cold
Who shrunk through Grief, and down his white Hairs
Huge Streams of Tears, which changed were to Floods,
Wherewith he drown'd the neighbour Plains and
The lesser Brooks as they did bubbling go, (Woods.
Did keep a Consort to the publick Woe.
The Shepherds left their Flocks with downcast Eyes,
"Sdaining to look up to the angry Skies:
Some broke their Pipes, and some in sweet-sad Lays,
Made senseless Things amazed at thy Praise.
His Reed *Alexis* hung upon a Tree,
And with his Tears made *Doven* great to be.
Mæliades sweet courtly Nymphs deplore
From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* pearly Shore.

Chaste Maids, which haunt fair *Aganippe's* Well,
And you in *Tempe's* sacred Shade who dwell,
Let fall your Harps, cease Tunes of Joy to sing,
Dilheveled make all *Parnassus* ring,
With *Anthems* sad, thy Musick, *Phœbus*, turn
To doleful Complaints, whilst Joy it self doth mourn.
Dead is thy Darling, who adorn'd thy Bays,
Who oft was wont to cherish thy sweet Lays.
And to a Trumpet raise thy amorous Stile,
That floating *Delos* envy might this Isle,
You *Acidalian* Archers, break your Bows,
Your Torches quench, with Tears blot Beauty's Snows
And bid your weeping Mother yet again
A second *Adon*'s Death, nay *Mars* his Plain.
His Eyes once were your Darts, nay even his Name,
Where ever heard, did every Heart inflame,
Tagus did court his Love with golden Streams,
Rhine with his Towns, fair *Seine* with all she claims.
But ah! (poor Lovers) Death did them betray,
And not suspected made there Hopes his Prey!
Tagus bewails his Loss in golden Streams
Rhine with his Towns, fair *Seine* with all she claims.
Mæliades sweet courtly Nymphs deplore,
From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* pearly Shore.

Eye-pleasing Meads, whose painted Plain forth brings
White, golden, azure Flow'rs which once were Kings,
In mourning Black, their shining Colours dye,
Bow down their Heads, while sifting Zephyres fly.
Queen of the Fields, whose Blush makes blush the
Sweet Rose, a Prince's Death in Purple mourn, (Morn,
O *Hyacinths*! for ay your AI keep still,
Nay, with more Marks of Woe your Leaves now fill.
And you, O Flow'r! of *Helen*'s Tears that's born,
Into these liquid Pearls again you turn.
Your green Locks, Forrefts, cut to weeping *Myrrhs*,
To deadly *Cypresses*, and Ink-dropping *Firs*,
Your Pains and *Mirtles* change; from Shadows dark
Wing'd *Syrens* wail, and youlad *Echoes* mark
The lamentable Accents of their Moan,
And plain that brave *Mæliades* is gone.
Stay, Sky, thy turning Course, and now become
A stately Arch, unto the Earth his Tomb!
And over it still watry *Iris* keep,
And sad *Elektra*'s Sifters which still weep:

Mæliades sweet courtly Nymphs deplore,
From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* pearly Shore.

Dear Ghost, forgive these our untimely Tears,
By which our loyng Mind, tho weak appears,
Our Loss not thine, when we complain, we weep,
For, Thee the glifstring Walls of Heaven do keep,
Beyond the Planets Wheels, 'bove highest Source
Of Spheres, that turns the lower in his Course.
Where Sun doth never set, nor ugly Night
Ever appears in mourning Garments dight:
Where *Boreas* stormy Trumpet doth not sound,
Nor *Clouds*, in Lightnings bursting, Minds astound.
From Care's cold Climates far, and hot Desire,
Where Time's exil'd, and Ages ne're expire:
'Mong pureft Sp'rits environed with Beams,
Thou think'ft all things below, t'have been but Dreams,
And joy'ft to look down to the azur'd Bars
Of Heaven, powd'red with Troops of streaming Stars:
And in their turning Temples to behold,
In silver Robe the Moon, the Sun in Gold,
Like young Eye-speaking Lovers in a Dance,
With Majesty by Turns, retire, advance.
Thou wondrest Earth to see hang like a Ball,
Clos'd in the mighty Cloister of this All:
And that poor Men should prove so madly fond,
To toss themselves for a small Spot of Ground.
Nay, that they even dare brave the Powers above,
From this base Stage of Change, that cannot move.
All worldy Pomp and Pride thou seeft arise
Like Smoke that's scatt'red in the empty Skies.
Other high Hills and Forrests, other Tow'rs,
Amaz'd thou find'ft excelling our poor Bow'rs,
Courts void of Flattery, of Malice minds,
Pleasure which lafts, not such as Reason blinds.
Thou sweeter Songs dost hear and Carollings,
Whilst Heavens do dance, and Quires of Angels sings,
Then muddy Minds could fain, even our Annoy
If it approach that Place, is chang'd to Joy.
Rest, blessed Soul, rest satiate with the Sight
Of him whose Beams, though dazzling, do delight,
Life of all Lives, Cause of each other Cause,
The Sphere and Center where the Mind doth pause:
Narcissus of himself, himself the Well,
Lover and Beauty that doth all excell.
Rest happy Soul, and wonder in that Glass,
Where seen is all that shall be, is, or was,
While shall be, is, or was, do pafs away,
And nothing be, but an eternal Day.
For ever rest, thy Praise Fame will enrol
In golden Annals, while about the Pole
The slow *Bootes* turns, or Sun doth rise
With scarlet Scarf to chear the mourning Skies.
The Virgins to thy Tomb will Garlands bear
Of Flow'rs, and with each Flow'r let fall a Tear.
Mæliades sweet courtly Nymphs deplore
From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* on the pearly Shore.



O F J E T
Or PORPHYRY,
Or that white Stone
PAROS affords alone,
Or these in AZURE dye,
Which seem to scorn the SKY;
Here Memphis Wonders do not set,
Nor ARTEMISIA'S huge Frame,
That keeps so long her Lover's Name,
Make no great marble Atlas stoop with Gold
To please the Vulgar EYE shall it bebold.
The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their tears
A Chrystal Tomb to him, through which his worth appears.
Sad

Stay, Passenger, see where enclosed lies,
The *Paragon of Princes*, fairest Frame,
Time, Nature, Place, could shew to mortal Eyes,
In Worth, Wit, Virtue, Miracle of Fame :
At least that Part the Earth of him could claim
This Marble holds (hard like the Destinies)
For as to his brave Sp'rit, and glorious Name,
The one the World, the other fills the Skies.
Th'immortal *Amaranthus*, princely Rose,
Sad Violets, and that sweet Flow'r that bears
In Sanguine Spots the Tenor of our Woes,
Spread on this Stone, and wash it with your Tears.
Then go and tell from *Gades* unto *Inde*,
You saw where Earth's Perfections were con-
(fin'd.)

SON.

A Passing Glance, a Lightning, long the Skies,
Which ush'ring Thunder, dies straight to our
A Spark that doth from jarring Mixtures rise, (Sight,
Thus drown'd is in th'huge Depths of Day and Night :
Is this small Trifle, Life, held in such Price,
Of blinded Wights, who ne're judge ought aright ?
Of Partisan Shaft so swift is not the Flight,
As Life, that wastes it self, and living dies.
Ah ! what is humane Greatness, Valour, Wit ?
What fading Beauty, Riches, Honour, Praise ?
To what doth serve in Golden Thrones to sit,
Thrall Earth's vast Round, Triumphal Arches raise ?
That's all a Dream, learn in this Prince's Fall,
In whom, save Death, nought mortal was at all,

MADRIGALS and EPIGRAMS.

1. *The Statue of Medusa.*

Of that Medusa strange,
Who those that did her see in Rocks did change,
No Image carv'd is this :
Medusa's self it is :
For while at Heat of Day
To quench her Thirst she by this Spring did stay,
Her hideous Head beholding in this Glass,
Her Senses fail'd, and thus transform'd she was.

2. *The Portrait of Mars and Venus.*

Fair *Paphos* wanton Queen
(Not drawn in White and Red)
Is truly here, as when in *Vulcan's* Bed
She was of all Heaven's laughing Senate seen,
Gaze on her Hair, and Eyne,
Her Brows, the Bows of Love,
Her Back with Lillies spred :
Ye also might perceive her turn and move,
But that She neither so will do, nor dare,
For fear to wake the angry God of War,

3. *Narcissus.*

Floods cannot quench my Flames, ah ! in this Well
I burn, not drown, for what I cannot tell.

4. *Demetas's Dream.*

Demetas dream'd he saw his Wife at Sport,
And found that Sight was through the horny Port.

5. *Cherries.*

My Wanton weep no more
The losing of your Cherries,
Those and far sweeter Berries
Your Sister in good Store
Hath in her Lips and Face,
Be glad, kiss her with me, and hold your Peace.

6. *Icarus.*

While with audacious Wings
I cleav'd those airy Wayes,
And fill'd (a Monster new) with Dread and Fears,
The feathered People and their Eagle Kings :
Dazl'd with *Phœbus* Rays,
And charmed with the Musick of the Spheres,
When Quills could move no more and Force did fail,
Though down I fell from Heaven's high Azure Bounds;

Yet doth Renown my Losses countervail,
For still the Shore my brave Attempt resounds.
A Sea an Element doth bear my Name,
What Mortal's Tomb's so great in Place or Fame.

7. *On his Lady, beholding her self in a Marble.*

World, wonder not, that I
Keep in my Breast engraven
That Angel's Face hath me of Rest bereaven,
See dead and senseless Things cannot deny
To lodge so dear a Guest :
Ev'n this hard Marble Stone
Receives the same, and loves, but cannot groan,

8. *To Sleep.*

How comes it, Sleep, that thou
Even Kisses me affords
Of her (dear her) so far who's absent now ?
How did I hear those Words,
Which Rocks might move, and move the Pines to Bow ?
Ay me ! before Half Day
Why didst thou steal away ?
Return, I thine for ever will remain,
If thou wilt bring with thee that Guest again,

9. *A pleasant Deceit.*

Over a Christal Source
Hylas laid his Face,
Of purling Streams to see the refliefs Course,
But scarce he had o'reshadowed the Place,
When in the Water he a Child espies,
So like himself in Stature, Face, and Eyes,
That glad he rose, and cried,
Dear Mates, approach, see, whom I have descried,
The Boy of whom strange Stories Shepherds tell,
Oft called *Hylas*, dwelleth in this Well.

10. *The Cannon.*

When first the Cannon from her gaping Throat
Against the Heaven her roaring Sulphure shot,
Jove wak'ned with the Noise did ask with Wonder,
What Mortal Wight had stoln from him his Thunder ;
His Christal Towr's he feared, but Fire and Air
So high did stay the Ball from mounting there.

11. *Thais Metamorphosis.*

Nto Briareus huge
Thais wish'd the might change
E Her

Her Man, and pray'd him not thereat to grudge,
Nor fondly think it strange ;
For if (said she) I might the parts dispose,
I wish you not a Hundred Arms nor Hands,
But Hundred Things like those
With which *Priapus* in our Garden stands.

12. *The Quality of a Kiss.*

The Kiss with so much Strife
Which I late got (sweet Heart)
Was it a Sign of Death, or was it Life ?
Of Life it could not be,
For I by it did sigh my Soul in thee :
Nor was it Death, Death doth no Joy impart.
Thou silent stand'it, ah ! what didst thou bequeath,
A dying Life to me, or living Death ?

13. *His Lady's Dog.*

When her dear Bosom clips
That little Cur, which fawns to touch her Lips,
Or when it is his Hap
To lie lap'd in her Lap,
O it grows Noon with me,
With hotter pointed Beams
I burn, than those are which the Sun forth streams,
When piercing Lightning his Rays call'd may be :
And as I muse how I to those Extremes
Am brought, I find no Cause, except that she
In Love's bright Zodiack having trac'd each Room,
To the hot Dog-star now at last is come.

14. *An Almanack.*

This strange Eclipse one says
Strange Wonders doth foretell :
But you whose Wives excell,
And love to count their Praise,
Shut all your Gates, your Hedges plant with Thorns,
The Sun did threat the World this time with Horns.

15. *The Silk-worm of Love.*

A Dædile of my Death,
Now I resemble that fly Worm on Earth,
Which prone to its own Harm doth take no rest :
For Day and Night opprest,
I feed on fading Leaves
Of Hope, which me deceives,
And Thousand Webs do warp within my Breast,
And thus in end unto my self I weave
A fast-shut Prison, or a closer Grave.

16. *Deep Impression of Love to his Mistress.*

Whom a mad Dog doth bite,
He doth in Water fill
That mad Dog's Image see :
Love mad (perhaps) when he my Heart did smite
(More to dissemble his Ill)
Transform'd himself to thee :
For thou art present ever since to me,
No Spring there is, no Flood, nor other Place,
Where I (alas) not see thy Heavenly Face,

17. *A Chain of Gold.*

Are not those Locks of Gold
Sufficient Chains the wildest Hearts to hold ?
Is not that Ivory Hand
A Diamantine Band,
Most sure to keep the most untamed Mind,
But ye mult others find ?
O yes ; why is that Golden One then worn ?
Thus free in Chains (perhaps) Love's Chains to scorn.

18. *On the Death of a Linnet.*

If cruel Death had Ears,
Or could be pleas'd by Songs,
This wing'd Musician had liv'd many Years,
And *Natura* mine nad never wept these Wrongs :
For when it first took Breath,
The Heavens their Notes did unto it bequeath :
And it that Samians Sentences be true,
Ampion in this Body liv'd anew.

But Death, who nothing spares, and nothing hears,
As he doth Kings, kill'd it, O Grief ! O Tears !

19. *Lilla's Prayer.*

Love, if thou wilt once more
That I to thee return,
(Sweet God) make me not burn
For quivering Age, that doth spent Days deplore.
Nor do thou wound my Heart
For some unconstant Boy,
Who joys to love, yet makes of Love a Toy.
But (ah !) if I must prove thy golden Dart,
Of Grace, O let me find
A sweet young Lover with an aged Mind.
Thus *Lilla* pray'd, and *Idas* did reply,
(Who heard) Dear have thy Wish, for such am I.

20. *Armeline's Epitaph.*

Near to this Eglantine
Enclosed lies the Milk white *Armeline* ;
Once *Cloris* only Joy,
Now only her annoy,
Who envied was of the most happy Swains.
That keep their Flocks in Mountains, Dales, or Plains :
For oft she bore the Wanton in her Arm,
And oft her Bed, and Bosom did he warm ;
Now when unkinder Fates did him destroy,
Blest Dog he had the Grace,
That *Cloris* for him wet with Tears her Face.

21. *Epitaph.*

The Bawd of Justice, he who Laws controll'd,
And made them fawn, and frown as he got Gold,
That *Proteus* of our State, whose Heart and Mouth
Were farther dittant than is North from South,
That Cormorant who made himself so gross
On People's Ruine, and the Prince's Loss,
Is gone to Hell, and though he here did evil,
He there perchance may prove an honest Devil.

22. *A Translation.*

Fierce Robbers were of old
Exil'd the Champian Ground ;
From Hamlets chanc'd, in Cities kill'd, or bound,
And only Woods, Caves, Mountains, did them hold :
But now (when all is sold)
Woods, Mountains, Caves, to good Men be refuge,
And do the Guiltless's lodge,
And clad in Purple Gowns
The greatest Thieves command within the Towns.

23. *Epitaph.*

Then Death thee hath beguiled
Alethea's first born Child ;
Then thou who thrall'd all Laws
Now against Worms cannot maintain thy Cause :
Yet Worms (more just than thou) now do no Wrong,
Since all do wonder they thee spar'd so long ;
For though from Life thou didst but lately pass,
Twelve Springs are gone since thou corrupted was.

Come Citizens erect to Death an Altar,
Who keeps you from Ax, Fuel, Timber, Halter.

24. *A Jeft.*

In a most holy Church, a holy Man,
Unto a holy Saint with Village wan,
And Eyes like Fountains, mumbled forth a Prayer,
And with strange Words and Signs made black the Air,
And having long so stay'd, and long long pray'd,
A Thousand Crosses on himself he lay'd,
And with some sacred Beads hung on his Arm
His Eyes, his Mouth, his Temples, Breast did charm.
Thus not content (strange Worship hath no end)
To kiss the Earth at last he did pretend,
And bowing down besought with humble Grace
An aged Woman near to give some place.
She turn'd, and turning up her Hole beneath,
Said, Sir kiss here for it is all but Earth,

25. *Proteus of Marble.*

THIS is no Work of Stone,
Though it seems breathless, cold, & Sense hath none;
But that false God which keeps
The monstrous People of the raging Deepes :
Now that he doth not change his Shape this while,
It is thus conftant more you to beguile.

26. *Pamphilus.*

SOME Ladies wed, some love, and some adore them,
I like their wanton Sport, then care not for them.

27. *Apelles enamour'd of Campaspe,
Alexander's Mistress.*

POOR Painter while I sought
To counterfeit by Art
The fairest Frame which Nature ever wrought.
And having limn'd each Part
Except her matchless Eyes :
Scarce on those Suns I gaz'd,
As Lightning falls from Skies,
When straight my Hand grew weak, my Mind amaz'd,
And ere that Pencil half them had exprest,
Love had them drawn, no, grav'd them in my Breast.

28. *Campaspe.*

ON Stars shall I exclaim,
Which thus my Fortune Change,
Or shall I else revenge
Upon my self this Shame,
Inconstant Monarch, or shall I thee blame
Who lets Apelles prove
The sweet Delights of Alexander's Love?
No, Stars, my self, and theo, I all forgive,
And Joys, that thus I live;
Of thee, blind King, my Beauty was despis'd,
Thou didst not know it, now being known 'tis priz'd.

29. *Cornucopia.*

IF for one only Horn,
Which Nature to him gave,
So famous is the Noble Unicorn?
What Praise should that Man have,
Whose Head a Lady brave
Doth with a goodly pair at once adorn?

30. *Love suffers no Parasol.*

THOSE Eyes, dear Eyes, be Spheres
Where Two bright Suns are roll'd,
That fair Hand to behold
Of whitest Snow appears:
Then while ye coyly stand
To hide from me those Eyes,
Sweet I would you advise
To chuse some other Fann than that white Hand:
For it ye do, for truth most true this know,
Those Suns ere long must needs consume warm Snow.

31. *Unpleasant Musick.*

IN Fields Ribaldo stray'd
May's Tapestry to see,
And hearing on a Tree
A Cuckow sing, sigh'd to himself and said,
Lo how alas even Birds sit mocking me,

32. *Sleeping Beauty.*

OSIGHT too dearly bought!
She sleeps, and though those Eyes
Which lighten Cupid's Skies
Be clos'd, yet such a Grace
Envirotheth that Place,
That I through Wonder to grow saint am brought;
Suns if eclips'd you have such Power divine,
What Power have I't endure you when you shine?

33. *Alcon's Kiss.*

WHAT others at their Ear,
Two Pearls, Camilla at her Nose did wear,

Which Alcon who nought saw
(For Love is blind) robb'd with a pretty Kiss;
But having known his miss,
And felt what Ore he from that Mine did draw,
When she to come again did him desire,
He fled, and said, foul Water quenched Fire.

34. *The Statue of Venus sleeping.*

PASSenger, vex not thy Mind
To make me mine Eyes unfold ;
For if thou shouldest them behold,
Thine perhaps they will make blind.

35. *Laura to Petrarch.*

IRATHER love a Youth and Childish Rime,
Than thee whose Verse and Head are wise through
(Time.)

36. *The Rose.*

FLOW'r, which of Adon's Blood
Sprang, when of that clear Flood
Which Venus wept, another white was born :
The sweet Cynarean Youth thou lively shows,
But this sharp-pointed Thorn
So proud about thy Crimson Folds that grows,
What doth it represent ?
Boars Teeth (perhaps) his Milk-white Flank which
O show in one of unesteemed Worth
That both the kill'd, and Killer setteth forth !

37. *A Lover's Prayer.*

NEAT to a Christal Spring,
With Thirst and Heat opprest,
Narcissus fair doth rest,
Trees, pleasant Trees which those green Plains forth
Now interlace your trembling Tops above.
And make a Canopy unto my Love;
So in Heaven's highest House when Sun appears,
Aurora may you cherish with her Tears.

38. *Iolas's Epitaph.*

IERE dear Iolas lies,
Who whilst he liv'd in Beauty did surpass
That Boy, whose Heavenly Eyes
Brought Cyprus from above,
Or him to Death who look'd in watry Glass,
Even Judge the God of Love,
And if the Nymph once held of him so dear
Dorine the fair, would here but shed one Tear,
Thou shouldest in Nature's scorn
A Purple Flow'r see of this Marble born.

39. *The Trojan Horse.*

A Horse I am, who Bit,
Rein, Rod, Spur do not fear,
When I my Riders bear,
Within my Womb, not on my Back they sit.
No Streams I drink, nor care for Grass or Corn ;
Art me a Monster wrought
All Nature's Works to scorn ;
A Mother I was without Mother born,
In end all arm'd my Father I forth brought :
What Thousand Ships, and Champions of renown
Could not do free, captiv'd I raz'd a Town.

40. *For Dorus.*

WHY, Naz, stand ye nice
Like to a well wrought Stone,
When Dorus would you kill ?
Deny him not that blesse,
He's but a Child (old Men be Children twice)
And even a Toothless one :
And When his Lips yours touch in that Delight,
Ye need not fear he will those Cherries bite.

41. *Love vagabonding.*

SWEET Nymphs, if, as ye stray,
Ye find the froth-born Goddess of the Sea,
All blubb'red, pale, undone,
Who seeks her giddy Son,

That little God of Love,
Whose Golden Shafts your chaste Bosoms prove ;
Who leaving all the Heavens hath run away :
If ought to him that finds him she'll impart
Tell her, he nightly lodgeth in my Heart.

42. To a River.

Sith she will not that I
Shew to the World my Joy,
Thou, who oft mine Annoy
Hast heard, dear Flood, tell *Iberus*, if thou can,
That not a happier Man
Doth breath beneath the Sky.
More sweet, more white, more fair,
Lips, Hands, and Amber Hair,
Tell none did ever touch,
A smaller daintier Wafe
Tell, never was embrac't ;
But Peace, since she forbids thee tell too much.

43. Lida.

Such *Lida* is, that who her sees,
Through Envy, or through Love, straight dies.

44. Phœne.

Aonian Sisters, help my *Phœne*'s Praise to tell,
Phœne Heart of my Heart, with whom the Graces
For I surcharged am so sore that I not know (dwell,
What first to praise of her, her Breast, or Neck of Snow,
Her Checks with Roses spred, or her Two Sun-like Eyes,
Her teeth of brightest pearl, her lips where sweetnes lies,
But those so praise themselves, being to all Eyes set forth,
That Muses, ye need not to say ought of their Worth,
Then her white swelling Paps essay for to make known,
But her white swelling paps through him, *Phœne* are shown.
Yet she hath something else more worthy than the rest
Not seen; go sing of that which lies beneath her Breast,
And mounts like fair *Parnasse*, where *Pegasus* Well doth run;
Here *Phœne* stay'd my Muse, ere she had well begun.

45. Kisses desired.

Though I with strange Desire
To kiss those rosy Lips am set on fire,
Yet will I cease to crave
Sweet Kisses in such Store,
As he who long before
In Thousands them from *Lesbia* did receive :
Sweet Heart, but once me kiss,
And I by that sweet Bless
Even swear to cease you to importune more;
Poor One no Number is,
Another Word of me ye shall not hear
After One Kiss, but still One Kiss my Dear.

46. Desired Death.

Dear Life, while I do touch
These Coral Ports of Bless,
Which still themselves do kiss,
And sweetly me invite to do as much :
All panting in my Lips,
My Heart my Life doth leave,
No Sense my Senses have,
And inward Powers do find a strange Eclipse :
This Death so heavenly well
Doth so me please that I
Would never longer seek in Sense to dwell,
If that even thus I only could but die.

47. Phœbe.

If for to be alone, and all the Night to wander,
Maids can prove chaste, then chaste is *Phœbe* without
out Slander.

48. Answer.

Fool, still to be alone, all Night in Heaven to wander,
Would make the wanton chaste, then she's chaste
(without Slander.

49. The Cruelty of Rora.

WHilst sighing forth his Wrongs,
In sweet, though doleful Songs,
Alexis sought to charm his *Rora*'s Ears,
The Hills were heard to moan,
To sigh each Spring appeared,
Trees, hardest Trees through Rind distill'd their Tears,
And soft grew every Stone :
But Tears, nor Sighs, nor Songs could *Rora* move,
For she rejoiced at his Plaint and Love.

50. A Kiss.

HArk, happy Lovers, hark,
This first and last of Joys,
This Sweetner of Annoys,
This Nectar of the Gods,
You call a Kiss, is with it self at odds ;
And half so sweet is not
In equal Measure got,
At Light of Sun, as it is in the dark,
Hark, happy Lovers, hark.

51. Kala's Complaint.

KAla old *Mopsus* Wife,
Kala with fairest Face,
For whom the Neighbour Swains oft were at Strife,
As she to milk her snowy Flock did tend,
Sigh'd with a heavy Grace,
And said : What wretch like me doth lead her Life ?
I see not how my Task shall have an End,
All Day I draw these streaming Dugs in Fold,
All Night mine empty Husband's soft and cold.

52. Phyllis.

IN Petticoat of green,
Her Hair about her Eyne,
Phyllis beneath an Oak
Sat milking her fair Flock :
'Mongst that sweet-strained Moisture (rare Delight)
Her Hand seem'd Milk, in Milk it was so white.

53. A Wife.

TO forge to mighty Jove
The Thunder-bolts above,
Nor on this Round below
Rich *Midas* Skill to know,
And make all Gold I touch,
Do I desire, it is for me too much ;
Of all the Arts practis'd beneath the Sky,
I would but *Phyllis* Lapidary be.

54. Nisa.

Nisa, *Palemon*'s Wife, him weeping told
He kept not Grammar Rules now being old ;
For why, (quoth she) Position false make ye,
Putting a short Thing where a long should be.

55. A Lover's Heaven.

Those Stars, nay Sun, which turn
So stately in their Spheres,
And dazzling do not burn,
The Beauty of the Morn
Which on these Cheeks appears,
The Harmony which to that Voice is given,
Makes me think you are Heaven :
If Heaven you be, O that by Powerful Charms,
I *Atlas* were enfolded in your Arms ?

56. Epitaph.

This dear, though not respeted Earth, doth hold
One for his Worth, whose Tomb should be of Gold.

57. Beauty's Idea.

Who would Perfection's fair Idea see,
On pretty *Chloris* let him look with me ;
White is her Hair, her Teeth white, white her Skin,
Black be her Eyes, her Eye-Brows Cupid's Inn :
Her Locks, her Body, Hands do long appear,
But Teeth short, short her Womb, and either Ear ;

The space 'twixt Shoulders, Eyes are wide, Brow wide,
Strait Waſte, the Mouth ſtrait, and her Virgin Pride,
Thick are her Lips, I'ghis, with Banks ſwelling there,
Her Nose is ſmall, I'ghall Fingers, and her Hair:
Her ſugred Mouth, her Cheeks, her Nails be red,
Little her Foot, Breast little, and her Head.
Such *Venus* was, such was that Flame of *Troy*,
Such *Chloris* is, mine Hope, and only Joy.

58. *Lalus's Death.*

A Midſt the Waves profound,
Far, far from all Relief,
The honest Fisher *Lalus*, ah! is drown'd,
Shut in his little Skiff:
The Boards of which did ſerve him for a Bier,
So that when he to the black World came near,
Of him no Silver greedy *Charon* got,
For he in his owa Boat
Did paſt that Flood, by which the Gods do ſwear;

59. *To Thaumantia singing.*

Is it not too too much
Thou late diſt to me prove,
A Basilisk of Love?
And diſt my Wits bewitch:
Unless (to cauſe more Harm)
Made Syren too thou with thy Voice me charm?
Ah! though thou ſo my Reason diſt controul,
That to thy Looks I could not prove a Mole:
Yet do me not that Wrong,
As not to let me turn Aſp to thy Song.

60. *Upon a Glass.*

If thou wouldſt ſee Threeds purer than the Gold,
Where Love his Wealth doth ſnow:
But take this Glass, and thy fair Hair behoue:
If Whiteness thou wouldſt ſee more white than Snow,
And read on Wonder's Book?
Take but this Glass, and on thy Forehead look,
Wouldſt thou in Winter ſee a Crimson Rose,
Whose Thorns do hurt each Heart?
Look but in Glass how thy ſweet Lips do close,
Wouldſt thou ſee Planets which all Good impart.
Or Meteors divine?
But take this Glass, and gaze upon thine Eyne.
No, Planets, Rose, Snow, Gold, cannot compare
With you, dear Eyes, Lips, Brows, and amber Hair.

61. *Of a Bee.*

As an audacious Knight,
Come with ſome Foe to fight,
His Sword doth brandiſh, makes his Armour ring:
So this proud Bee (at home, perhaps, a King)
Did buzzing fly about,
And (Tyrant) after thy fair Lip diſt sting:
O Champion strange as trout!
Who haſt by Nature found,
Sharp Arms, and Trumpet shrill, to ſound and wound.

62. *Of that same.*

O Do not kill that Bee
That thus hath wounded thee;
Sweet, it was no Desp'ce,
But Hue did him deceiue:
For when thy Lips did close,
He deemeid them a Rose.
What wouldſt thou further crave?
He wanting Wit, and blinded with Delight,
Would fain have kiſſ'd, but mad with Joy did bite.

63. *Of a Kiſſ.*

AH! of that cruel Bee
Thy Lips have ſuckt too much:
For When they mine did touch,
I found that both they hurt, and ſweetned me:
This by the Sting they have,
And that they of the Honey do receive:
Dear Kiſſ, else by what Art
Couldſt thou at once both please and wound my Heart?

64. *Idmon to Venus.*

If, *Acidalia's Queen*,
Thou quench in me thy Torch,
And with the ſome *Thaumantia's* Heart ſhalt ſcorch,
Each Year a Mirtle Tree
Here I do vow to consecrate to thee:
And when the Meads grow green,
I will of ſweeteft Flowers
Weave Thousand Garlands, to adorn thy Bowsrs.

65. *A Lover's Plaint.*

IN Midſt of ſilent Night,
When Men, Birds, Beasts, do reſt,
With Love and Fear Poſteſt,
To Heaven, and *Flore*, I count my heavy Plight.
Again with roſeate Wings
When Morn peeps forth, and *Philomela* ſings,
Then void of all Relief,
Do I renew my Grief:
Day follows Night, Night Day, whiſt ſtill I prove,
That Heaven is deaf, *Flore* careleſs of my Love.

66. *His Firebrand.*

Leave Page that ſlender Torch,
And in this gloomy Night
Let only ſhine the Light
Of Love's hot Brandon, which my Heart doth ſcorch:
A Sigh, or Blaſt of Wind,
My Tears, or Drops of Rain,
May that at once make blind;
Whiſt this like *Etna* burning ſhall remain.

67. *Daphnis's Vow.*

When Sun doth bring the Day
From the *Hyperborean* Sea,
Or Moon her Coach doth roll
Above the Northern Pole,
When Serpents can not hiſs,
And Lovers shall not kiſſ:
Then may it be, but in no Time till then,
That *Daphnus* can forget his *Orienne*.

68. *The Statue of Venus sleeping.*

Break not my ſweet Repofe,
Thou, whom free Will, or Chance, brings to this
Let Lids theſe Comets close, (Place,
O do not ſeek to ſee their ſhining Grace:
For when mine Eyes thou ſeest, they thine will blind,
And thou haſt part, but leave thy Heart behind.

69. *Anthea's Gift.*

This Virgin-lock of Hair
To *Idmon Anthea* gives,
Idmon for whom ſhe lives,
Though oft ſhe mix his Hopes with cold Despair:
This now, but abſent if he conſtant prove,
With Gift more dear ſhe vows to meet his Love,

Come, let us live, and love,
And kiſſ *Thaumantia* mine:
I ſhall the Elm be, be to me the Vine,
Come let us teach new Billing to the Doves:
Nay, to augment our Bleſſ,
Let Souls even other kiſſ,
Let Love a Work-man be,
Undo, diſtemper, and his Cunning prove,
Of Kiſſes Three make One, of One make Three:
Though Moon, Sun, Stars, be Bodies far more bright,
Let them not vaunt they match us in Delight,

70. *To Thaumantia.*

Bright Meteor of Day,
For me in *Tbetis* Bowsr for ever stay:
Night, to this flowry Globe
Ne're ſhow for me thy Star-embroidered Robe;
My Night, my Day, do not proceed from you,
But hang on *Mira's* Brow:

For when she lowrs, and hides from me her Eyes,
Midst clearest Day I find black Night arise,
When smiling she again those Twins doth turn,
In midst of Night I find Noon's Torch to burn.

72. *The Statue of Adonis.*

WHEN *Venus*, longft that Plain,
This Parian *Adon* saw,
She sigh'd, and said, What Power breaks *Destine's Law*,
World-mournd Boy, and makes thee live again?
Then with stretcht Arms she ran him to enfold :
But when she did behold
The Boar, whose snowy Tusks did threaten Death,
Fear closed up her Breath :
Who can but grant then that these Stones do live,
Sith this bred Love, and that a Wound did give?

73. *Clorus to a Grove.*

OLd Oak, and you thick Grove,
I ever shall you love,
With these sweet-smelling Briers:
For Briers, Oak, Grove, ye crowned my Desires,
When underneath your Shade
I left my Woe, and *Flore* her Maidenhead.

74. *A Couplet Encomiastick.*

LOve, *Cypris*, *Phæbus*, will feed, deck, and crown,
Thy Heart, Brows, Verse, with Flames, with
(Flowers, Renown.

75. *An other.*

THY Muse not-able, full, illufred Rimes,
Make thee the Poet after of our Times.

76. *Upon a Bay Tree; not long since growing in the Ruines of Virgil's Tomb.*

THose Stones which once had Trust
Of *Maro's* Sacred Dust,
Which now of their first Beauty spoil'd are seen,
That they due Praise not want,
Inglorious and remain,
A Delian Tree (fair Nature's only Plant)
Now courts, and shadows with her Tresses green :
Sing *Io Paean*, ye of *Phæbus* Train,
Though Envy, Avarice, Time, your Tombs throw down,
With Maiden-lawrells Nature will them crown.

77. *Flora's Flower.*

Venus doth love the Rose,
Apollo those dear Flowers
Which were his Paramours,
The Queen of sable Skies,
The subtile Lunaries,
But *Flore* likes none of those,
For fair to her no Flower seems save the Lillie :
And why? Because one Letter turns it P.

78. *Melampus's Epitaph.*

ALL that a Dog could have
The good *Melampus* had :
Nay, he had more than what in Beasts we crave,
For he could play the Brave,
And often, like a *Irraso stern*, go mad :
And if ye had not seen, but heard him bark,
Ye would have sworn he was your Parish Clark,

79. *The Happiness of a Flea.*

HOW Happier is that Flea
Which in thy Breast doth play,
Than that py'd Butterfly
Which courts the Flame, and in the same doth die ?
That hath a light Delight
(Poor Fool) contented only with a Sight,
When this doth sport, and twell with dearest Food,
And if he die, he Knight-like dies in Blood.

80. *Of that same.*

POOR Flea, then thou didst die,
Yet by so fair a Hand,
That thus to die was *Destine* to command :
Thou didst die, yet didst try
A Lover's last Delight,
To vault on Virgin-plains, Her kiss, and bite :
Thou diedst, yet haft thy Tomb
Between those Paps, O dear and stately Room!
Flea, happier far, more blest,
Than *Phænix* burning in his spicy Nest,

81. *Lina's Virginity.*

WHO *Lina* weddeth, shall most happy be,
For he a Maid shall find,
Though Maiden none be she,
A Girl, or Boy, beneath her waste confin'd :
And though bright *Ceres* Locks be never thorn,
He shall be sure this Year to lack no Corn.

82. *Love naked.*

AND would ye, Lovers, know
Why Love doth naked go ?
Fond, waggish, changeling Lad,
Late whil'st *Thaumantia's* Voice
He wondring heard, it made him so rejoice,
That he o'rejoy'd ran mad :
And in a frantick Fit threw Cloaths away,
And since from Lip and Lap hers can not stray.

83. *Niobe.*

WRETCH'D *Niobe* I am,
Let Wretches read my Case,
Not such who with a Tear ne'er wet their Face ;
Seven Daughters of me came,
And Sons as many, which one fatal Day
(Orb'd Mother !) took away.
Thus rest by Heavens unjust,
Grief turn'd me Stone, Stone too me doth entomb,
Which if thou dost mistrust,
O' this hard Rock but ope the flinty Womb,
And there thou shalt find Marble, and no Dust.

84. *Change of Love.*

ONCE did I weep, and groan,
Drink Tears, draw loathed Breath,
And all for Love of one
Who did affect my Death :
But now (Thanks to Disdain)
I live reliev'd of Pain,
For Sighs, I singing go,
I burn not as before, no, no, no, no.

85. *Wild Beauty.*

IF all but Ice thou be,
How doft thou thus me burn ?
Or how at Fire which thou doft raise in me
(Sith Ice) thy self in Streams doft thou not turn ?
But rather (plaintful Case !)
Of Ice art Marble made to my Disgrace :
O Miracle of Love ! not heard till now,
Cold Ice doth burn, and hard by Fire doth grow.

86. *Constant Love.*

TIME makes great States decay,
Time doth *May's* Pomp disgrace,
Time draws deep Furrows in the fairest Face,
Time Wisdom, Force, Renown, doth take away,
Time doth consume the Years.
Time changes Works in Heaven's eternal Spheres :
Yet this fierce Tyrant which doth all devour,
To lessen Love in me shall have no Power.

87. *To Chloris.*

SEE *Chloris*, how the Clouds
Tilt in the Azure Lifts,
And how with *Stygian* Mists
Each horned Hill his Giant Forehead shrouds.
Foe thundergeth in the Air,

The Air grown great with Rain,
Now seems to bring *Deucalion's Days* again :
I see thee quake ; come, let us home repair ;
Come hide thee in mine Arms,
If not for Love, yet to shun greater Harms.

88. Thyrsis in Dispraise of Beauty.
That which so much the doating World doth prize,
Fond Ladies only Care, and sole Delight,
Soon-fading Beauty, which of Hues doth rise,
Is but an abject Let of Nature's Might;
Most woful Wretch, whom shining Hair and Eyes,
Lead to Love's Dungeon, traitor'd by a Sight,
Most woful : For he might with greater Ease
Hell's Portals enter, and pale Death appease.

As in delicious Meads beneath the Flowers,
And the most wholsom Herbs that *May* can shew,
In Christal Curls the speckled Serpent lowrs,
As in the Apple (which most fair doth grow)
The rotten Worm is clos'd, which it devours,
As in gilt Cups with *Gnoffian* Wine which flow,
Oft Poison pompously doth hide its Sowrs :
So Lewdness, Falshood, Mischief, them advance,
Clad with the pleasant Rays of Beauty's Glance.

Good thence is chac'd, where Beauty doth appear,
Mild Lowliness with Pity from it fly,
Where Beauty reigns as in their proper Sphere,
Ingratitude, Disdain, Pride, all descry,
The Flower, and Fruit which Virtue's Tree should bear,
With her bad Shadow Beauty maketh die :
Beauty a Monster is, a Monster hurl'd
From angry Heaven, to scourge this lower World.

As Fruits which are unripe, and sowl of Taft,
To be conte& d more fit than sweet we prove,
For sweet in Spight of Care themselves will waft,
When they long kept, the Appetite do move :
So in the Sweetness of his *Nectar* Love
The foul Confects, and Seasons of his Feast :
Sowl is far better whiche sweet may make,
Than sweet which sweeter Sweetnes will not take.

Poul may my Lady be, and may her Nose
(A *Tanarise*) give Umbrage to her Chin ;
May her gay Mouth (which she no Time may close)
So wide be, that the Moon may turn therein,
May Eyes, and Teeth, be made conform to those,
Eyes set by Chance and white, Teeth black and thin :
May all what seen is, and is hid from Sight,
Like unto these rare Parts be framed right.

I shall not fear thus though she stray alone,
That others her pursue, entice, admire.
And though she sometime counterfeit a Groan,
I shall not think her Heart feels uncouth Fire,
I shall not Stile her ruthles to my Moan,
Nor proud, disdainful, wayward to Desire :
Her Thoughts with mine will hold an equal Line,
I shall be hers, and she shall all be mine.

89. Eurymedon's Praise of Mira.

Gem of the Mountains, Glory of our Plains,
Rare Miracle of Nature, and of Love,
Sweet *Atlas*, who all Beauty's Heavens sustains,
No, Beauty's Heaven, where all her Wonders move,
The Sun from East to West who all doth see,
On this low Glob sees nothing like to thee.

One *Phœnix* only liv'd ere thou wast born,
And Earth but did one Queen of Love admire,

Three Gaces only did the World adorn,
But thrice Three Muses sung to *Phœbus* Lyre,
Two *Phœnixes* be now, Love's Queens are Two,
Four Graces, Muses Ten, all made by you.

For those Perfections which the bounteous Heaven
To diverse Worlds in diverse Times assign'd,
With Thousands more, to thee at once were given,
Thy Body fair, more fair they made thy Mind :
And that thy like no Age should more behold,
When thou wait fram'd they after brake the Mold.

Sweet are the Blushes, on thy Face which shine,
Sweet are the Flames, which sparkle from thine Eyes,
Sweet are his Torments, who for thee doth pine,
Most sweet his Death, for thee who sweetly dies,
For if he die, he dies not by Annoy,
But too much Sweetnes and abundant Joy.

What are my slender Lays to show thy Worth !
How can base Words a Thing so high make known,
So wooden Globes bright Stars to us set forth ;
So in a Christal is Sun's Beauty shown :
More of thy Praises if my Muse should write,
More Love and Pity must the same indite ?

90. Thaumantia at the Departure of Idmon.

Faire *Diane*, from the Height
Of Heaven's first Orb who chear'ft this lower
Hide now from me thy Light, (Places)
And pitying my Case,
Spread with a Skarf of Clouds thy blushing Face.

Come with your doleful Songs,
Night's sable Birds, which plain when others sleep,
Come, solemnize my Wrongs,
And Consort to me keep,
Sith Heaven, Earth, Hell, are set to cause me weep.

This Grief yet I could bear,
If now by Absence I were only pin'd,
But ah ! worse Evil I fear,
Men absents prove unkind,
And change (unconstant like the Moon) their Mind.

If Thought had so much Power
Of thy Departure, that it could me slay ;
How will that ugly Hour
My feeble Sense dismay,
Farewel sweet Heart, when I shall hear thee say ?

Dear Life, sith thou must go,
Take all my Joy and Comfort hence with thee,
And leave with me thy Woe ;
Which until I thee see,
Nor Time, nor Place, nor Change shall take from me.

91. Erycine at the Departure of Alexis.

And wilt thou then, *Alexis* mine, depart !
And leave these Flowry Meads, & Christal Streams ?
These Hills as green as great with Gold and Gems,
Which court thee with rich Treasure in each Part :
Shall nothing hold thee ? Not my Loyal Heart,
That bursts to lose the Comforts of thy Beams ?
Nor yet this Pipe which wildest Satyrs tames ?
Nor Lambkins Wailing ? nor old *Dorus* Smart ?
O ruthless Shepherd, Forrests strange among
What canst thou else but fearful Dangers find ?
But ah ! not thou, but Honour doth me Wrong ;
O cruel Honour ! Tyrant of the Mind,
This said sad *Erycine*, and all the Flowers
Empearled, as she went, with Eyes salt Showers.

Flowers of Sion :

OR

SPIRITUAL POEMS.

1.

A Good that never satisfies the Mind,
 A Beauty fading like the *April Flow'r's*,
 A Sweet with Floods of Gall that runs combin'd,
 A Pleasure passing ere in Thought made ours,
 A Honour that more fickle is than Wind,
 A Glory at Opinion's Frown that low'rs,
 A Treasury which bankrupt Time devours,
 A Knowledge than grave Ignorance more blind :
 A vain Delight our Equals to command,
 A Stile of Greatnes, in effect a Dream,
 A swelling Thought of holding Sea and Land.
 A servile Lot, deckt with a pompous Name :
 Are the strange Ends we toil for here below,
 Till wiseft Death make us our Errors know.

2.

L Ife a right Shadow is,
 For if it long appear,
 Then is it spent, and Death's long Night draws near;
 Shadows are moving, light,
 And is there ought so moving as is this ?
 When it is most in Sight,
 It steals away, and none knows how or where.
 So near our Cradles to our Coffins are.

3.

L Ook as the Flow'r which lingringly doth fade,
 The Morning's Darling late, the Summer's Queen,
 Spoil'd of that Juice which kept it fresh and green,
 As high as it did raise, bows low the Head :
 Right so the Pleasures of my Life being dead,
 Or in their Contraries but only seen,
 With swifter Speed declines than erst it spred,
 And (blasted) scarce now shows what it hath been.
 Therefore as doth the Pilgrims, whom the Night
 Haste darkly to imprison on his way,
 Think on thy Home (my Soul) and think aright,
 Of what's yet left thee of Life's wasting Day ;
 Thy Sun posts Westward, passed is thy Morn,
 And twice it is not given thee to be born.

4.

T He weary Mariner so fast not flies
 An howling Tempest, Harbour to attain,
 Nor Shepherd haltes (when frays of Wolves arise)
 So fast to Fold to save his bleating Train,
 As I (wing'd with Contempt and just Dildain)
 Now fly the World, and what it most doth prize,
 And Sanctuary seek, free to remain
 From Wounds of abject Times, and Envy's Eyes ;
 To me this World did once seem sweet and fair,
 While Senses light Minds Perspective kept blind ;
 Now like imagin'd Landskip in the Air,
 And weeping Rain-bows her best Joys I find :
 Or if ought here is had that Praise should have,
 It is an obscure Life, and silent Grave.

5.

Of this fair Volume which we World do Name
 If we the Sheets and Leaves could turn with care,
 Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,
 We clear might read the Art and Wisdom rare,
 Find out his Power which wildest Pow'r doth tame,
 His Providence extending every where,
 His Justice which proud Rebels doth not spare,
 In every Page, no, Period of the same :
 But silly we like foolish Children reft,
 Well pleas'd with colour'd Velum, *Leaves of Gold*,
 Fair dangling Ribbands, leavihg what is best,
 On the great Writer's Sense ne're taking hold ;
 Or if by Chance we stay our Minds on ought,
 It is some Picture on the Margin wrought.

6.

T HE Grief was common, common were the cries,
 Tears, Sobs, and Groans of that afflicted Train,
 Which of God's chosen did the Sum contain,
 And Earth rebounded with them, pierc'd were Skies ;
 All Good had left the World, each Vice did reign
 In the most monstrous Sorts Hell could devise,
 And all Degrees and each Estate did stain,
 Nor further had to go whom to surprize ;
 The World beneath the Prince of Darkness lay,
 And in each Temple had himself install'd,
 Was sacrific'd unto, by Prayers call'd,
 Responses gave, which (fools) they did obey :
 When (pitying Man) God of a Virgin's Womb
 Was born, and those false Deities struck dumb.

7.

R Un (Shepherds) run, where Bethlem blest appears,
 We bring the Best of News, be not dismay'd,
 A Saviour there is born, more old than Years,
 Amidst the rolling Heaven this Earth who stay'd ;
 In a poor Cottage Inn'd, a Virgin Maid,
 A weakling did him bear who all upbears,
 There he in Cloaths is wrapt, in Manger laid,
 To whom too narrow Swaddlings are our Spheres,
 Run (Shepherds) run, and solemnize his Birth,
 This is that Night, no, Day grown great with Bless,
 In which the Power of Satan broken is,
 In Heaven be Glory, Peace unto the Earth ;
 Thus singing through the Air the Angels swam,
 And all the Stars re-echoed the same.

8.

O Than the fairest Day, thrice fairer Night,
 Night to best Days, in which a Sun doth rise,
 Of which that golden Eye which clears the Skies,
 Is but a sparkling Ray, a Shadow-light ;
 And blessed ye (in silly Pastors Sight)
 Mild Creatures in whose warm Crib now lies,
 That Heaven-sent Youngling, holy Maid-born Wight,
 'Midst, End, Beginning of our Prophecies :
 Blest

Blest Cottage that hath Flow'rs in Winter spread,
Though withered blessed Gras, that hath the Grace
To deck and be a Carpet to that Place.

Thus singing to the Sounds of oaten Reed,
Before the Babe, the Shepherds bow'd their Knees,
And Springs ran Nectar, Honey dropt from Trees.

9.

THe last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King,
Girt with rough Skins, hies to the Desarts wild,
Among that Savage Brood the Woods forth bring,
Which he more harmless found than Man, and mild,
His Food was Locuts, and what there doth spring,
With Honey that from Virgin Hives distill'd,
Parcht Body, hollow Eyes, some uncouth Thing
Made him appear, long since from Earth exil'd.
There burst he forth; All ye whose Hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these Desarts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old Errors turn.

Who lift'ned to his Voice, obey'd his cry;
Only the Echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty Caves, Repent, repent.

10.

These Eyes (dear Lord) once Tapers of Desire,
Frail Scouts betraying what they had to keep,
Which their own Heart, then others set on Fire,
Their trait'rous black before thee here out-weep;
These Locks of blushing Deeds, the gilt Attire,
Waves curling, wrackful Shelves to shadow deep,
Rings wedding Souls to Sin's lethargick Sleep,
To touch thy Sacred Feet do now aspire.
In Seas of Care behold a sinking Bark,
By Winds of sharp Remorse unto Thee driven,
O let me not be Ruine's aim'd-at Mark,
My Faults confess (Lord) say they are forgiven,
Thus sigh'd to Jesus the Bethanian fair,
His Tear-wet Feet still drying with her Hair.

11.

IChanged Countries new Delights to find,
But ah! for Pleasure I did find new Pain,
Enchanting Pleasure so did Reason blind,
That Father's Love and Words I scorn'd as vain:
For Tables rich, for Bed, for following Train
Of careful Servants to observe my Mind,
These Herds I keep my Fellows are assign'd,
My Bed's a Rock, and Herbs my Life sustain.
Now while I Famine feel, fear worser Harms,
Father and Lord I turn, thy Love (yet great)
My Faults will pardon, pity mine Estate,

This where an aged Oak had spread its Arms
Thought the lost Child, while as the Herds he led,
And pin'd with Hunger on wild Acorns fed.

12.

If that the World doth in amaze remain,
To hear in what a sad deplored Mood,
The Pelican pours from her Breast her Blood,
To bring to Life her Younglings back again?
How should we wonder at that sovereign Good,
Who from that Serpent's Sting (that had us slain)
To save our Lives, shed his Life's Purple Flood,
And turn'd to endless Joy our endless Pain?
Ungrateful Soul, that charm'd with false Delight
Hast long long wander'd in Sin's flow'ry Path,
And didn't not think at all, or thought not Right
On this thy Pelican's great Love and Death,
Here pause, and let (though Earth it scorn) Heaven see
Thee pour forth Tears to him pour'd Blood for thee.

13.

If in the East when you do there behold
Forth from his Christal Bed the Sun to rise,
With rosie Robs and Crown of flaming Gold;
If gazing on that Empress of the Skies
That takes so many Forms, and those fair Brands

Which blaze in Heaven's high Vault, Night's watch-
If seeing how the Seas tumultuous Bands (ful Eyes;
Of bellowing Billows, have their Course confin'd,
How unsustain'd the Earth still stedfast stands;
Poor mortal Wights, you e're found in your Mind
A Thought, that some great King did sit above,
Who had such Laws and Rites to them assign'd:
A King who fix'd the Poles, made Spheres to move,
All Wisdom, Pureness, Excellency, Might,
All Goodness, Greatness, Justice, Beauty, Love;
With Fear and Wonder hither turn your Sight,
See, see (alas) him now, not in that State
Thought could fore-call Him into Reason's Light;
Now Eyes with Tears, now Hearts with Grief make
Bemoan this cruel Death and ruthful Case, (great;
If ever Plaints just Woe could aggravate.
From Sin and Hell to save us humane Race,
See this great King nail'd to an abject Tree,
An Object of Reproof and sad Disgrace.
O unheard Pity! Love in strange Degree!
He His own Life doth give, His Blood doth shed;
For Wormlings base such Worthiness to see.
Poor Wights, behold his Visage pale as Lead,
His Head bow'd to His Breast, Locks sadly rent,
Like a cropt Rose that languishing doth fade.
Weak Nature weep, astonish'd World lament,
Lament, you Winds, you Heaven that all contains;
And thou (my Soul) let nought thy Griefs relent.
Those Hands, those sacred Hands which hold the Reins
Of this great All, and kept from mutual Wars
The Elements, bear rent for thee their Veins:
Those Feet, which once must tread on golden Stars,
For thee with Nailswould be pierc'd through and torn;
For thee Heaven's King from Heaven himself debars:
This great heart-quaking Dolor wail and mourn,
Ye that long since Him saw by Might of Faith,
Ye now that are, and ye yet to be born.
Not to behold his great Creator's Death,
The Sun from sinful Eyes hath vail'd his Light,
And faintly journeys up Heavens sapphyre Path:
And cutting from her Brows her Tresses bright,
The Moon doth keep her Lord's sad Obsequies;
Impearling with her Tears her Rob of Night.
All staggering and lazy lowre the Skies,
The Earth and elemental Stages quake,
The long-since dead from bursted Graves arise.
And can things wanting Sense yet Sorrow take,
And bear a part with him who all them wrought?
And Man (though born with Cries) shall Pity lack?
Think what had been your State, had he not brought
To these sharp Pangs himself, and priz'd so high
Your Souls, that with his Life them Life he bought.
What Woes do you attend? if still ye ly
Plung'd in your wonted Ordures? wretched Brood,
Shall for your Sake again God ever die?
O leave deluding shews, embrace true Good,
He on you calls, forgo Sin's shameful Trade,
With Prayers now seek Heaven, and not with Blood:
Let not the Lambs more from their Dams be had,
Nor Altars blush for Sin, live every thing,
That long Time long'd for Sacrifice is made,
All that is from you crav'd by this great King
Is to believe, a pure Heart Incense is,
What Gift (alas) can we him meaner bring?
Haste sin-sick Souls, this Season do not miss,
Now while remorseless Time doth grant you Space,
And God invites you to your only Bliss:
He who you calls will not deny you Grace,
But low-deep bury Faults, so ye repent,
His Arms (lo) stretched are you to embrace.
When Days are done, and Life's small Spark is spent;
So you accept what freely here is given,
Like Brood of Angels deathless, all-content,
Ye shall for ever live with him in Heaven.

14.

Come forth, come forth, ye blest triumphing Bands,
Fair Citizens of that immortal Town,
Come see that King which all this All commands,
Now (overcharg'd with Love) die for his own;

Look

Look on those Nails which pierce his Feet and Hands,
What a sharp Diadem his Brows doth Crown?
Behold his pallid Face, his heavy Frown,
And what a Throng of Thieves him mocking stands.
Come forth ye Empyrean Troops, come forth,
Preserve this Sacred Blood that Earth adorns,
Gather those liquid Roses off his Thorns,
O! to be lost they be of too much Worth:

1 2 3 1 2
For Streams, Juice, Balm they are, which quench, kills,
3 charms
1 2 3 1 2 3
Of God, Death, Hell, the Wrath, the Life, the Harms.

15.

Soul, whom Hell did once intrall,
He, He for thine Offence,
Did suffer Death, who could not die at all.
O sovereign Excellence,
O Life of all that lives,
Eternal Bounty which each good thing gives,
How could Death mount so high?
No Wit this Point can reach,
Faith only doth us teach,
He died for us; at all who could not die.

16.

Life, to give Life, deprived is of Life,
And Death display'd hath Ensign against Death;
So violent the Rigour was of Death,
That nought could daunt it but the Life of Life:
No Power had Pow'r to thrall Life's Pow'rs to Death,
But willingly Life down hath laid his Life, (Death).
Love gave the Wound which wrought this work of
His Bow and Shafts were of the Tree of Life:
Now quakes the Author of eternal Death,
To find that they whom late he reft of Life,
Shall fill his Room above the Lifs of Death,
Now all rejoice in Death who hope for Life.
Dead Jesus lies, who Death hath kill'd by Death,
No Tomb his Tomb is, but new Source of Life.

17.

Rise from those fragrant Climes thee now embrace,
Unto this World of Ours, O hast thy Race,
Fair Sun, and though contrary Ways all Year
Thou hold thy Course, now with the highest Share,
Join thy blew Wheels to haften Time that lowsr,
And lazy Minutes turn to perfect Hours;
The Night and Death too long a League have made,
To stow the World in Horrors ugly Shade:
Shake from thy Locks a Day with Safron Rays
So fair, that it outshine all other Days;
And yet do not presume (great Eye of Light)
To be that which this Day must make so bright,
See, an Eternal Sun hastes to arise,
Not from the Eastern blushing Seas or Skies,
Or any stranger Worlds Heavens Concaves have,
But from the Darkness of an hollow Grave,
And this is that all powerful Sun above,
That crown'd thy Brows with Rays, first made thee move.
Lights Trumpeters, ye need not from your Bow'rs
Proclaim this Day, this the Angelick Pow'rs
Have done for you; but now an Opal Hew
Bepaints Heaven's Crystal, to the longing View:
Earth's late hid Colours shine, Light doth adorn
The World, and (weeping Joy) forth comes the Morn;
And with her, as from a Lethargick Trance
The Breath return'd that Bodies doth advance,
Which Two sad Nights in Rock lay coffin'd dead,
And with an Iron Guard invironed:
Life out of Death, Light out of Darkness springs,
From a base Jail forth comes the King of Kings;
What late was Mortal thrall'd to every Woe,
That Lackey's Life, or upon Sense doth grow,
Immortal is of an eternal Stamp,
Far brighter beaming than the Morning Lamp.
So from a black Eclipse out-pears the Sun:
Such [when her Course of Days have on her run,

In a fat Forrest in the pearly East,
And she her self hath burnt and spicy Nest]
The lovely Bird with youthful Pens and Comb,
Doth soar from out her Cradle and her Tomb:
So a small Seed that in the Earth lies hid
And dies, reviving bursts her cloddy Side,
Adorn'd with yellow Locks of new is born,
And doth become a Mother great with Corn,
Of Grains brings Hundreds with it, which when old,
Enrich the Furrows which do float with Gold.

Hail holy Victor, greatest Victor hail,
That Hell doth ransack, against Death prevail,
O how thou long'd for com'ft! with joyful Cries,
The all triumphing Palatines of Skies
Salute thy rising, Earth would Joys no more
Bear, if thou rising didst them not restore:
A silly Tomb should not his Flesh enclose,
Who did Heaven's trembling Terrasses dispose;
No Monument should such a Jewel hold,
No Rock, though Ruby, Diamond, and Gold.
Thou didst lament and pity humane Race,
Bestowing on us of thy free-given Grace
More than we forfeited and losed first,
In Eden Rebels when we were accurst.
Then Earth our Portion was, Earth's Joys but given,
Earth and Earth's Blest thou hast exchang'd with Hea.
O what a Height of Good upon us streams (ven.)
From the great Splendor of thy Bounty's Beams?
When we deserv'd Shame, Horror, Flames of Wrath,
Thou bledst our Wounds, and suffer didst our Death,
But Father's Justice pleas'd, Hell, Death o'recome,
In Triumph now thou risest from thy Tomb,
With Glories which past Sorrows countervail,
Hail holy Victor, greatest Victor hail.

Hence humble Sense, and hence ye Guides of Sense,
We now reach Heaven, your weak Intelligence
And searching Pow'rs were in a Flash made dim,
To learn, from all Eternity that Him
The Father bred, then that He here did come
(His Bearers Parent) in a Virgin's Womb; (Thorn,
But then when sold, betray'd, crown'd, scourg'd with
Nail'd to a Tree, all breathless, bloodless, torn,
Entomb'd, him risen from a Grave to find,
Confounds your Cunning, turns like Moles, you blind.
Death, thou that heretofore still barren waft,
Nay, didst each other Birth eat up and waste,
Imperious, hateful, pitiless, unjust,
Impartial equaller of all with Dust,
Stern Executioner of heavenly Doom,
Made fruitful, now Life's Mother art become,
A sweet Relief of Cares the Soul molest,
An Harbinger to Glory, Peace and Rest,
Put off thy mourning Weeds, yield all thy Gall
To daily finning Life, proud of thy Fall,
Assemble all thy Captives, haste to rise,
And every Corse in Earth-quakes where it lies,
Sound from each flowry Grave and rocky Jail,
Hail holy Victor, greatest Victor hail.

The World that wanning late and faint did lie,
Applauding to our Joys, thy Victory,
To a young Prime essays to turn again,
And as e're soyl'd with Sin yet to remain,
Her chilling Agues she begins to miss,
All Blest returning with the Lord of Blis.
With greater Light Heaven's Temples opened shone,
Morn's smiling rise, Even's blushing do decline,
Clouds dappled glister, boyf'rous Winds are calm,
Soft Zephyrs do the Fields with Sighs embalm,
In silent Calms the Sea hath husht her Roars,
And with enamour'd Curls doth kiss the Shoars:
All-bearing Earth, like a new married Queen,
Her Beauties heightens, in a Gown of Green
Perfumes the Air, her Meads are wrought with Flow'rs,
In Colours various, Figures, Smelling, Pow'rs,
Trees wanton in the Groves with leavy Locks,
Her Hills enamell'd stand, the Vales, the Rocks
Ring Peals of Joy, her Floods and pratling Brooks,
(Stars liquid Mirrors) with serpentine Crooks,
And whispering Murmurs, sound unto the Main,
The Golden Age returned is again.

The

The honey People leave their golden Bow'rs,
And innocently prey on budding Flow'rs,
In gloomy Shades percht on the tender Sprays
The painted Singers fill the Air with Lays :
Seas, Floods, Earth, Air, all diversly do sound,
Yet all their diverse Notes hath but one Ground,
Re-eccho'd here down from Heaven's azure Vail,
Hail holy Victor, greatest Victor hail !

O Day on which Death's Adamantine Chain
The Lord did break, did ransack Satan's Reign,
And in triumphing Pomp his Trophies rear'd,
Be thou blest ever, henceforth still endear'd.
With Name of his own Day ; the Law to Grace,
Types to their Substance yield, to thee give Place
The old New-Moons, with all festival Days,
And what above the rest deserveth Praise,
The reverend Sabbath, what could else they be
Than Golden Heralds, telling what by thee
We should enjoy ? Shades past, now shine thou clear,
And henceforth be thou Empress of the Year,
This Glory of thy Sisters Six to win,
From work on thee, as other Days from Sin,
That Mankind shall forbear, in every Place
The Prince of Planets warmth in his Race ;
And far beyond his Paths in frozen Climes ;
And may thou be so blest to out-date Times,
That when Heaven's Quire shall blaze in Accents loud
The many Mercies of their Sovereign Good,
How he on thee did Sin, Death, Hell destroy,
It may be still the Burthen of their Joy.

18.

Beneath a fable Vail, and Shadows deep,
Of unacessible and dimming Light,
In Silence Ebon Clouds more black than Night,
The World's great Mind his Secrets hid doth keep :
Through those thick Mists when any mortal Wight
Aspires, with halting Pace, and Eyes that weep
To pry, and in his Mysteries to creep,
With Thunders he and Lightnings blasts their Sight,
O Sun invisible, that doft abide
Within thy bright Abysmes, most fair, most dark,
Where with thy proper Rays thou doft thee hide,
O ever-shining, never full-seen mark,
To guide me in Life's Night, thy light me shew,
The more I search of thee, the less I know.

19.

If with such passing Beauty, choice Delights,
The Architect of this great Round did frame,
This Palace visible, short Lifts of Fame,
And silly Mansion but of dying Wights ;
How many Wonders, what amazing Lights
Must that triumphing Seat of Glory claim,
That doth transcend all this All's vastest Hights,
Of whose bright Sun ours here is but a Beam ?
O blest abode ! O happy dwelling-place !
Where visibly th' Invisible doth reign,
Blest People which do see true Beauty's Face,
With whose far Shadow scarce he Earth doth deign :
All Joy is but Annoy, all Concord Strife,
Match'd with your endless Bliss and happy Life.

20.

Love, which is here a Care,
That Wit and Will doth mar,
Uncertain Truce and a most certain War,
A shrill tempestuous Wind,
Which doth disturb the Mind,
And like wild Waves all our Designs commove :
Among those Pow'rs above,
Which see their Maker's Face,
It a Contentment is, a quiet Peace,
A Pleasure void of Grief, a constant rest,
Eternal Joy, which nothug can molest.

21.

That Space where curled Waves do now divide
From the great Continent our happy Isle,
Was sometime Land, and now where Ships do glide,

Once with laborious Art the Plough did toil:
Once those fair Bounds stretcht out so far and wide,
Where Towns, no Shires enwall'd, endear each Mile,
Were all ignoble Sea and marshy viles,
Where Proteus Flocks danc'd Measures to the Tide
So Age transforming all still forward runs,
No Wonder tho' the Earth doth change her Face,
New Manners, Pleasures new, turn with new Suns,
Locks now like Gold grow to an hoary Grace ;
Nay, Mind's rare Shape doth change, that lies despis'd
Which was so dear of late and highly priz'd.

22.

His World a Hunting is,
The Prey poor Man, the Nimrod fierce is Death,
His speedy Gray-hounds are,
Lust, Sicknes, Envy, Care,
Strife that ne're falls amiss,
With all those Ills which haunt us while we breath,
Now, if by chance we flie
Of these the eager Chace,
Old Age with stealing pace
Casts on his Nets, and there we panting die.

23.

Why (Worldlings) do ye trust frail Honour's
Dreams ?
And lean to guilted Glories which decay ?
Why do ye toil to registrate your Names
On Icy Pillars, which soon melt away ?
True Honour is not here, that place it claims
Where black-brow'd Night doth not exile the Day,
Nor no far-shining Lamp dives in the Sea,
But an eternal Sun spreads laiting Beams ;
There, it attendeth you, where spotless Bands
Of Sp'rits stand gazing on their sovereign Bless,
Where Years not hold it in their cank'ring Hands,
But who once noble ever noble is.
Look home, left he your weakened Wit make thrall,
Who Eden's foolish Gard'ner earft made fall.

24.

As are those Apples, pleasant to the Eye,
But full of Smoak within, which use to grow
Near that strange Lake where God pour'd from the
Sky
Huge Show'rs of Flames, worse Flames to overthrow :
Such are their Works that with a glaring Show
Of humble Holiness, in Vertues dye
Would colour Mischief, while within they glow
With Coals of Sin, though none the Smoak descry.
Bad is that Angel that earft fell from Heaven,
But not so bad as he, nor in worse Case
Who hides a trait'rous Mind with similing Face,
And with a Dove's white Featherscloaths a Raven,
Each Sinsome Colour hath it to adorn,
Hypocrify Almighty God doth scorn.

25.

New doth the Sun appear,
The Mountain's Snow decay,
Crown'd with frail Flow'r's forth comes the Infant Year,
My Soul, Time posts away,
And thou yet in that Frost,
Which Flow'r and Fruit hath loft,
As if all here immortal were, doth stay :
For Shame thy Powers awake,
Look to that Heaven which never Night makes black,
And there at that immortal Sun's bright Rays,
Deck thee with Flow'r's which fear not Rage of Days.

26.

Hric happy, he who by some shady Grove,
Far from the clam'rous World, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal Love :
O how more sweet is Birds harmonious Moan,
Or the hoarse Sobbing of the Widow'd Dove,
Than those smooth Whisperings near a Prince's Throne,
Which Good make doubtful, do the Evil approve ?

O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome Breath,
And Sighs embalm'd, which new-born Flow'rs unfold,
Than that Applause vain Honour doth bequeath?
How sweet are Streams to poy'on drunk in Gold?
The World is full of Horrors, Troubles, Slights,
Woods harmless Shades have only true Delights.

27.

Sweet Bird, that sing'ft away the early Hours,
Of Winters past, or coming void of Care,
Well pleased with Delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding Sprays, sweet-smelling Flow'rs:
To Rocks, to Springs, to Rills, from leavy Bow'rs,
Thou thy Creator's Goodness doft declare,
And what dear Gifts on thee he did not spare,
A Stain to humane Sense in Sip that low'rs.
What Soul can be so sick, which by thy Songs
(Attir'd in Sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget Earth's Turmoils, Spites and Wrongs,
And lift a reverend Eye and Thought to Heaven?
Sweet, artless Songster, thou my Mind doest raise
To Ayres of Spheres, yea, and to Angels Layes.

28.

As when it hapneth that some Lovely Town
Unto a barbarous Besieger falls.
Who both by Sword and Flames himself infalls,
And (shameless) it in Tears and Blood doth drown;
Her Beauty spoil'd, her Citizens made Thralls,
His Spite yet cannot so her all throw down,
But that some Statue, Pillar of Renown,
Yet lurks unmaim'd within her weeping Walls:
So after all the Spoil, Disgrace and Wrack,
That Time, the World, and Death could bring combin'd,
Amidst that Mass of Ruines they did make,
Safe and all scar-less yet remains my Mind:
From this so high transcendent Rapture springs,
That I, all else defac'd, not envy Kings.

29.

Let us each Day inure our selves to die,
If this (and not our Fears) be truly Death,
Above the Circles both of Hope and Faith,
With fair immortal Pinious to fly;
If this be Death, our best Part to untie
(By ruining the Jail) from Lust and Wrath,
And every drowsy Languor here beneath,
To be made deniz'd Citizen of Sky:
To have more Knowledge than all Books contain,
All Pleasures even surmounting wishing Pow'r,
The Fellowship of God's immortal Train,
And these that Time nor Force shall e're devour?
If this be Death, what Joy, what Golden Care
Of Life, can with Death's ugliness compare?

30.

Amidst the Azure clear
Of Jordan's Sacred Streams,
Jordan of Lebanon the Off-spring dear,
When Zephyres Flow'rs uncloise,
And Sunshines with new Beams,
With grave and stately Grace a Nymph arose.
Upon her Head she wore
Of Amaranths a Crown,
Her Left Hand Palms, her Right a Torch did bear,
Unavail'd Skins Whiteness lay,
Gold Hairs in Curls hang down,
Eyes sparkled Joy, more bright than Star of Day,
The Flood a Throne her rear'd
Of Waves, most like that Heaven
Where beaming Stars in Glory turn inspher'd:
The Air stood calm, and clear,
No Sigh by Winds was given,
Birds left to sing, Herds feed, her Voice to hear.
World-wandering lorry Wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within these varying Lits of Days and Nights,
Whose Life (ere known amiss)
In glittering Griefs is spent,
Come learn (said he) what is your choicest Bliss.

From Toil and pressing Cares
How ye may Respite find,
A Sanctuary from Soul-thralling Snares,
A Port to harbour sure,
In Spight of Waves and Wind,
Which shall, when Time's swift Glass is run, endure.
Not happy is that Life
Which ye as happy hold;
No, but a Sea of Fears, a Field of Strife,
Charg'd on a Throne to sit
With Diadems of Gold,
Preserv'd by Force, and still observ'd by Wit;
Huge Treasures to enjoy,
Of all her Gems spoil Inde,
All Seres Silk in Garments to employ,
Deliciously to feed,
The Phoenix Plumes to find
To rest upon, or deck your purple Bed.
Frail Beauty to abuse,
And (wanton Sybarites)
On past or present Touch of Sense to muse;
Never to hear of Noise
But what the Ear delights,
Sweet Mutick's charms, or charming Flatterer's voice.
Nor can it Blis you bring,
Hid Nature's Depths to know,
Why Matter changeth, whence each Form doth spring,
Nor that your Fame should range,
And After-worlds it blow
From Tana to Nile, from Nile to Gange.
All these have not the Pow'r
To free the Mind from Fears,
Nor hideous Horror can allay one Hour,
When Death in Stealth doth glance;
In Sickness lurks no Years,
And wakes the Soul from out her mortal Trance.
No, but blest Life is this,
With Chaste and pure Desire
To turn unto the Load-star of all Bliss,
On God the Mind to rest,
Burnt up with sacred Fire,
Possessing him to be by him possest.
When to the balmy East
Sun doth his Light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly West,
And ravisheth the Day,
With spotless Hands and Heart,
Him chearfully to praise and to Him pray.
To heed each Action so,
As ever in his Sight,
More fearing doing ill than passive Woe;
Not to seem other Thing
Than what ye are aright,
Never to do what may Repentance bring:
Not to be blown with Pride,
Nor mov'd at Glory's Breath,
Which Shadow-like on Wings of Time doth glide;
So Malice to disarm,
And conquer hafty Wrath,
As to do Good to those that work your Harm:
To hatch no base Desires,
Or Gold or Land to gain,
Well pleas'd with that which Vertue fair acquires,
To have the Wit and Will
Consorting in one Strain,
Than what is good to have no higher Skill.
Never on Neighbours Goods,
With Cocatrices Eye
To look, nor make another's Heaven your Hell;
Nor to be Beauty's Thrall;
All fruitless Love to fly,
Yet loving still a Love transcendent all:
A Love which while it burns
The Soul with fairest Beams,
To that increas'd Sun the Soul it turns,
And makes such Beauty prove,
That (if Sense saw her Gleams,)
All Lookers on would pine and die for Love.
Who such a Life doth live,
You happy even may call

Ere ruthless Death a wished End him give,
And after then when given,
More happy by his Fall,
For humanes Earth, enjoying Angels Heaven.
Swift is your mortal Race,
And glasse is the Field,
Vaste are Desires not limited by Grace,
Life a weak Taper is :
Then while it Light doth yield
Leave flying Joys, embrace this lasting Bliss.
This when the Nymph had said,
She div'd within the Flood,
Whose Face with smiling Curls long after staid,
Then Sighs did Zephyres press,
Birds sang from every Wood,
And Echoes rang, this was true Happiness.

31.

Bright Portals of the Sky,
Emboss'd with sparkling Stars,
Doors of Eternity,
With Diamantine Barrs,
Your Arras rich up-hold,
Loose all your Bolts and Springs,
Ope wide your Leaves of Gold ;
That in your Roofs may come the King of Kings,
Scarf'd in a Rosy Cloud,
He doth ascend the Air,
Straight doth the Moon him shrowd
With her resplendent Hair ;
The next enchrifall'd Light
Submits to him its Beams,
And he doth trace the Height
Of that fair Lamp which Flames of Beauty Streams.
He towers those Golden Bounds
He did to Sun bequeath,
The higher wandring Rounds
Are found his Feet beneath,
The Milky-way comes near,
Heaven's Axile seems to bend,
Above each turning Sphere
That rob'd in Glory Heaven's King may ascend.
O Well-spring of this All,
Thy Father's Image vive,
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason, live ;
The Soul's eternal Food,
Earth's Joy, Delight of Heaven ;
All Truth, Love, Beauty, Good,
To Thee, to Thee be Praises ever given.
What was dismarshal'd late
In this thy noble Frame,
And lost the prime Estate,
Hath re-obtain'd the same,
Is now most perfect seen ;
Streams which diverted were
(And troubled strayed unclean)
From their first Source, by Thee home turned are.
By Thee that Blemish old,
Of Eden's leprous Prince,
Which on his Race took hold,
And him exil'd from thence,
Now put away is far ;
With Sword, in ireful Guise,
No Cherub more shall bar
Poor Man the Entries into Paradise.
By Thee those Spirits pure,
First Children of the Light,
Now fixed stand and sure,
In their eternal Right ;
Now humane Companies
Renew their ruin'd Wall,
Fall'n Man as thou mak'st rise,
Thou giv'ft to Angels that they shall not fall.
By Thee that Prince of Sin,
That doth with Mischief swell,
Hath lost what he did win,
And shall endungeon'd dwell ;
His Spoils are made the Prey,
His Phanes are sackt and torn,

His Altars raz'd away,
And what ador'd was late now lyes a Scorn.
These Mansions pure and clear,
Which are not made by Hands,
Which once by him joy'd were,
And his (then not stain'd) Bands
(Now forfeit'd, dispossess'd,
And head-long from them thrown)
Shall Adam's Heirs make blest,
By Thee their great Redeemer made their own.
O Well-Spring of this All,
Thy Fathers Image vive,
Word, that from nought did call,
What is, doth reason, live ;
Whose Work is, but to will,
Gods coeternal Son,
Great Banisher of ill,
By none but Thee could these great Deeds be done.
Now each Ethereal Gate,
To him hath opened been ;
And Glory's King in State,
His Palace enters in ;
Now come is this high Priest,
In the most holy Place,
Not without Blood addrest,
With Glory Heaven, the Earth to crown with Grace.
Stars which all Eyes were late,
And did with wonder burn
His Name to celebrate,
In flaming Tongues them turn ;
Their orby Christals move
More active than before,
And Entheate from above,
Their Sovereign Prince laud, glorify, adore.
The Quires of happy Souls,
Wak'd with that Musick sweet,
Whose Descant Care controulz,
Their Lord in Triumph meet ;
The spotless Sp'rits of Light
His Trophees do extol,
And arch'd in Squadrons bright,
Greet their great Victor in his Capitol.
O Glory of the Heaven,
O sole Delight of Earth,
To Thee all Power be given,
God's uncreated Birth ;
Of Man-kind Lover true,
Endurer of his Wrong,
Who doft the World renew,
Still be thou our Salvation and our Song.
From Top of Olive such Notes did rise,
When Man's Redeemer did transcend the Skies.

32.

More oft than once, Death whisper'd in mine Ear,
Grave what thou hears in Diamond and Gold,
I am that Monarch whom all Monarchs fear,
Who have in Dust their far-stretch'd Pride uproll'd.
All all is mine beneath Moon's Silver Sphere,
And nought, save Virtue, can my Power with-hold :
This (not believ'd) Experience true thee told,
By Danger late when I to thee came near.
As Bugbear then my Visage I did shew,
That of my Horours thou right Use mightst make,
And a more sacred Path of Living take :
Now fill walk armed for my ruthles Blow,
Trust flattering Life no more, redeem Time past,
And live each Day as if it were thy last.

33. An Hymn on the Fairest Fair.

I feel my Bosom glow with wontless Fires,
Rais'd from the Vulgar Press my Mind aspires
(Wing'd with high Thoughts) unto his Praise to climb,
From deep Eternity who call'd forth Time,
That Essence, which not mov'd makes each Thing move,
Uncreate Beauty, all-creating Love ;
But by so great an object, radiant Light,
My Heart appal'd, enfeebled rests my Sight,

Thick Clouds benight my labouring Ingine,
And at my high Attempts my Wits repine:
If Thou in me this Sacred Heat haft wrought,
My Knowledge sharpen, Sarcels lend my Thought:
Grant me (Time's Father, World-containing King)
A Pow'r of Thee in pow'rful Lays to sing,
That as thy Beauty in Earth lives, Heaven shines,
So it may dawn or shadow in my Lines.

As far beyond the starry Walls of Heaven,
As is the loftiest of the Planets seven
Sequestred from this Earth, in purest Light
Out-shining ours, as ours doth fable Night,
Thou all-sufficient, Omnipotent,
Thou ever-glorious, most excellent,
God various in Names, in Essence One,
High art enthroned on a Golden Throne,
Out-reaching Heaven's wide bespangled Vault,
Transcending all the Circles of our Thought,
With Diamantine Scepter in thy Hand,
There thou giv'st Laws, and dost this World command,
This World of Concords rais'd unlikely sweet,
Which like a Ball lies prostrate at thy Feet.

If so we may well say (and what we say
Here wrapt in Flesh, led by dim Reason's Ray,
To show by earthly Beauties which we see
That sp'ritual Excellence that shines in Thee,
Good Lord forgive) not far from Thy right Side,
With curled Locks Youth ever doth abide,
Rose-cheeked Youth who garlanded with Flow'rs,
Still blooming, ceaselessly unto Thee pours
Immortal Nectar in a Cup of Gold,
That by no Darts of Ages Thou grow old;
And as Ends and Beginnings Thee not claim,
Successionless that Thou be still the same.

Near to thy other Side resistless Might,
From Head to Foot in burnisht Armour bright,
That rings about Him with a waving Brand,
And watchful Eye, great Sentinel doth stand;
That neither Time nor Force in ought impair
Thy Workmanship, nor harm thine Empire fair,
Soon to give Death to all again that would,
Stern Discord raise which thou destroy'd of old,
Discord that Foe to Order, Nurse of War,
By which the noblest Things demolish'd are,
But (cautive) She no Treason doth devise,
When Might to nought doth bring her Enterprise;
Thy all-upholding Might her Malice reins,
And her to Hell throws bound in iron Chains.

With Locks in Waves of Gold that ebb and flow
On Ivory Neck, in Robes more white than Snow,
Truth steadfastly before Thee holds a Glass,
Indent'd with Gems, Where shineth all that was,
That is, or shall be, here ere ought was wrought.
Thou knew all that thy Pow'r with Time forth brought,
And more, Things numberless which thou couldst
That actually shall never Being take, (make)
Here thou behold'st thy self, and (strange) dost prove
At once the Beauty, Lover and the Love.

With Faces Two (like Sisters) sweetly fair;
Whose Blossoms no rough Autumn can impair,
Stands Providence, and doth her Looks disperse
Through every Corner of this Universe,
Thy Providence, at once which general Things
And singular, doth rule as Empires Kings;
Without whose Care this World (loft) would remain,
As Ship without a Master in the Main,
As Chariot alone, as Bodies prove
Depriv'd of Souls, whereby they be, live, move.

But who are they which shine Thy Throne so near?
With sacred Countenance, and Look severe,
This in one Hand a pond'rous Sword doth hold,
Her left stays charg'd with Ballances of Gold,
That with Brows girt with Bays, sweet-smiling Face,
Doth bear a Brandon, with a Infant Grace
Two Milk-white Wings him easily do move;
O she thy Justice is, and this thy Love!
By this thou brought'st this Engine great to Light,
By that it fram'd in Number, Measure, Weight,
That Destine doth reward to Ill and Good;
But Sway of Justice is by Love withstood,

Which did it not relent and mildly stay,
This World ere now had found its funeral Day.
What Bands (enclustred) near to these abide,
Which into vaste Infinity them hide?
Infinity that neither doth admit,
Place, Time, nor Number to encroach on it:
Here Bounty sparkleth, here doth Beauty shine,
Simplicity, more white than Gelsomine,
Mercy with open Wings, ay-varied Elise,
Glory, and Joy, that Blisse's Darling is.
Ineffable, all-pow'rful God, all free,
Thou only liv'st, and each Thing lives by Thee,
No Joy, no, nor Perfection to Thee came
By the contriving of this World's great Frame,
Ere Sun, Moon, Stars began their restless Race,
Ere painted was with Light Heaven's pure Face,
Ere Air had Clouds, ere Clouds wept down their Show'rs
Ere Sea embraced Earth, ere Earth bare Flow'rs,
Thou happy liv'dst; World nought to the supply'd
All in thy self thy self thou satisfis'd:
Of Good no slender Shadow doth appear,
No Age-worn Track, in Thee which shin'd not clear,
Perfection's Sun, prime-cause of every Cause,
Midst, End, Beginning where all Good doth pause:
Hence of thy Substance, differing in nought
Thou in Eternity thy Son forth brought,
The only Birth of thy unchanging Mind,
Thine Image, Patern-like that ever shin'd,
Light out of Light, begotten not by Will
But Nature, all and that same Essence still
Which Thou Thy self, for Thou dost nought posses
Which He hath not, in nought nor is He less
Than Thou his great Begetter; of this Light
Eternal, double-kindled was thy Spright
Eternally; who is with Thee the same,
All-holy Gift, Ambassador, Knot, Flame:
Most sacred Triad, O most holy One,
Unprocreate Father, ever-procreate Son,
Ghost breath'd from both, you were, still shall be,
(Most blessed) Three in One, and One in Three,
Uncomprehensible by reachless Height,
And unperceived by excessive Light.
So in our Souls Three and yet One are still,
The Understanding, Memory, and Will;
So (though unlike) the Planet of the Days
So soon as he was made, begat his Rays,
Which are his Offspring, and from both was hurl'd,
The rosy Light which consoles the World,
And none fore-went another: So the Spring,
The Well-head and the Stream which they forth bring,
Are but one self-same Essence, nor in ought
Do differ, save in Order, and our Thought
No Chime of Time discerns in them to fall,
But Three distinctly bide one Essence all.
But these express not Thee, who can declare
Thy Being? Men and Angels dazl'd are.
Who would this Eden force with Wit or Sense,
A Cherubin shall find to bar him thence.
Great Architect, Lord of this Universe,
That Light is blinded would thy Greatness pierce,
Ah! as a Pilgrim who the Alpes doth pass,
Or Atlas Temples crown'd with Winter-Glass,
The airy Caucasus, the Appennine,
Pyrene's Cliffs where Sun doth never shine,
When he some craggy Hills hath over-went,
Begins to think on Rest, his Journey spent,
Till mounting some tall Mountain he doth find,
More Heights before him than he left behind:
With halting Pace so while I would me raise
To the unbounded Limits of thy Praise,
Some Part of Way I thought to have o're-run,
But now I see how scarce I have begun,
With Wonders new my Spirits range possest,
And wandring wayless in a Maze them rest.
In these vast Fields of Light Ethereal Plains,
Thou art attended by Immortal Trains
Of Intellectual Pow'rs, which thou brought'st forth
To praise thy Goodness, and admire thy Worth,
In Numbers passing other Creatures far,

Since

Since most in number noblest Creatures are,
Which do in Knowledge us no less out-run,
Than Moon in Light doth Stars, or Noon the Sun,
Unlike, in Orders rang'd and many a Band,
(If Beauty in Disparity doth stand)
Arch-angels, Angels, Cherubs, Seraphins,
And what with Name of Thrones amongst them shines,
Large-ruling Princes, Dominations, Pow'rs,
All-acting Vertues of those flaming Tow'rs;
These freed of Umbrage, these of Labour free,
Rest ravished with fit beholding Thee,
Inflam'd with Beams which sparkle from thy Face,
They can no more desire, far less imbrace.
Low under them, with slow and staggering Pace
Thy Hand-maid Nature thy great Steps doth trace,
The Source of Second Causes, golden Chain
That links this Frame as thou doth it ordain;
Nature gaz'd on with such a curious Eye,
That Earthlings oft her deem'd a Deity.
By Nature led those Bodies fair and great,
Which faint not in their Course, nor change their State,
Unintermixt, which no Disorder prove,
Though ay and contrary they always move,
The Organs of thy Providence divine,
Books ever open, Signs that clearly shine,
Time's purpled Maskers, then do them advance,
As by sweet Musick in a measur'd Dance,
Stars, Host of Heaven, ye Firmament's bright Flow'rs,
Clear Lamps which overhang this Stage of ours,
Ye turn not there to deck the Weeds of Night,
Nor Pageant-like to please the vulgar Sight;
Great Caules sure ye must bring great Effects,
But who can descant right your grave Aspects?
He only who You made decipher can
Your Notes: Heavens Eyes, ye blind the Eyes of Man.

Amidst these Saphyre far-extending Heights,
The never twinkling, ever wandring Lights
Their fixed Motions keep, One dry and cold,
Deep-leaden-colour'd, slowly there is roll'd,
With Rule and Line for Time's Steps metting ever,
In twice Three Lustres he but turns his Heaven.
With temperate Quality's and Count'nance fair,
Still mildly smiling sweetly debonaire:
Another chears the World, and Way doth make
In twice Six Autumns through the Zodiac:
But hot and dry with flaming Locks and Brows
Enrag'd, this in his red Pavilion glowe:
Together running with like Speed, if Space,
Two equally in Hands achieve their Race,
With blushing Face this oft doth bring the Day,
And ushers oft to stately Stars the Way,
That various in Virtue, changing Light,
With his small Flame impearls the Vail of Night:
Prince of this Court, the Sun in Triumph rides,
With the Year Snake-like in her self that glides,
Time's Dispensator, fair life-giving Source,
Through Sky's Twelve Posts as he doth run his Course,
Heart of this All, of what is known to Sense,
The likest to his Maker's Excellence,
In whose diurnall Motion doth appear
A Shadow, no true Portrait of the Year,
The Moon moves lowest, silver Sun of Night,
Dispersing through the World her borrow'd Light,
Who in Three Forms her Head abroad doth range,
And only constant is in constant Change.

Sad Queen of Silence, I ne're see thy Face,
To wax, or waine, or shine with a full Grace,
But straignt (amaz'd) on Man I think, each Day
His State who changeth, or if he find Stay,
It is in dreary Anguish, Cares, and Pains,
And of his Labours Death is all the Gains.
Immortal Monarch, can so fond a Thought
Lodge in my Breast? as to trust thou first brought
Here in Earth's shady Cloyster wretched Man,
To suck the Air of Woe, to spend Life's Span
'Midst Sighs and Plaints, a Stranger unto Mirth,
To give himself his Death-rebuking Birth?
By Sense and Wit of Creatures made King,
By Sense and Wit to live their Underling?
And what is worst, have Eagles Eyes to see

His own Disgrace, and know an high Degree
Of Bliss, the Place, if he might thereto climb,
Vnd not live thrall'd to imperious Time?
Or (Dotard) shall I so from Reason swerve,
To dim those Lights which to our Use do serve,
(For thou dost not them need) more nobly fram'd
Than us that know their Course, and have them nam'd?
No, I ne'er think but we did them surpass
As far as they do Asterisms of Glass,
When thou us made, by Treason high defil'd,
Thrust from our first Estate we live exil'd,
Wandring this Earth, which is of Death the Lot,
Where he doth use the Power which he hath got,
Indiff'rent Umpire unto Clowns and Kings,
The supreme Monarch of all mortal Things.
When first this flowry Orb was to us given,
It but in Place disvalu'd was to Heaven;
These Creatures which now our Sovereigns are,
And as to Rebels do denounce us War,
Then were our Vassals, no tumultuous Storm,
No Thunders, Earthquakes, did her Form deform,
The Seas in tumbling Mountains did not roar,
But like moist Christal whisper'd on the Shoar,
No Snake did trace her Meads, nor ambusht lowr
In azure Curls beneath the sweet-Spring Flow'r;
The Night shade, Henbane, Napel, Aconite,
Her Bowels then not bare, with Death to smite
Her guiltless Brood; thy Messengers of Grace,
As their high Rouras sic haunt this lower Place;
O Joy of Joys! with our first Parents Thou
To commune then didst deign, as Friends do now;
Against Thee we rebell'd, and justly thus
Each Creature rebelled against us,
Earth, rest of what did chief in her excel,
To all become a Jail, to most a Hell,
In Time's full Term untill thy Son was given,
Who Man with Thee, Earth reconcil'd with Heaven;
Whole and entire all in Thy Self Thou art,
All-where diffus'd, yet of this All no Part,
For infinite, in making this fair Frame,
Great without Quantity in all thou came,
And filling all, how can thy State admit,
Or Place of Substance to be void of it?
Were Worlds as many, as the Rays which stream
From Day's bright Lamp, or madding Wits do dream,
They would not reel in ought, nor wandring stray,
But draw to Thee, who could their Centers stay;
Were but one Hour this World disjoin'd from Thee,
It in one Hour to nought reduc'd should be,
For it Thy Shadow is, and can they last?
If sever'd from the Substances their cast?
O only blest, and Author of all Bliss,
No, Bliss it self, that all where wished is,
Efficient, exemplary, final Good,
Of thine own Self but only understood;
Light is thy Curtain, thou art Light of Light,
An ever waking Eye still shining bright,
In-looking all, exempt of passive Pow'r, (lowr)
And Change, in Change since Death's pale Shade doth
All Times to Thee are one, that which hath run,
And that which is not brought yet by the Sun,
To Thee are present, who dost always see
In present A&t, what past, is, or to be;
Day-livers we Rememberance do lose
Of Ages worn, so Miseries us tosse
(Blind and Lethargick of thy heavenly Grace,
Which Sin in our first Parents did deface,
And even while Embrions cursit by justest Doom)
That we negle&t what gone is, or to come,
But Thou in Thy great Archives scrolled haft
In parts and whole, whatever yet hath past,
Since first the marble Wheels of Time were roll'd,
As ever living, never waxing old,
Still is the same Thy Day and Yesterdays,
An undivided Now, a constant Ay.
O King whose Greatness none can comprehend,
Whose boundless Goodness doth to all extend,
Light of all Beauty, Ocean without Ground,
That standing flowest, giving dost abound,
Rich Palace, and Indweller ever blest,

Never not working, ever yet in rest ;
 What Wit cannot conceive, Words say of Thee,
 Here where we as but in a Mirror see,
 Shadows of Shadows, Atoms of thy Might,
 Still owl-ey'd when flaring on thy Light ;
 Grant that released from this Earthly Jail, (vaile,
 And freed from Clouds which here our Knowledge
 In Heaven's high Temples where thy Praises ring,
 In sweeter Notes I may hear Angels sing.

34.

Great God, whom we with humble Thoughts a-
 Eternal, Infinite, Almighty King, (dore,
 Whose Dwellings Heaven transcend, whose Throne be-
 Archangels serve, and Seraphins do sing : (sore
 Of nought who wrought all that with wondring Eyes
 We do behold within this spatiuous Round,
 Who makes the Rocks to rock, to stand the Skies,
 At whose Command Clouds Peals of Thunder sound :
 Ah ! spare us Worms, weigh not how we, alas !
 (Evil to our selves) against thy Laws rebell,
 Wash off those Spots which still in Conscience Glass
 (Though we be loath to look) we see too well.
 Deserv'd Revenge, oh do not, do not take,
 If thou revenge who shall abide thy Blow ?
 Pass shall this World, this World which thou didst make,
 Which should not perish till thy Trumpet blow :
 What Soul is found whom Parents Crime not stains ?
 Or what with its own Sins defil'd is not ?
 Though Justice Rigor threaten, yet her Reins
 Let Mercy guide, and never be forgot.

Less are our Faults far far than is thy Love,
 O what can better seem thy Grace Divine,
 Than they who Plagues deserve, thy Bounty prove,
 And, where thou mayst shew'r Vengeance, there to
 Then look and pity, pitying forgive (shine ?
 Us guilty Slaves, or Servants now in Thrall,
 Slaves, if alas thou look how we do live, ;
 Or doing Ill, or doing nought at all :
 Of an ungrateful Mind a foul Effect ;
 But if thy Giits which largely heretofore
 Thou haft upon us pour'd thou doit respect,
 We are thy Servants, nay than Servants more,
 Thy Children, yes, and Children dearly bought.
 But what strange Chance us of this Lot bereaves ?
 Poor worthless Wights how lowly are we brought,
 Whom Grace once Children made, Sin hath made Slaves,
 Sin hath made Slaves, but let those Bands grace break ?
 That in our Wrongs thy Mercies may appear,
 Thy Wisdom not so mean is, Pow'r so weak,
 But Thousand Wayes they can make Worlds Thee fear.

O Wisdom boundleis ! O mirac'rous Grace !
 Grace, Wisdom which makes wink dim Reason's Eye,
 And could Heaven's King bring forth his placeleis
 On this ignoble Stage of Care to dy : (Place,
 To dy our Death, and with the sacred Stream
 Of Blood and Water gushing from his Side,
 To make us clean of that contagious Blame,
 First on us brought by our first Parents Pride.
 Thus thy great Love and Pity (heavenly King)
 Love, Pity which so well our Loss prevent,
 Of Evil it self (lo) could all Goodness bring,
 And sad Beginning cheat with glad Event.
 O Love and Pity ! ill known of these Times,
 O Love and Pity ! careful of our Need,
 O Bounties ! which our horrid Acts and Crimes
 (Grown numberleis) contend near to exceed.
 Make this excessive Ardour of thy Love,
 So warm our Coldness, so our Lives renew,
 That we from Sin, Sin may from us remove.
 Wisdom our Will, Faith may our Wit subdue.
 Let thy pure Love burn up all worldly Lust,
 Hell's candy'd Poyson killing our best Part,
 Which makes us joy in Toys, adore frail Dust,
 Instead of Thee, in Temple of our Heart.

Grant when at last our Souls these Bodies leave,
 Their loathsom Shops of Sin and Mansions bliad,
 And Doom before thy Royal Seat receive,
 A Saviour more than Judge they Thee may find.

35. *The Shadow of the Judgment.*

Above those boundleis Bounds where Stars do move,
 The Cieling of the christal Round above,
 And Rain-bow-sparkling Arch of Diamond clear,
 Which crowns the Azure of each Undersphere,
 In a rich Mansion radiant with Light,
 To which the Sun is scarce a Taper bright,
 Which, though a Body, yet so pure is fram'd,
 That almost Spiritual it may be nam'd ;
 Where Bliss aboundeth, and aiting May
 All Pleasures heightning flourisheth for ay,
 The King of Ages dwells. About his Throne
 (Like to these Beams Day's golden Lamp hath on)
 Angelick Splendors glance, more swift than ought
 Reveal'd to Sense, nay than the winged Thought,
 His Will to practise : Here do Seraphins
 Burn with Immortal Love, there Cherubins
 With other Noble People of the Light,
 As Eaglets in the Sun, delight their Sight :
 Heaven's ancient Denizens, pure active Powers,
 Which (red of Death) that Cloister high embowes,
 Ethereal Princes, ever-conquering Bands,
 Blest Subjects acting what their King commands ;
 Sweet Quiristers, by whose melodious Strains
 Skies dance, and Earth untir'd their Brawl sustains.
 Mixed among whose sacred Legions dear
 The spotless Souls of Humanes do appear,
 Diving Bodies which did Cares divelt,
 And there live happy in eternal Rest.

Hither sur-charg'd with Grief, fraught with Annoy,
 (Sad Spectacle into that Place of Joy)
 Her Hair disordered dangling o're her Face,
 Which had of pallid Violets the Grace,
 The Crimson Mantle wont her to adorn
 Cast loose about, and in large Pieces torn,
 Sighs breathing forth, and from her heavy Eyne
 Along her Cheeks distilling christal Brine,
 Which downward to her Ivory Breast was driven,
 And had bedewed the Milky-Way of Heaven,
 Came Piety : At her Left Hand near by
 A wailing Woman bare her Company,
 Whose tender Babes her snowy Neck did clip,
 And now hang on her Pap, now by her Lip :
 Flames glanc'd her Head above, which once did glow,
 But late look pale (a poor and ruthful Show !)
 She sobbing shrunk the Throne of God before,
 And thus began her Case to him deplore.

Forlorn, wretch'd, desolate, to whom should I
 My Refuge have, below or in the Sky,
 But unto thee ? See (All-beholding King)
 That Servant, no, that Darling thou didst bring
 On Earth, lost Man to save from Hell's Abime,
 And raise unto those Regions above Time ;
 Who madeth thy Name so truly be implor'd,
 And by the reverent Soul so long ador'd,
 Her banish'd now see from these lower Bounds,
 Behold her Garments shreds her Body's Wounds :
 Look how her Sister Charity there stands,
 Proscrib'd on Earth, all maim'd by wicked Hands :
 Mischief there mounts to such an high Degree,
 That there, now none is left that cares for me.
 There dwells Idolatry, there Atheism reigns,
 There Man in dumb, yet roaring, Sins him stains ;
 So foolish, that he Puppets will adore
 Of Metal, Stone, and Birds, Beasts, Trees, before
 He once will to Thy holy Service bow,
 And yield Thee Homage : Ah alas ! yet now
 To those black Sp'rits which thou dost keep in Chains :
 He vows Obedience, and with shameful Pains
 Infernal Horrors courts ; Case fond and strange !
 To Bane than Bliss desiring more the Change.
 Thy Charity, of Graces once the Chief,
 Did long time find in Hospitals Relief,
 Which now ly levell'd with the lowest Ground,
 Where sad Memorials scarce are of them found.
 Then (Vagabonding) Temples her receiv'd,
 Where my poor Cells afforded what she crav'd ;
 But now thy Temples raz'd are, humane Blood
 Those Places stains, late where thy Altars stood :

Time

Times are so horrid, to implore thy Name
That it is held now on the Earth a Blame.
Now doth the Warrior, with his Dart and Sword,
Write Laws in Blood, and vent them for Thy Word ;
Religion, Faith pretending to make known,
All have all Faith, Religion quite o'erthrown,
Men awless, lawless live (most woful Case)
Men, no more Men, a GOD-contemning Race.

Scarce had she said, when from the Nether World,
(Like to a Lightning through the Welkin hurl'd,
That scores with Flames the Way, and every Eye
With Terror dazles as it swimeth by)
Came Justice ; to whom Angels did make place,
And Truth her flying Foot-steps straight did trace.
Her Sword was lost, the precious Weights she bare
Their Beam had torn, Scales ruelie bruised were ;
From off her Head was reft her Golden Crown,
In Raggs her Vail was rent and Star-spangl'd Gown,
Her Tear-wet Locks hang'd o'er her Face, which made
Between her and the Mighty King a Shade;
Just Wrath had rais'd her Colour (like the Morn
Portending Clouds moist Embryo's to be born)
Of which, she taking Leave, with Heart twon great,
Thus strove to plain before the Throne of State.

Is not the Earth Thy Work-man-ship (great King)
Didst Thou not all this All from nought once bring
To this rich Beauty which doth on it shine :
Bestowing on each Creature of Thine
Some Shadow of Thy Bounty ? Is not Man
Thy Vassal, n^o d to spend his Life's short Span
To do Thee Homage ? And then didst not Thou
A Queen install me there, to whom should bow
Thy Earth's Indwellers, and to this Effect
Put in my Hand thy Sword ? O high Neglect !
Now wretched Earthlings, to thy great Disgrace,
Perverted have my Pow'r, and do deface
All reverent Tracts of Justice ; now the Earth
Is but a Frame of Shame, a funeral Hearth,
Where every Virtue hath consumed been,
And nought, (no not their Dust) refts to be seen,
Long hath it me abhor'd, long chased me,
Expell'd at last, here I have fled to Thee,
And forthwith rather would to Hell repair,
Than Earth, since Justice execute is there.
All live on Earth by Spoil, the Host his Guest
Betrays, the Man of her lies in his Breast
Is not assured ; the Son the Father's Death
Attempts, and Kindred Kindred reave of Breath
By lurking Means, of such Age few makes sick,
Since Hell disgorg'd her baneful Arsenick.
Whom Murthers, foul Assassinate defile,
Most who the harmless Innocents beguile,
Who most can ravage, rob, ransack, blaspheme,
Is held most virtuous, hath a Worthy's Name ;
So on emboldned Malice they rely,
That (madding) Thy great Puissance they defy :
Erst Man resembl'd Thy Pourtrait, foil'd by Smoak
Now like Thy Creature hardly doth he look.
Old Nature here (she pointed where there flood
An aged Lady in a heavy Mood)
Doth break her Staff, denying humane Race
To come of her, Things born to her Disgrace !
The Dove the Dove, the Swan doth love the Swan,
Nought so resentles unto Man as Man.
O ! if Thou mad'st this World, govern'st it all,
Deserved Vengeance on the Earth let fall ;
The Period of her standing perfect is,
Her Hour-glass not a Minute short doth miss.
The End (O Lord) is come, then let no more
Mischief still triumph, Bad the Good devour ;
But of Thy Word since constaint, true Thou art,
Give Good their Guerdon, Wicked due Desert.
She said : Throughout the shining Palace went
A Murmur soft, such as afar is sent
By musk'd Zephyr's Sighs along the Main,
Or when they curl some flow'ry Lee and Plain ;
One was their Thought, one their Intention, Will,
Nor could they err, Truth there residing still :
All (mov'd with Zeal) as one with Cries did pray,
Haften (O Lord) O haften the Last Day.

Look how a generous Prince, when he doth hear,
Some loving City and to him most dear,
Which wont with Gifts and Shows him entertain,
(And as a Father's did obey his Reign),
A Rout of Slaves and rascal Foes to wrack
Her Buildings overthrow, her Riches sack,
Feels vengeful Flames within his Bosom burn,
And a just Rage all Respects overturn :
So seeing Earth, of Angels once the Inn,
Mansion of Saints, deflowered all by Sin,
And quite confus'd, by Wretches here beneath ;
The World's great Sovereign moved was to Wrath.
Thrice did He rowse Himself, thrice from His Face
Flames sparkle did throughout the heavenly Place.
The Stars, though fixed, in their Rounds did quake ;
The Earth, and Earth-embracing Sea, did Shake :
Carmel and Hæmus felt it, Athos Tops
Affrighted shrunk, and near the Etniops
Atlas, the Pyrenees, the Appennine,
And lofty Grampius, which with Snow doth shine.
Then to the Synod of the Sp'rits he swore,
Man's Care should end, and Time should be no more ;
By His own Self He swore of perfect Worth,
Straight to perform His Word sent Angels forth.
There lies an Island, where the radiant Sun,
When he doth to the Northern Tropicks run,
Of Six long Moneths makes one tedious Day,
And when through Southern Signs he holds his Way,
Six Moneths turneth in one loathsome Night
(Night neither here is fair, nor Day hot-bright,
But half white and half more) where sadly clear
Still coldly glance the Beams of either Bear,
The frosty Groen-land. On the lonely Shore
The Ocean in Mountains hoarse doth roar,
And over-tumbl'd, tumbl'd over Rocks,
Cafts various Rain-bows, which in Froth he choaks :
Gulfs all about are shrunk most strangely steep,
Than Nilus Cataracts more vast and deep.
To the wild Land beneath to make a Shade,
A Mountain listeth up his crested Head :
His Locks are Ice-shockles, his Brows are Snow,
Yet, from his burning Bowels deep below,
Comets, far-flaming Pyramids are driven,
And pitchy Meteors, to the Cope of Heaven.
No Summer here the lovely Grass forth brings,
Nor Trees, no, not the deadly Cypress springs.
Cave-loving Echo Daughter of the Air,
By humane Voice was never wak'ned here :
Instead of Night's Black-Bird, and plaintful Owl,
Infernall Furies here do yell and howl.
A Mouth yawns in this Height so black obscure
With Vapours, that no Eye it can endure :
Great Ætna's Caverns never yet did make
Such sable Damps, though they be hideous black,
Stern Horrors here eternally do dwell,
And this Gulf destine for a Gate to Hell,
Forth from this Place of Dread (Earth to appall)
Three Furies rushed at the Angel's Call.
One with long Tresses doth her Visage mask,
Her Temples clouding in a horrid Cask,
Her right Hand swings a Brandon in the Air,
Which Flames and Terror hurleth every where ;
Pond'rous with Darts, her left doth bear a Shield,
Where Gorgon's Head looks grim in sable Field :
Her Eyes blaze Fire and Blood, each Hair fills Blood,
Blood trills from either Pap, and where she stood
Blood's liquid Coral sprang her Feet beneath,
Where she doth stretch her Arm is Blood and Death.
Her Stygian Head no sooner she uprears,
When Earth of Swords, Helms, Launces straight appears
To be delivered, and from out her Womb
In Flame-wing'd Thunders Artillery doth come,
Floods Silver Streams do take a blushing Dye,
The Plains with breathless Bodies buried lye ;
Rage, Wrong, Rape, Sacrilege do her attend,
Fear, Discord, Wrack, and Woes which have no End :
Town is by Town, and Prince by Prince with-stood,
Earth turns an hideous Shamble, a Lake of Blood,

The next with Eyes, sunk hollow in her Brains,
Lean Face, snarl'd Hair, with black and empty Veins,
Her dry'd-up Bones scarce covered with her Skin,
Bewraying that strange Structure built within
Thigh-Bellyless, most gaily to the Sight,
A wafted Skeleton resembleth right.
Where she doth roam in Air faint do the Birds,
Yawn do Earth's ruthless Brood and harmless Herds,
The Wood's wild Foragers do howl and roar,
The humid Swimmers dye along the Shoar ;
In Towns, the Living do the Dead up-eat,
Then dye themselves, Alas ! and wanting Meat ;
Mothers not spare the Birth of their own Wombs,
But turn those Nefts of Life to fatal Tombs.

Last did a Saffron-colour'd Hag come out,
With uncomb'd Hair, Brows banded all about
With dusky Clouds, in ragged Mantle clad,
Her Breath with stinking Fumes the Air be-spread,
In either Hand she held a Whip, whose Wires,
Still'd Poyson, blaz'd with *Pblegetbontal* Fires.
(Relentless) she each State, Sex, Age defiles,
Earth streams with Goars, burns with invenom'd Boils ;
Where She repairs, Towns do in Desarts turn,
The Living have no Pause the Dead to mourn,
The Friend (Ah !) dares not lock the dying Eyes
Of his Belov'd, the Wife the Husband flies ;
Men Basilisks to Men prove, and by Breath,
Then Lead or Steel, bring worse and swifter Death :
No Cypress, Obsequies, no Tomb they have,
The sad Heaven mostly serves them for a Grave.

These over Earth tumultuously do run,
South, North, from rising to the setting Sun ;
They sometime part, yet than the Winds more fleet,
Forth-with together in one Place they meet.
Great *Quinzay* ye it know, *Susaniz*'s Pride,
And you where statly *Tiber*'s Streams do glide,
Nemphis, *Parthenope*, ye too it know ;
And where *Euripus* Seven-fold Tide doth flow :
Ye know it Empresses on *Thames*, *Rhosne*, *Seine*,
And ye fair Queens by *Tagus*, *Danube*, *Rhine*,
Though they do scour the Earth, roam far and large,
Not thus content the Angels leave their Charge :
We of her Wrack these slender Signs may name,
By greater they the Judgment do proclaim.

This Center's Center with a mighty Blow
One bruiseth, whose crackt Concaves lowder low,
And rumble, than if all th' Artillery
On Earth discharg'd at once were in the Sky ;
Her Surface shakes, her Mountains in the Main
Turn topsy-turvy, of Heights making Plain :
Towns them ingulf, and late where Towers did stand,
Now nought remaineth but a Wast of Sand :
With turning Eddys Seas sink under Ground,
And in their floating Depths are Valleys found ;
Late where with foamy Crests, Waves tilted Waves,
Now fishy Bottoms shine and mossy Caves.

The Mariner casts an amazed Eye
On his wing'd Firrs, which bedded he finds lie,
Yet can he see no Shore ; but whilst he thinks,
What hideous Crevess that huge Current drinks,
The Streams rush back again with storming Tide,
And now his Ships on chrystal Mountains glide,
Till they be hurl'd far beyond Seas and Hope,
And settle on some Hill or Palace Top ;
Or by triumphant Surges over-driven,
Show Earth their Entrails and their Keels the Heaven.

Skies cloudy Tables some do paint, with Fights
Of armed Squadrons, jostling Steeds and Knights,
With shining Croffes, Judge, and sapphyre Throne,
Arraigned Criminals to howl and groan,
And Plaints send forth are heard : New Worlds seen shine
With other Suns and Moons, false Stars decline,
And dive in Seas ; red Comets warm the Air,
And blaze, as other Worlds were judged there.
Others the heavenly Bodies do displace,
Make Sun his Sister's stranger Steps to trace ;
Beyond the Course of Spheres he drives his Coach,
And near the cold *Ardurus* doth approach ;
The *Scythian* amaz'd is at fuch Beams,
The *Mauritanian* to see Icy Streams ;

The Shadow which ere-while turn'd to the West,
Now wheels about, then reeleth to the East :
New Stars above the Eighth Heaven sparkle clear,
Mars chops with *Saturn*, *Jove* claims *Mars*'s Sphere,
Shrunk nearer Earth, all blackned now and brown,
In Mask of weeping Clouds appears the Moon.
There are no Seasons, Autumn, Summer, Spring,
All are stern Winter, and no Birth forth bring :
Red turns the Sky's blue Curtain o're this Glob,
As to proprie the Judge with purple Rob.

At first (entranc'd) with sad and curious Eyes,
Earth's Pilgrim's stare on those strange Prodigies :
The Star-gazer this Round finds truly move
In Parts and Whole, yet by no Skill can prove
The Firmament's stay'd Firmness. They which dream
An Everlastingnes in World's vast Frame,
Think well some Region where they dwell may wrack,
But that the Whole nor Time nor Force can shake ;
Yet (frantick) muse to see Heaven's stately Lights,
Like Drunkards, wayles reel amidst their Heights.
Such as do Nations govern, and command
Vafts of the Sea and Emperies of Land,
Repine to see their Countries overthrown,
And find no Foe their Fury to make known :
Alas (say they) what boots our Toils and Pains,
Of Care on Earth is this the furthest Gains ?
No Riches now can bribe our angry Fate,
O no ! to blast our Pride the Heavens do threat :
In Dust now must our Greatness buried lie,
Yet is it Comfort with the World to die.
As more and more the warning Signs increase,
Wild Dread deprives lost *Adam*'s Race of Peace ;
From out their Grand-Dame Earth they fain would fly ;
But whither know not, Heavens are far and high ;
Each would bewail and mourn his own Distress,
But publick Cries do private Tears suppress,
Laments, Plains, Shreks of Wo distract all Ears,
And Fear is equal to the Pain it fears.

Amidst this Mass of Cruelty and Slights,
This Galley ful of God despising Wights,
This Jail of Sin and Shame, this filthy Stage.
Where all act Folly, Misery and Rage ;
Amidst those Throgs of old prepar'd for Hell,
Those Numbers which no *Archimede* can tell,
A silly Crew did Lurk, a harmless Rout
Wand'ring the Earth, which God had chosen out
To live with Him (few Roses which did blow
Among those Weeds Earth's Garden overgrow ;
A Dew of Gold still'd on Earth's sandy Mine,
Small Diamonds in World's rough Rocks which shine)
By purple Tyrants which purf'd and chas'd,
Liv'd Recluses, in lonely Islands plac'd ;
Or did the Mountains haunt, and Forrests wild,
Which they than Towns more harmless found and mild :
Where many an Hymn they, to their Maker's Praise,
Teacht Groves and Rocks, which did resound their Lays.
Nor Sword, nor Famine, nor Plague-poisoning Air,
Nor Prodigies appearing every where,
Nor all the sad Disorder of this All,
Could this small Handful of the World appal ;
But as the Flow'r, which during Winter's Cold
Runs to the Root, and lurks in Sap uprol'd,
So soon as the great Planet of the Year
Begins the Twins dear Mansion to clear,
Lifts up its fragrant Head, and to the Field
A Spring of Beauty and Delight doth yield :
So at those Signs and Apparitions strange,
Their Thoughts, Looks, Gestures, did begin to change,
Joy makes their Hands to clap, their Hearts to dance,
In Voice turns Musick, in their Eyes doth glance.

What can (say they) these Changes else portend,
Of this great Frame, save the approaching End ?
Past are the Signs, all is perform'd of old
Which the Almighty's Heralds us foretold.
Heaven now no longer shall of God's great Power
A turning Temple be, but fixed Tower,
Burn shall this mortal Mass amidst the Air,
Of Divine Justice turn'd a Trophee fair ;
Near is the last of Days, whose Light embalms
Past Griefs, and all our stormy Cares becalms.

O Happy Day! O cheerful Holy Day!
 Which Night's sad Sables shall not take away!
 Farewel Complaints, and ye yet doubtful Thought
 Crown now your Hopes with Comforts long time sought,
 Wip'd from our Eyes now shall be every Tear,
 Sighs stopt, since our Salvation is so near.
 What long we long'd for, God at last hath given,
 Earth's chosen Bands to join with those of Heaven;
 Now noble Souls a Guerdon just shall find,
 And Rest and Glory be in one combin'd;
 Now, more than in a Mirror, by these Eyne,
 Even Face to Face, our Maker shall be seen:
 O welcome Wonder of the Soul and Sight!
 O welcome Object of all true Delight!
 Thy Triumphs and Return we did expect,
 Of all past Toils to reap the dear Effect:
 Since Thou art Just, perform Thy Holy Word,
 O come still hop'd for, come long wish'd for, Lord.
 While thus they pray, the Heavens in Flames appear,
 As if they shew Fires elemental Sphere,
 The Earth seems in the Sun, the Welkin gone,
 Wonder all hushes; straight the Air doth groan
 With Trumpets, which thrice louder Sounds do yield
 Than deafning Thunders in the airy Field.
 Created Nature at the Clangor quakes,
 Immur'd with Flames, Earth in a Palsy shakes,
 And from her Womb the Dust in several Heaps
 Takes Life, and mustereth into humane Shapes:
 Hell bursts, and the foul Prisoners there bound—
 Come howling to the Day, with Serpents crown'd.
 Millions of Angels in the lofty Height,
 Clad in pure Gold and the Electar bright,

Illshering the Way still where the Judge should move,
 In radiant Rain-bows vault the Skies above;
 Which quickly open, like a Courtain driven,
 And beaming Glory shows the KING OF HEAVEN.

What Persian Prince, Assyrian most renown'd,
 What Scythian with conquering Squadrons crown'd,
 Entring a breached City, where conspire
 Fire to dry Blood, and Blood to quench out Fire;
 Where cutted Carcasses quick Members reel,
 And by their Ruine blunt the reeking Steel,
 Resembleth now the ever-living King?
 What Face of Troy which doth with Yelling ring,
 And Grecian Flames transported in the Air,
 What dreadful Spectacle of Carthage fair?
 What Picture of rich Corinth's tragick Wrack,
 Or of Numantia the hideous Sack,
 Or these together shwon, the Image, Face
 Can represent of Earth, and plaintful Case;
 Which must lie smoaking in the Worlds vast Womb,
 And to it self both Fewell be and Tomb?

Near to that sweet and odoriferous Clime,
 Where the all-clearing Emperour of Time
 Makes spring the Cassia, Nard, and fragrant Balms,
 And every Hill, and Collin Crowns with Palms;
 Where Incense sweats, where weeps the precious Myrrhe,
 And Cedars over-top the Pine and Fir,
 Near where the aged Phœnix, tyr'd of Breath,
 Doth build her Nest, and takes new Life in Death;
 A Valley into wide and open Fields
 Far it extendeth, * * * *

The rest is wanting.

The River of Forth Feasting: A Panegyrick to the High and Mighty Prince, James, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland.

To His Sacred Majesty.

If in this Storm of Joy and pompous Throng,
 This Nymph (great King) doth come to Thee so near
 That thy harmonious Ears Her Accents bear,
 Give Pardon to Her boarse and lowly Song:
 Fain would she Trophees to Thy Vertues rear;
 But for this Stately Task She is not strong,
 And Her Defects Her high Attempts do wrong,
 Yet as She could She makes thy Worth appear.
 So in a Map is shown this flowry Place,
 So wrought in Arras by a Virgin's Hand
 With Heaven and blazing Stars doth Atlas stand,
 So drawn by Char-coal is Narcissus Face:
 She like the Morn may be to some bright Sun,
 The Day to perfect that's by her begun.

What blustering Noise now interrupts my
 Sleep?
 What echoing Shouts thus cleave my
 chrystal Deep,
 And seem to call me from my wat'ry Court?
 What Melody? What Sounds of Joy and Sport,

Are convey'd hither from each neighbouring Spring?
 With what loud Rumours do the Mountains ring?
 Which in unusual Pomp on Tip-toes stand,
 And (full of Wonder) overlook the Land?
 Whence comes these glitt'ring Throngs, these Meteors
 This golden People glancing in my Sight? (bright,
 I 2 Whence

Whence doth this Praise, Applause and Love, arise ?
 What Load-star East-ward draweth thus all Eyes ?
 Am I awake ? Or have some Dreams conspir'd
 To mock my Sense with what I most desir'd ?
 View I that living Face, see I those Looks,
 Which with Delight were wont t' amaze my Brooks ?
 Do I behold that Worth, that Man divine,
 This Age's Glory, by these Banks of mine ?
 Then find I true what long I wish'd in vain ;
 My much beloved Prince is come again ;
 So unto them whose Zenith is the Pole,
 When Six black Months are past, the Sun doth roll :
 So after Tempest to Sea-tossed Wights
 Faire Helen's Brothers show their clearing Lights :
 So comes Arabia's Wonders from her Woods,
 And far off is seen by Memphis Floods,
 The feather'd Sylvans, cloud-like by her fly,
 And with triumphing Plaudits beat the Sky,
 Nyle marvels, Serap's Priests (entranced) rave,
 And in Mygdonian Stone her Shape ingrave ;
 In lasting Cedars they do mark the Time
 In which Apollo's Bird came to their Clime.

Let Mother Earth now deckt with Flow'r's be seen :
 And sweet breath'd Zephyres curl the Meadows green,
 Let Heaven weep Rubies in a Crimson Show'r,
 Such as on Indies Shoars they use to pour :
 Or with that golden Storm the Fields adorn,
 Which Jove rain'd when his Blew-ey'd Maid was born.
 May never Hours the Web of Day out-weave,
 May never Night rise from her sable Cave.
 Swell proud my Billows, faint not to declare
 Your Joys as ample as their Causes are :
 For Murmurs hoarse, sound like Arion's Harp,
 Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp ;
 And you my Nymphs, rise from your moist Repair :
 Strow all your Springs and Grots with Lillies fair :
 Some swiftest-footed, get them hence, and pray
 Our Floods and Lakes come keep this Holy-day ;
 What e're beneath Albania's Hills do run,
 Which see the rising or the setting Sun,
 Which drink stern Grampius Mists, or Ockel's Snows :
 Stone-rolling Tay, Tine Tortoise-like that flows,
 The pearly Don, the Dees, the fertile Spey.
 Wild Neverne, which doth see our longest Day,
 Ness smoaking Sulphur, Leave with Mountains crown'd
 Strange Lowmond for his floating Illes renown'd :
 The Irish Rian, Ken, the Silver Air,
 The snaky Dun, the Ore with rusby Hair,
 The Chrystal-streaming Nid, loud bellowing Clyde,
 Tweed which no more our Kingdoms shall divide :
 Rank-swelling Annan, Lid with curled Streams,
 The Eskes, the Solway where they lose their Names,
 To ev'ry one proclaim our Joys, and Feasts,
 Our Triumphs ; bid all come and be our Guests :
 And as they meet in Neptune's azure Hall,
 Bid them bid Sea-Gods keep this Festival ;
 This Day shall by our Currants be renown'd.
 Our Hills about shall still this Day resound :
 Nay, that our Love more to this Day appear,
 Let us with it henceforth begin our Year.

To Virgins, Flow'r's; to Sun-burnt Earth, the Rain,
 To Mariners fair Winds amidst the Main,
 Cool Shades to Pilgrims, which hot Glances burn,
 Are not so pleasing as thy blest Return.
 That Day (dear Prince) which rob'd us of thy Sight,
 [Day, no, but Darknes and a dusky Night]
 Did fill our Breasts with Sighs, our Eyes with Tears,
 Turn'd Minutes to sad Months, sad Months to Years,
 Trees left to flourish, Meadows to bear Flow'r's,
 Brooks hid their Heads within their sedgie Bow'r's,
 Fair Ceres curst our Fields with barren Frost,
 As if again she had her Daughter lost :
 The Muses left our Groves, and for sweet Songs
 Sat sadly silent, or did weep their Wrongs.
 You know it, Meads; your murmuring Woods it know,
 Hills, Dales, and Caves, Copartners of their Woe ;
 And you it know, my Streams, which from their Eine
 Oft on your Glass receiv'd their pearly Brine ;
 O Nid's Dear (said they) Napeas fair,
 O Nymphs of Trees, Nymphs which on Hills repair.

Gone are those maiden Glories, gone that State,
 Which made all Eyes admire our Bless of late.
 As looks the Heaven when never Star appears,
 But flow and weary shrowd them in their Sphears,
 While Tithon's Wife embosom'd by Him lies,
 And World doth languish in a dreary Guise :
 As looks a Garden of its Beauty spoil'd,
 As Woods in Winter by rough Boreas foil'd,
 As Pourtraits raz'd of Colours use to be :
 So look'd these abject Bounds depriv'd of Thee.

While as my Rills enjoy'd Thy Royal Gleams,
 They did not envy Tibes haughty Streams,
 Nor wealthy Tagus with his Golden Ore,
 Nor clear Hydaspe which on Pearls doth roar,
 Nor golden Gange that sees the Sun new born,
 Nor Achelous with his flowry Horn,
 Nor Floods which near Elysian Fields do fall :
 For why ? Thy Sight did serve to them for all.
 No Place there is so desart, so alone,
 Even from the frozen to the Torrid Zone,
 From flaming Hecla to great Quinsay's Lake,
 Which thy Abode could not molt happy make ;
 All those Perfections which by bounteous Heaven
 To divers Worlds in divers Times were given,
 The starry Senate pow'r'd at once on Thee,
 That thou Exemplar might'ft to others be,
 Thy Life was kept till the Three Sisters spun
 Their Threads of Gold, and then it was begun.
 With chequer'd Clouds when Skies do look most fair,
 And no disord'red Blasts disturb the Air,
 When Lillies do them deck in azure Gowns ;
 And new born Roses blush with golden Crowns,
 To prove how calm we under Thee should live,
 What Halyonian Days Thy Reign should give,
 And to Two flowry Diadems Thy Right ;
 The Heavens Thee made a Partner of the Light.
 Scarce wast Thou born, when join'd in friendly Bands
 Two Mortal Foes with other clasped Hands ;
 With Virtue Fortune strove, which most should grace
 Thy Place for Thee, Thee for so high a Place,
 One vow'd Thy sacred Breast not to forsake,
 The other on Thee not to turn her Back ;
 And that thou more her loves Effects mightst feel,
 For Thee she left her Globe, and broke her Wheel.

When Years Thee Vigour gave, O then how clear
 Did smothered Sparkles in bright Flames appear !
 Amongst the Woods to force the flying Hart,
 To pierce the Mountain-Wolf with feather'd Dart ;
 See Faulcons climb the Clouds, the Foxen-snare,
 Out-run the Wind-out-running Dædale Hare
 To breath thy fiery Steed on every Plain,
 And in Meandring Gyres him bring again,
 The Press Thee making Place, and vulgar Things,
 In Admiration's Air, on Glory's Wings ;
 O ! Thou far from the common Pitch didst rise,
 With thy Designs to dazzle Envy's Eyes :
 Thou sought'ft to know this All's eternal Source,
 Of ever-turning Heavens the restless Course,
 Their fixed Lamps, their Lights which wandring run,
 Whence Moon her Silver hath, his Gold the Sun,
 If Fate there be or no, if Planets can
 By fierce Aspects force the free will of Man ;
 The light aspiring Fire, the liquid Air,
 The flaming Dragons, Comets with red Hair,
 Heaven's tilting Launces, Artillery, and Bow,
 Loud-sounding Trumpets, Darts of Hail, and Snow,
 The roaring Elements, with People dumb,
 The Earth with what conceiv'd is in her Womb,
 What on her moves were set unto thy Sight,
 Till Thou didst find their Causes, Essence, Might,
 But unto nought Thou so thy Mind didst strain,
 As to be read in Man, and learn to reign :
 To know the Weight and Atlas of a Crown,
 To spare the Humble, proud Ones tumble down.
 When from those piercing Cares which Thrones invest,
 As Thorns the Rose, thou wearid wouldst Thee rest,
 With Lute in Hand, full of Celestial Fire,
 To the Pierian Groves thou didst retire :
 There garlanded with all Urania's Flow'r's,
 In sweeter Lays than builded Thebes Tow'rs,

Or them which charm'd the Dolphins in the Main,
Or which did call *Euridice* again,
Thou sung'st away the Hours, till from their Sphere
Stars seem'd to shoot, thy Melody to hear.
The God with golden Hair, the Sister Maids,
Did leave their *Helicon*, and *Tempe's* Shades,
To see thine Isle, here lost their native Tongue,
And in thy World-divided Language sung.

Who of thine after Age can count the Deeds,
With all that Fame in Time's huge Annals reads;
How by Example more than any Law,
This People fierce thou didst to Goodness draw;
How while the Neighbour Worlds (toss'd by the Fates)
So many *Phaetons* had in their States. (Thrones,
Which turn'd to heedless Flames their burnish'd
Thou (as enspher'd) kept'st temperate thy Zones;
In Africk Shores the Sands that ebb and flow,
The shady Leaves on Arden's Trees that grow,
He sure may count, with all the Waves that meet
To wash the *Mauritanian Atlas* Feet.
Though crown'd thou wert not, nor a King by Birth,
Thy Worth deserves the richest Crown on Earth.
Search this half Sphere, and the Autartick Ground,
Where is such Wit and Bounty to be found?
As into silent Night, when near the Bear,
The Virgin Huntress shines at full most clear,
And strives to match her Brother's golden Light,
The Host of Stars doth vanish in her Sight,
Arcturus dies; cool'd is the *Lyon's* Ire,
Po burns no more with *Phaetontal* Fire:
Orion faints to see his Arms grow black,
And that his flaming Sword he now doth lack:
So Europe's Lights, all bright in their Degree,
Lose all their Lustre parallel'd with Thee,
By just Descent Thou from more Kings dost shine,
Then many can name Men in all their Line:
What most they toil to find, and finding hold,
Thou scornest, orient Gems, and flatt'ring Gold;
Esteeming Treasure surer in Men's Breasts,
Than when immur'd with Matble, clos'd in Chests;
No stormy Passions do disturb Thy Mind,
No Mists of Greatness ever could Thee blind:
Who yet hath been so meek? Thou Life didst give
To them who did repine to see Thee live;
What Prince by goodness hath such Kingdoms gain'd?
Who hath so long his People's Peace maintain'd?
Their Swords are turn'd to Syths, to Culters Speares,
Some Giant Post their Autick Armour bears:
Now, where the wounded Knight his Life did bleed,
The wanton Swain sits piping on a Reed;
And where the Cannon did *Fove's* Thunder scorn,
The gaudy Hunts-mán winds his shrill-tun'd Horn:
Her green Locks *Ceres* doth to yellow dy,
The Pilgrim safely in the Shade doth ly,
Both *Pan* and *Pales* careles keep their Flocks,
Seas have no Dangers save the Winds and Rocks:
Thou art this Isle's *Palladium*, neither can
[Whiles thou dost live] it be o're-thrown by Man.
Let others boast of Blood and Spoils of Foes,
Fierce Rapines, Murders, *Iliads* of Woes,
Of hated Pomp, and Trophies reared fair,
Gore-spangled Ensigns streaming in the Air,
Count how they make the Scythian them adore,
The *Gaditan*, and Souldier of *Aurore*,
Unhappy boasting! to enlarge their Bounds,
That charge themselves with Cares, their Friends with
Who have no Law to their ambitious Will, (Wounds,
But (Man-plagues) born are humane Blood to spill:
Thou a true Victor art, sent from above
What others strain by Force, to gain by Love,
World-wandring Fame this Prae to Thee imparts,
To be the only Monarch of all Hearts.
They many fear, who are of many fear'd,
And Kingdoms got by Wrongs, by Wrongs are teat'd,
Such Thrones as Blood doth raise, Blood throweth down,
No Guard so sure as Love unto a Crown.
Eye of our Western World, Mars-daunting King,
With whose Renown the Earth's Seven Climates ring,
Thy Deeds not only claim these Diadems,
To which *Thame*, *Liffy*, *Tay*, subject their Streams:

But to Thy Vertues rare, and Gifts, is due
All that the Planet of the Year doth view;
Sure if the World above did want a Prince
The World above to it woud take Thee hence.
That Murder, Rapine, Lust, are fled to Hell;
And in their Rooms with us the Graces dwell;
That Honour more than Riches Men respect,
That Worthiness than Gold doth more effect,
That Piety unmasked shows her Face,
That Innocehey keeps with Power her Place,
That long-exil'd *Astrea* leaves the Heaven,
And turneth right her Sword, her Weights holds even
That the *Saturnian* World is come again,
Are wish'd Effects of Thy most happy Reign.
That daily Peace, Love, Truth, Delights entreat,
And Discord, Hate, Fraud, with Incumbers, cease;
That Men use Strength not to shed others Blood,
But use their Strength now to do others Good;
That Fury is enchain'd, disarmed Wrath,
That (lave by Nature's Hand) there is no Death,
That late grim Foes, like Brothers other love,
That Vulturs prey not on the harmless Dove,
That Wolves with Lambs do Friendship entertain,
Are wish'd Effects of Thy most happy Reign.
That Towns entreat, That rain'd Temples rise,
That their wind-moving Vanes do kiss the Skies,
That Ignorance and Sloth hence run away,
That buri'd Arts now rowse them to the Day,
That *Hyperion* far beyond his Bed,
Doth see our Lions ramp, our Roses spread,
That *Iber* courts us, *Tyber* not us charms; (warms;
That *Rhine* with hence-brought Beams his Bosom
That ill doth fear, and Good doth us maintain,
Are wish'd Effects of Thy most happy Reign.
O Vertues Pattern, Glory of our Times,
Sent of past Daisies to expiate the Crimes,
Great King, but better far than Thou art great,
Whom State not honours, but who honours State;
By Wonder born, by Wonder first install'd,
By Wonder after to new Kingdoms call'd;
Young kept by Wonder from home-bred Alarms,
Old sav'd by Wonder from pale Traitors Harms,
To be for this Thy Reign, which Wonders brings,
A King of Wonder, Wonder unto Kings.
If *Piſt*, *Dane*, *Norman*, Thy smooth Yoke had seen,
Piſt, *Dane*, and *Norman* had Thy Subjects been:
If *Brutus* knew the Bliss Thy Rule doth give,
Even *Brutus* joy would under Thee to live,
For Thou Thy People dost so dearly love,
That they a Father, more than Prince, Thee prove.
O Dayes to be desir'd! Age happy thrice!
If you your Heaven-sent-Good could duly prize,
But we (half palsy sick) think never right
Of what we hold, till it be from our Sight,
Prize only Summer's sweet and musked Breath,
When armed Winters threaten us wth Death
In pallid Sicknes do esteem of Health,
And by sad Poverty discern of Wealth:
I see an Age when after some few Years,
And Revolutions of the slow-pac'd Spheres,
These Days shall be 'bove other far esteem'd,
And like *Augustus* palmy Reign be deem'd.
The Names of *Arthur*, fabulous *Paladines*,
Grav'n in Time's surly Brows, in wrinkled Lines,
Of *Henries*, *Edwards*, famous for their Fights,
Their Neighbour Conquests, Orders new of Knights,
Shall by this Prince's Name be past as far
As Meteors are by the *Idalian* Star.
If Gray-hair'd *Proteus* Songs the Truth not mis,
And Gray-hair'd *Proteus* oft a Prophet is,
There is a Land hence distant many Miles,
Out reaching Fiction and *Atlantick* Isles,
Which (Homelings) from this little World we name,
That shall imblazon with strange Rites his Fame,
Shall rear him Statues all of puret Gold,
Such as Men gave unto the Gods of old,
Name by him Temples, Pallaces, and Towns,
With some great River, which their Fields renounes:
This is that King who shoud make right each Wrong,
Of whom the *Bards* and mystick *Sibyls* sung,

The Man long promis'd, by whose glorious Reign,
This Isle should yet her ancient Name regain,
And more of *Fortunate* deserve the Stile,
Than those where Heavens with double Summers smile.
Run on (Great Prince) Thy Course in Glory's Way,
The End the Life, the Evening Crowns the Day;
Heap Worth on Worth, and strongly soar above
Those Heights which made the World Thee first to love;
Surmount thy self, and make thine Actions past
Be but as Gleams or Lightnings of thy Last,
Let them exceed those of thy younger Time,
As far as Autumn doth the flowry Prime.
Through this thy Empire range, like World's bright Eye,
That once each Year surveyes all Earth, and Sky,
Now glances on the slow and refty Bears,
Then turns to dry the weeping *Auster's* Tears,
Hurries to both the Poles, and moveth even
In the infigur'd Circle of the Heaven:
O long long haunt these Bounds, which by thy Sight
Have now regain'd their former Heat and Light.
Here grow green Woods, here silver Brooks do glide,
Here Meadows stretch them out with painted Pride,
Embroyd'ring all the Banks, here Hills aspire
To crown their Heads with the Æthereal Fire,
Hills, Bulwarks of our Freedom, Giant Walls,
Which never Friends did slight, nor Sword made thralls;
Each circling Flood to *Tethys* Tribute pays,
Men here (in Health) out live old *Nestor's* Days:
Grim Saturn yet amongst our Rocks remains,
Bound in our Caves, with many Metall'd Chains,
Bulls haunt our Shades like *Leda's* Lover white,
Which yet might breed *Paphæa* delight,
Our Flocks fair Fleeces bear, with which for Sport
Endymion of old the Moon did court,
High-palmed Harts amidst our Forrefts run,
And, not impal'd, the deep-mouth'd Hounds do shun;
The rough-foot Hair safe in our Bushes shrouds,
And long-wing'd Hawks do pearch amidst our Clouds.
The wanton Wood-Nymphs of the verdant Spring,

Blew, Golden, Purple Flow'r's shall to thee bring,
Pomona's Fruits the *Panisks*, *Tethys* Girls,
Thy *Thule's* Amber, with the Ocean Pearls?
The Tritons, Herds-men of the glassy Field,
Shall give thee what far-distant Shores can yeild,
The Serean Fleece, *Erythrean* Gems,
Vaste Plata's Silver, Gold of *Peru* Streams,
Antarick Parrots, *Æthiopian* Plums,
Sabæan Odours, Myrrhe, and sweet Perfumes:
And I my self, wrapt in a watchet Gown
Of Reeds and Lillies, on mine Head a Crown,
Shall Incense to thee burn, green Altars raise,
And yearly sing due *Pæans* to Thy Praise.
Ah why should *I* see Thee shine?
Is not Thy *Forsb*, as well as *I* Thine?
Though *I* vaunt she hath more Wealth in store,
Let it suffice Thy *Forth* doth love Thee more:
Though she for Beauty may compare with *Seine*,
For Swains and Sea-Nymphs with Imperial Rhine,
Yet for the Title may be claim'd in Thee,
Nor She, nor all the World can match with me.
Now when (by Honour drawn) Thou shalt away
To her already jealous of Thy Stay,
When in her amorous Arms she doth Thee fold,
And dries Thy Dewy Hairs with hers of Gold,
Much asking of Thy Fare, much of Thy Sport,
Much of Thine Absence, long, how e're so short,
And chides (perhaps) Thy coming to the North,
Loathe not to think on Thy much-loving *Forsb*:
O love these Bounds, where of Thy Royal Stem
More than an Hundred wore a Diadem.
So ever Gold and Bays Thy Brows adorn,
So never Time may see Thy Race out-worn,
So of Thine Own still mayst Thou be desir'd,
Of Strangers fear'd, redoubt'd, and admir'd;
So Memory Thee Praise, so precious Hours
May character Thy Name in Starry Flow'r's;
So may Thy high Exploits at last make even,
With Earth Thy Empire, Glory with the Heaven.

SPEECHES

TO

**The High and Excellent Prince, CHARLES,
King of Great Britain, France and Ire-
land, at his Entring his City of Edinburgh:**

Delivered from the Pageants, the 15th of June, 1633.

I. *The Speech of Caledonia, representing the Kingdom.*

THe Heavens have heard our Vows, our just
Desires
Obtained are, no higher now aspires
Our wishing Thought, since to his native Clime
The Flower of Princes, Honour of his Time,
Encheiring all our Dales, Hills, Forrefts, Streams,
As Phæbus doth the Summer with his Beams)

Is come, and radiant to us in his Train
The golden Age and Vertues brings again;
Prince so much longed for, how Thou becalm'st
Mind's easelss Anguish, every Care emba'm'st
With the sweet Odours of thy Presence: Now
In swelling Tides Joyes every where do flow

By

By Thine Approach, and that the World may see
What unthought Wonders do attend on Thee,
This Kingdom's Angel I, who since that Day
That ruthless Fate thy Parent rest away,
And made a Star, appear'd not any where
To gratulate thy coming, come am here.

Hail Prince Phoenix, Monarch of all Hearts,
Sovereign of Love and Justice, who imparts
More than thou canst receive ; To Thee this Crown
Is due by Birth ; but more, it is thine own
By just Desert; and ere another Brow (flow
Than thine should reach the same, my Floods should
With hot Vermilion Gore, and every Plain
Level the Hills with Carcasses of slain,
This Isle become a red Sea : Now how sweet
Is it to me when Love and Laws thus meet
To wreath thy Temples with this Diadem,
My Nurselings sacred Fear, and dearest Gem :
Nor Roman, Saxon, Pitt, by sad Alarms
Could this acquire and keep ; the Heavens in Arms
From us repel all Perils, nor by Wars
Ought here was won, or gaping Wounds and Scars,
Our Lion's Clymberick now is past,
And crown'd with Bays, he rampeth free at last.

Here are no Serean Fleecees, Peru Gold,
Aurora's Gems, nor Wares by Tyrians sold ;
Towns swell not here with Babylonian Walls,
Nor Nero's Sky-resembling Gold-ceil'd Halls,
Nor Memphis Spires, nor Quinzayes arched Frames,
Captiv'ng Seas, and giving Lands their Names :
Faith, (milk-white Fair) of old belov'd so well,
Yet in this Corner of the World doth dwell,
With her pure Sisters, Truth, Simplicity ;
Here banish'd Honour bears them Company,
A Mars-adoring Brood is here, their Wealth,
Sound Minds, and Bodies of as sound a Health ;
Walls here are Men, who fence their Cities more
Than Neptune, when he doth in Mountains roar,
Doth guard this Isle, or all those Forts and Tow'rs,
Ampbion's Harp rais'd about Thebe's Bow'r,
Heavens Arch is oft their Roof, the pleasant Shade
Of Oak and Plain oft serves them for a Bed ;
To suffer Want, soft Pleasure to despise,
Run over panting Mountains crown'd with Ice,
Rivers o'recome, the wafest Lakes appal,
(Being to themselves, Oars, Steerers, Ship and all)
Is their Renown ; a brave all-daring Race,
Couragious, prudent, doth this Climate Grace ;
Yet the firm Base on which their Glory stands,
In Peace true Hearts, in Wars is valiant Hands,
Which here(great King) they offer up to Thee,
Thy Worth respecting as thy Pedigree :
Though it be much to come of Princely Stem,
More is it to deserve a Diadem.

Vouchsafe, blest People, ravisht here with me,
To think my Thoughts, and see what I do see,
A Prince all gracious, affable, divine,
Meek, wise, just, valiant, whose radiant shine,
Of Virtues (like the Stars about the Pole
Guilding the Night) enlightneth every Soul,
Your Scepter sways ; a Prince born in this Age
To guard the Innocents from Tyrants Rage,
To make Peace prosper, Justice to reflow'r,
In desert Hamlet, as in Lordly Bow'r ;
A Prince, that though of none he stands in Awe,
Yet first subjects himself to his own Law,
Who joys in Good, and still, as right directs,
His Greatnes measures by his good Effects,
His People's Pedestal, who rising high,
To grace this Throne, makes Scotland's Name to fly
On Haleyon Wings(her Glory which restores)
Beyond the Ocean to Columbus Shores :
God's Sacred Picture in this Man adore,
Honour his Valour, Zeal, his Piety more,
High value what you hold, Him deep engrave
In your Heart's Heart, from whom all Good ye have :
For as Moon's Splendor from her Brother springs,
The People's Welfare streameth from their Kings.
Since your Love's Object doth immortal prove,
O love this Prince with an eternal Love.

Pray that those Crowns his Ancestors did wear,
His Temples long (more orient) may bear,
That Good he reach by Sweetness of his Sway,
That even his Shadow may the Bad affray,
That Heaven on him what he desires bestow,
That still the Glory of his Greatness grow,
That your begun Felicities may last,
That no Orion do with Storms them blast,
That Victory his brave Exploits attend,
East, West, or South, where he his Force shall bend,
Till his great Deeds all former Deeds surmount,
And quail the Nimrod of the Helle/pon^t ;
That when his well-spent Care all Care becalms,
He may in Peace sleep in a Shade of Palms ;
And rearing up fair Trophees, that Heavens may
Extend his Life to World's extremest Day.

2. The Song of the Muses at Parnassus.

At length we see those Eyes,
Which cheer both Earth and Skies ;
Now, ancient Caledon,
Thy Beauties heighten, richest Robs put on,
And let young Joys to all thy Parts arise.

Here could thy Prince still stay,
Each Month should turn to May ;
We need not Star nor Sun,
Save him, to lengthen Days and Joys begun :
Sorrow and Night to far Climes haste away.

Now Majesty and Love
Combin'd are from above,
Prince never Scepter sway'd,
Lov'd Subjects more, of Subjects more obey'd,
Which may endure whilst Heavens great Orbs do move.

Joys did you always last,
Life's Spark you soon would waste ;
Grief follows sweet Delight,
As Day is shadowed by fable Night,
Yet shall Remembrance keep you still when past.

3. The Speeches at the Horoscopic Pageant by the Planets.

Endymion.

Rows'd from the Latmian Cave, where many Years
That Empress of the lowest of the Spheres,
Who chears the Night, did keep me hid, apart
From mortal Wights, to ease her love-sick Heart,
As young as when she did me first enclose,
As fresh in Beauty as the morning Rose,
Endymion, that whilom kept my Flocks
Upon Ionia's flowry Hills and Rocks,
And sweet Lays warbling to my Cynthia's Beams,
Out-sang the Cygnets of Meander's Streams:
To whom (for Guerdon) She Heavens secret Bars
Made open, taught the Paths and Pow'rs of Stars ;
By this dear Lady's strict Commandement
To celebrate this Day I here am sent,
But whether is this Heaven, which Stars do crown,
Or are Heaven's flaming Splendors here come down
To beautify this nether World with me ?
Such State and Glory did e're Shepherd see ?
My Wits my Sense mistrust, and stay amaz'd,
No Eye on fairer Objects ever gaz'd ;
Sure this is Heaven, for every wandring Star,
Forsaking those great Orbes where whirl'd they are,
All dismal sad Aspects abandoning,
Are here met to salute some gracious King ;
Nor is it strange if they Heaven's Height neglect,
It of undoubted Worth is the Effect :
Then this it is, thy Presence (Royal Youth)
Hath brought them here within an Azymuth,
To tell by me (their Herald) coming Things,
And what each Fate to her stern Distaff sings :
Heavens Volume to unclasp, vast Pages spread,
Mysterious golden Cyphers clear to read :

Hear then the Augur of thy future Days,
And what the starry Senate of Thee says;
For, what is firm decreed in Heaven above,
In vain on Earth strive Mortals to improve.

Saturn.

To fair Hopes to give Reins now it is Time,
And soar as high as just Desires may climb;
O Halcyonian, clear, and happy Day,
From sorry Wights let Sorrow fly away,
And vex Antarick Climes, Great Britain's Woes
Vanish, for Joy now in her Zenith glows;
The old Leucadian Syth-bearing Sire
(Though cold) for thee feels Flames of sweet Desire;
And many Lustres at a perfect Height,
Shall keep thy Scepter's Majesty as bright
And strong in Power and Glory every Way,
As when Thy peerless Parent did it sway,
Ne're turning wrinkled in Time's endless Length;
But one in her first Beauty, youthful Strength,
Like thy rare Mind, which stedfast as the Pole
Still fixed stands, however Spheres do roll;
More, to inhaunce with Favours this thy Reign,
His Age of Gold he doth restore again,
Love, Justice, Honour, Innocence renew,
Men's Sp'rits with white Simplicity indu,
Make all to live in Plenty's endles Store
With equal Shares, none wishing to have more;
No more shall cold the Plow-mens Hopes beguile,
Skies shall on Earth with lovely Glances smile;
Which shall untill'd each Flow'r and Herb bring forth,
And Lands to Gardens turn of equal Worth,
Life (long) shall not be thrall'd to mortal Dates,
Thus Heavens Decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

Jove.

Delight of Heaven, sole Honour of the Earth,
Jove (courting thine Ascendant) at thy Birth
Proclaimed Thee a King and made it true,
That to thy Worth great Monarchies are due;
He gave Thee what was good, and what was great,
What did belong to Love and what to State,
Rare Gifts whose Ardors burn the Hearts of all,
Like Tinder when Flint's Atoms on it fall.
The Tramontane which thy fair Course directs,
Thy Counsels shall approve by their Effects;
Justice kept low by Giants, Wrongs, and Jars,
Thou shalt relieve, and crown with glistening Stars,
Whom nought save Law of Force could keep in Awe,
Thou shalt turn Clients to the Force of Law,
Thou Arms shalt brandish for thine own Defence,
Wrongs to repel, and guard weak Innocence,
Which to thy lait Effort thou shalt uphold,
As Oak the Ivy which it doth enfold;
All overcome, at last thy self o'recome,
Thou shalt make Passion yield to Reason's Doom:
For Smiles of Fortune shall not raise thy Mind,
Nor shall Disasters make it e're declin'd,
True Honour shall reside within thy Court,
Sobriety and Truth there still resort;
Keep promis'd Faith, Thou shalt all Treacheries
Detest, and fawning Parasites despise,
Thou, others to make rich, shalt not make poor
Thy self, but give, that Thou mayst still give more
Thou shalt no Paranympb raise to high Place,
For frizl'd Locks, quaint Pace, or painted Face;
On gorgeous Rayments, Womanizing Toyes,
The Works of Worms, and what a Moth destroys.
The Maze of Fools, thou shalt no Treasure spend,
Thy Charge to Immortality shall tend,
Raise Palaces, and Temples vaulted high,
Rivers o're arch, of Hospitality
And Sciences the ruin'd Inns restore,
With Walls and Ports incircle Neptune's Shore,
To new-found Worlds thy fleets make hold their course,
And find of Canada th' unknown Source,
People those Lands which pass Arabian Fields,
In fragrant Woods and Musk which Zephyre yields;
Thou fear'd of none, shalt not thy People fear,
Thy People's Love Thy Greatnes shall up-rear,

Still Rigour shall not shine, and Mercy lowr,
What Love can do Thou shalt not do by Power;
New and vast Taxes thou shalt not extort,
Load heavy those that Bounty should support,
Thou shalt not strike the Hinge nor Master-Beam
Of thine Estate, but Errors in the same
By harmless Justice graciously reform,
Delighting more in Calm than roaring Storm;
Thou shalt govern in Peace as did thy Sire,
Keep, save Thine own, and Kingdoms new acquire,
Beyond Alcides Pillars, and those Bounds
Where Alexander gain'd the Eastern Crowns,
Till thou the greatest be amongst the Greats;
Thus Heavens ordain, so have decreed the Fates.

Mars.

On of the Lion, Thou of loathsome Bands
Shalt free the Earth, and what e're Thee withstands;
Thy noble Paws shall tear, the God of Thrace
Shall be thy Second; and before thy Face,
To Truth and Justice whilst thou Trophies rears,
Armies shall fall dism'd with Pannick Fears.
As when Aurora in Sky's Azure Lists
Makes Shadows vanish, doth disperse the Mists,
And in a twinkling with her Opal Light,
Night's Horrors checketh, putting Stars to Flight,
More to enflame Thee to this noble Task,
To Thee he here resigns his Sword and Cask,
A Wall of flying Castles, armed Pines
Shall bridge thy Sea like Heaven with Steel that shines,
To aid Earth's Tenants by foul Yokes opprest
And fill with Fears the great King of the West:
To Thee already Victory displays
Her Garlands twin'd with Olive, Oak and Bays;
Thy Triumph finish shall all old Debates,
Thus Heaven's Decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

Sun.

With Wisdom, Glory, Pleasure, stoutest Hearts,
Religion, Laws, Hyperion imparts
To thy just Reign, which shall far far surpass
Of Emperors, Kings, the best that ever was;
Look how he dims the Stars; thy Glory's Rays
So darken shall the Lustre of these Days:
For in fair Virtue's Zodiack thou shalt run,
And in the Heaven of Worthies be the Sun.
No more contemn'd shall hapless Learning ly;
The Maids of Pindus shall be raised high;
For Bay and Ivy which their Brows enrol'd
Thou shalt them deck with Gems and shining Gold:
Thou open shalt Parnassus Chryftal Gates;
Thus Heavens ordain, so do decree the Fates.

Venus.

The Acidalian Queen amidst Thy Bays
Shall twine her Mirtles, grant Thee pleasant Days;
She did make clear Thy House, and with her Light
Of churlish Stars put back the dismal Spight;
The Hymenean Bed fair Brood shall grace,
Which on the Earth continue shall their Race,
While Flora's Treasure shall the Meads endear;
While sweet Pomona Rose-cheek'd Fruits shall bear,
While Phœbe's Beams her Brothers emulates;
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

Mercury.

Great Atlas Nephew, shall the Works of Peace,
(The Springs of Plenty) Tillage, Trades encrease,
And Arts in Time's Gulfs lost again restore,
To their Perfection; nay, find many more,
More perfect Artists, Cyclops in their Forge
Shall mould those brazen Typhons, which disgorge
From their hard Bowels Metal, Flame and Smoak,
Musling the Air up in a sable Cloak.
Geryons, Harpies, Dragons, Sphinges strange
Wheel, where in spacious Gires the Fume doth range,
The Sea shrinks at the Blow, shake doth the Ground,
The World's vast Chambers doth the Sound rebound;
The Stygian Porter leaveth off to bark,
Black Jove appall'd doth shroud him in the Dark;

Many

Many a *Tybie* in Adventures tost
By new-found Skill shall many a Maiden coaft,
With thy fil-winged *Argosies* and out,
Which like the Sun shall run the Earth about;
And far beyond his Paths score wavy Ways,
To *Cathai's* Lands by *Hyperborean Seas*;
He shall endue thee both in Peace and War,
With Wisdom, which than Strength is better far,
Wealth, Honour, Arms and Arts shall grace thy States;
Thus Heavens ordain, so do decree the Fates.

The Moon.

O How the fair Queen with the golden Maids,
The Sun of Night, thy happy Fortune aids;
Though turban'd Princes for a Badge her wear,
To them she wain, to thee would full appear;
Her Hand-maid *Thetis* daily walks the Round
About thy *Delos* that no Force it wound.
Then when thou left'ft it, and abroad didft stray,
(Dear Pilgrim) she did straw with Flowers thy Way,
And turning foreign Force and Counsel vain,
Thy Guard and Guide return'd thee home again;
To thee the Kingdoms, Years, Bliss did divine,
Quelling *Medusa's* grim Snakes with her Shine,
Beneath thy Reign Discord, (fell Mischiefs Forge,
The Banc of Peoples States and Kingdoms Scourge)
Pale Envy (with the Cocatrice's Eye,
Which seeing kills, but seen doth forthwith die:)

Malice, Deceit, Rebellion, Impudence,
Beyond the *Garamants* shall pack them hence,
With every Monster that thy Glory hates,
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

Endymion.

THAT heretofore to thy heroick Mind
Hopes did not answer as they were design'd:
O do not think it strange, Times were not come,
And these fair Stars had not pronounc'd their Doom;
The Destinies did on that Day attend,
When to this Northern Region thou should lend
Thy cheerful Presence, and charg'd with Renown,
Set on thy Brows the *Caledonian Crown*;
Thy Vertues now thy just Desire shall grace,
Stern Chance shall change, and to Desert give Place,
Let this be known to all the Fates, admit
To their grave Counsel, and to every Wit
That courts Heaven's Inside; this let *Sibylls* know
And those mad *Corybans* who dance and glow
On *Dindymus* high Tops with frantick Fire:
Let this be known to all *Apollo's* Quire,
And People let it not be hid from you,
What Mountains noise, and Floods proclaim as true:
Wherever Fame Abroad his Praise shall ring,
All shall observe, and serve this blessed King.

The End of King Charles's Entertainment at Edinburgh, 1633.

MISCELLANIES.

1.

ALL good hath left this Age, all tracks of shame
Mercy is banished, and Pity dead,
Justice from whence it came to *Heaven* is fled;
Religion maim'd, is thought an idle Name,
Faith to Distrust, and Malice hath given place,
Envy with poysn'd Teeth hath Friendship torn,
Renowned Knowledge is a despis'd Scorn,
Now Evil 'tis, all Evil not to embrace.
There is no Life save under servile Bands,
To make Desert a Vassal to their Crimes,
Ambition with Avarice joyn Hands;
O ever-shameful, O most shameless Times!
Save that Sun's Light we see, of Good here tell,
This Earth we court too much, were very Hell,

2.

DOTH then the World go thus, doth all thus move?
Is this the Justice which on Earth we find?
Is this that firm Decree which all doth bind?
Are these your Influences, Pow'r's above?
Those Souls which Vices moody Mifts most blind,
Blind Fortune blindly most their Friend doth prove:
And they who thee (poor Idol) Virtue love
Fly like a Feather toss'd by Storm and Wind.
Ah! (if a Providence doth sway this All.)
Why should best Minds groan under most Distress,
Or why should Pride Humility make thrall,
And Injuries the Innocent oppres?

Heavens hinder, stop this Fate, or grant a Time
When Good may have as well as Bad their Prime:

3. *A Reply.*

WHO do in Good delight
That sovereign Justice ever doth Reward,
And though sometime it smite,
Yet it doth them regard;
For even amidst their Grief
They find a strong Relief,
And Death it self can work them no Despise:

Again, in Evil whc joy,
And do in it grow old,
In midst of Mirth are charg'd with Sin's Annoy,
Which is in Conscience scroll'd,
And when their Life's frail Thred is cut by Time,
They Punishment find equal to each Crime.

4.

Look how in *May the Rose*
At Sulphur's azure Fumes,
In a short Space her Crimson Blush doth lose,
And all amaz'd a pallid White assumes.
So Time our best consumes,
Makes Youth and Beauty pass,
And what was Pride turns Horrour in our Glas.

5. *To a Swallow building near the Statue of Medea.*

FOND Progne, chattering Wretch,
That is *Medea*, there,
Wilt thou thy Younglings Hatch?
Will she keep Thine, her Own, who could not spare?
Learn from her frantick Face
To seek some fitter Place.
What other may'ft thou hope for, what desire,
Save *Stygian Spelis*, Wounds, Poyson, Iron, Fire?

6. *Venus Armed.*

TO practise new Alarms
In *Jove's* great Court above,
The wanton Queen of Love
Of sleeping Mars put on the horrid Arms,
Where gazing in a Glas
To see what Thing she was,
To mock and scoff the Blue-ey'd Maid did move;
Who said, sweet Queen, thus should you have been dight
When *Vulcan* took you napping with your Knight.

L

7. *The*

7. The Boar's-Head.

A Midst a pleasant Green
Which Sun did seldom see,
Where play'd Anchises with the Cyprian Queen,
The Head of a Wild Boar hung on a Tree;
And driven by Zephyres breath
Did fall, and wound the lovely Youth beneath,
On whom yet scarce appears
So much of Blood as Venus Eyes shed Tears.
But ever as She Wept her Anthem was
Change, cruel Change. alas,
My Adon whilst thou liv'd was by thee Slain,
Now Dead, this Lover must thou kill again!

8. To an Owl.

A Scalaphus tell me,
So may Night's Curtain long Time cover Thee,
So Ivy ever may
From irk som Light keep thy Chamber and Bed,
And in Moon's Liv'ry cled;
So mayst thou scorn the Quiristers of Day,
When plaining thou dost stay
Near to the sacred Window of my Dear,
Dost ever thou her hear
To Wake, and steal swift Hours from drowsy Sleep?
And when she wakes, doth e're a stoll'n Sigh creep
Into thy list'ning Ear?
If that Deaf God doth yet her careless keep,
In louder Notes my Grief with thine exprest,
Till by thy Shrieks she think on my Distress.

9. Daphnis.

Now Daphnis Arms did grow
In slender Branches, and her braided Hair
Which like gold Waves did flow,
In leavy Twigs were stretched in the Air,
The grace of either Foot
Transform'd was to a Root,
A tender Bark enwraps her Body fair.
He who did cause her Ill
Sore-wailing stood, and from his blubber'd Eyne
Did Show rs of Tears upon the Rine distill,
Which water'd thus did bud and turn more Green.
O deep Despair! O Heart-apalling Grief,
When that doth Woe encrease should bring Relief.

10. The Bear of Love.

In Woods and Desart Bounds
A Beast abroad doth roam,
So loving Sweetness and the Honey-Comb,
It doth despise the Arms of Bees and Wounds:
I by like Pleasure led
To prove what Heavens did place
Of sweet on your fair Face,
Whilf therewith I am fed,
Rest careless (Bear of Love) of Hellish Smart,
And how those Eyes afflict and wound my Heart,

11. Five Sonnets for Galatea.

I.
Strepion, in vain thou brings thy Rimes and Songs,
Deckt with grave Pindar'sold and wither'd Flow'rs.
In vain thou count'ft the fair Europa's Wrongs,
And her whom Jove deceiv'd in Golden Show'rs.
Thou hast slept never under Mirtles Shade,
Or if that Passion hath thy Soul opprest
It is but for some Grecian Mistress Dead.
Of such old Signs thou dost discharge thy Breast;
How can true Love with Fables hold a Place?
Thou who with Fables dost set forth thy Love,
Thy Love a pretty Fable needs must prove,
Thou sweet for Grace, in Scorn more to disgrace;
I cannot think thou wert Charm'd by my Looks,
O no, thou learn'dst thy Love in Lovers Books.

II.

No more with Candid Words infect mine Ears,
Tell me no more how that ye pine in Anguish
When sound ye sleep: No more say that ye languish,
No more in sweet Despite say you spend Tears,

Who hath such hollow Eyes as not to see;
How those that are Hair-brain'd boast of Apollo,
And bold give out the Muses do them follow,
Though in Love's Library yet no Lover's be.
If we poor Souls least Favour but them shew,
That straight in Wanton Lines Abroad is blaz'd,
Their Names do soar on our Fame's Overthrow,
Mark'd is our Lightness whilst their Wits are Prais'd;
In silent Thoughts who can no Secret Cover,
He may, say we, but not well, be a Lover.

III.

Ye who with curious Numbers, sweetest Art,
Frame Dedal Nets our Beauty to surprize,
Telling strange Castles builded in the Skies,
And Tales of Cupid's Bow, and Cupid's Dart;
Well, howsoever ye Aet your fained Smart,
Molesting quiet Ears with Tragick Cries,
When you accuse our Chastity's best Part,
Nam'd Cruelty, ye seem not half too Wise,
Yea, ye your selves it deem most worthy Praise;
Beautie's best Guard; that Dragon which doth keep
Hesperian Fruit, the Spur in you does raise;
That Delian Wit that otherways may Sleep.
To Cruel Nymphs your Lines do Fame afford,
Of many pitiful, not one poor Word.

IV.

If it be Love to wake out all the Night,
And watchful Eyes drive out in dewy Moans;
And when the Sun brings to the World his Light
To waste the Day in Tears and bitter Groans.
If it be Love to dim weak Reason's Beam
With Clouds of strange Desire, and make the Mind
In hellish Agonies a Heav'n to Dream,
Still seeking Comforts where but Griefs we find;
If it be Love to stain with wanton Thought
A spotless Chastity, and make it try
More furious Flames than his whose Cunning wrought
That Brazen Bull where he intomo'd did fry.
Then sure is Love the Causer of such Woes,
Be ye our Lovers, or our Mortal Foes.

V.

And would you then shake off Love's Golden Chain,
With which it is best Freedom to be bound?
And Cruel, do you seek to haie the Wound
Of Love, which hath such sweet and pleasant Pain?
All that is subject unto Nature's Reign
In Skies above, or on this lower Round,
When it is long and far sought, End hath found,
Doth in Decadence fall, and slack remain,
Behold the Moon how gay her Face doth grow
Till she kis all the Sun, then doth decay;
See how the Seas tumultuously do flow
Till they embrace lov'd Banks, then post away:
So is't with Love, unles you love me still;
O do not think I'll yield unto your Will.

12.

Care's charming Sleep, Son of the Sable Night
Brother to Death, in silent Darkness born,
Destroy my Languish e're the Day be Light,
With dark forgetting of my Care's Return,
And let the Day be long enough to mourn
The Ship-wreck of my ill-adventured Youth;
Let watry Eyes suffice to wail their Scorn
Without the Troubles of the Night's Untruth;
Cease Dreams, fond Image of my fond Desires,
To model forth the Passions of to morrow;
Let never rising Sun approve your Tears
To add more Grief to aggravate my Sorrow:
Still let me Sleep, embracing Clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the Day's Disdain.

13. Comparison of his Thoughts to Pearls.

With open Shells in Seas, on Heavenly Dew,
A shining Oyster lusciously doth feed,
And then the Birth of that Etherial Seed
Shews when conceiv'd, if Skies look Dark or Blue:

So do my Thoughts (Celestial Twins) of you,
At whose Aspect they first begin and breed,
When they came forth to light, demonstrate true,
If ye then smil'd, or low'r'd in mourning Weed :
Pearls then are Orient fram'd, and fair in Form
If Heavens in their Conceptions do look clear :
But if they thunder or do threat a Storm,
They sadly dark and cloudy do appear ;
Right so my Thoughts, and so my Notes do change
Sweet if ye smile, and hoarse if ye look strange.

14. *All changeth.*

THe angry Winds not ay
Do cuff the roaring Deep ;
And though Heavens often Weep,
Yet do they smile for Joy when comes Dismay ;
Frosts do not ever Kill the Pleasant Flow'rs,
And Love hath Sweets, when gone ate all the Sowrs.
This said a Shepherd cloising in his Arms
His Dear, who blusht to feel Loves new Alarms.

15. *Silenus to King Midas.*

THe greatest Gift that from their lofty Thrones
The All-governing Pow'rs to Man can give,
Is, that he never breath, or breathing once
A Suckling end his Days, and leave to live,
For then he neither knows the Woe nor Joy
Of Life, nor fears the Stygian Lake's Annoy.

16. *To his Amorous Thought.*

Sweet wanton Thought, who art of Beauty born,
And who on Beauty feed'st, and sweet Desire,
Like Taper-flee still circling, and still turn
About that Flame; that all so much admire.
That heavenly Fair, which doth out-blush the Morn,
Those Ivory Hands, those Threads of Golden-Wire
Thou still surroudest, yet darst not Aspire ;
Sure thou dost well that Place not to come near.
Nor see the Majesty of that fair Court ;
For if thou saw'st what Wonders there Resort,
The poor Intelligence that moves that Sphere
Like Souls ascending to those Joys above,
Back never wouldest thou turn, nor thence remove.
What can we hope for more ? what more enjoy?
Since fairest Things thus soonest have their End,
And as on Bodies Shadows do attend,
Soon all our Blis is follow'd with —
Yet she's not Dead, the Lives where she did Love,
Her Memory on Earth, her Soul above.

17. *A Translution.*

I.

AH! silly Soul, what wilt thou say,
When he whom Earth and Heaven obey
Comes Man to judge in the last Day ?

II.

When he a Reason asks why Grace
And Goodness thou wouldest not embrace,
But steps of Vanity didst trace ?

III.

That Day of Terror, Vengeance, Ire,
Now to prevent thou shouldest desire,
And to thy God in Haste retire.

IV.

With wat'ry Eyes, and Sigh-swollen Heart,
O beg, beg in his Love a Part,
Whilist Conscience with Remorse doth smart.

V.

That dreaded Day of Wrath and Shame
In Flames shall turn this World's huge Frame,
As sacred Prophets do Proclaim.

VI.

O ! with what Grief shall Earthlings groan
When that great Judge set on his Throne
Examines strictly every one.

VII.
Shrill-sounding Trumpets, through the Air,
Shall from dark Sepulchres each where
Force wretched Mortals to appear.

VIII.
Nature and Death amaz'd remain
To find their Dead arise again,
And Proces with their Judge maintain.

IX.
Display'd then open Books shall lye
Which all those Secret Crimes descry,
For which the Guilty World must Dye.

X.
The Judge enthron'd (whom Bribes not gain)
The closest Crimes appear shall plain,
And none unpunished remain.

XI.
O who then pity shall poor me!
Or who mine Advocate shall be ?
When scarce the Justest pals shall free.

XII.
All wholly Holy Dreadful King,
Who freely Life to Thine dost bring,
Of Mercy save me, Mercy's Spring.

XIII.
Then (sweet *jeu*) call to mind
How of Thy Pains I was the End,
And Favour let me that Day find.

XIV.
In Search of me Thou full of Pain
Did'st sweat Blood, Death on Cross sustain,
Let not these Sufferings be in vain.

XV.
Thou suprem Judge, most Just and Wise,
Purge me from Guilt which on me lies
Before that Day of thine Assize;

XVI.
Charg'd with Remorse (lo) here I groan,
A Blush take on ;
Ah ! Spare me prostrate — Throne.

XVII.
Who Mary Magdalen didst spare,
And lend'st the Thief on Cross Thine Ear,
Shew me fair Hopes I should not fear.

XVIII.
My Prayers imperfect are and weak,
But worthy of Thy Grace them make,
And save me from Hell's Burning Lake.

XIX.
On that Great Day, at Thy Right-hand
Grant I amongst thy Sheep may stand,
Sequestred from the goatish Band.

XX.
When that the Reprobates are all
To everlasting Flames made thrall,
O to Thy Chosen (Lord) me call ;

XXI.
That I one of Thy Company,
With those whom Thou dost justify,
May live blest in Eternity.

18. *A Translation of Sr. John Scot's Verses, beginning, Quod vitæ sectabor iter.*

WHat course of life should wretched Mortals take ?
In Books hard Questions large contention make ;

Care dwells in Housles, Labour in the Field,
Tumultuous Seas affrightning Dangers yield,
In foreign Lands thou never canst be blest :
If Rich, thou art in Fear; if Poor, Distrest.
In Wedlock frequent Discontentments swell;
Unmarried Perlons as in Deserts dwell.

How many Troubles are with Children born ?
Yet he that wants them counts himself forlorn.
Young Men are wanton, and of Wisdom void :
Gray-hairs are col'd, unfit to be employ'd.
Who would not one of those two Offers try,
Not to be Born: or, being Born to Dye ?

EPITAPHS.

I. A Pastoral Elegy on the Death of Sir William Alexander.

IN sweetest Prime, and blooming of his Age,
Dear *Alcon* ravish'd from this Mortal Stage,
The Shepherds mourn'd, as they him Lov'd before;
Among the Rout him *Idmon* did deplore.
Idmon, who, whether Sun in East did rise,
Or dive in West, pour'd Torrents from his Eyes
Of liquid Chrystal under Hawthorn shade,
At last to Trees and Rocks this Plaint he made.
Alcon Delight of Heaven, Desire of Earth,
Off-spring of *Phæbus*, and the Muses Birth,
The Graces Darling, *Adon* of our Plains,
Flame of the fairest Nymphs the Earth sustains,
What Power of thee hath us bereft ? What Fate
By thy untimely Fall would ruinate
Our Hopes ? O Death ! what treasure in one Hour
Hast thou dispersed ? How dost thou devour
What we on Earth hold dearest ? All things good,
Too envious Heavens, how blast ye in the Bud ?
The Corn the greedy Reapers cut not down
Before the Fields with golden Ears it crown ;
Nor doth the verdant Fruits the Gardner pull :
But thou art cropt before thy Years were full.
With thee (sweet Youth) the Glories of our Fields
Vanish away, and what Contentments yields.
The Lakes their Silver Look, the Woods their Shades,
The Springs their Chrystal want, their verdure Meads,
The Years their early Seasons, cheerful Days,
Hills gloomy stand now desolate of Rays :
Their amorous Whispers *Zephyres* not us bring,
Nor do Aire's Quiristers salute the Spring,
The freezing winds our Gardens do deflour.
Ah Destinies, and you whom Skies embow'r,
To his fair Spoils his Sprit again yet give,
And like another *Phoenix* make him live. (Stems,
The Herbs, though cut, sprout fragrant from their
And make with Crimson blush our Anadem :
The Sun when in the West he doth decline,
Heaven's brightest Tapers at his Funerals shine ;
His Face, when wash't in the *Atlantick* Seas,
Revives; and chears the Welkin with new Rays :
Why should not he, since of more pure a Frame
Return to us again, and be the same ?
But Wretch what wish I ? To the Winds I send
These Plaints and Prayers, Destinies cannot lend
Thee more of Time, nor Heavens consent will thus,
Thou leave their starry World to dwell with us ;
Yet shall they not thee keep amidst their Spheres
Without those Lamentations and Tears.
Thou wast all Virtue, Courtesy and Worth,
And as Sun's Light is in the Moon set forth ;
World's suprem Excellence in thee did shine :
Not, though Eclipsed now, shalt thou decline,
But in our Memories live, while Dolphins Streams
Shall haunt, whilst Eagles stare on *Titan* beams ;
Whilst Swains upon their Chrystal Tombs shall sing,
Whilst Violets with Purple paint the Spring.
A gentler Shepherd Flocks did never feed
On *Albions* Hills, nor sung to oaten Reed :
Whilst what she found in Thee my Muse would blaze,
Grief doth distract Her, and cut short thy Praise.
How oft have we, environ'd by the Throng
Of tedious Swains, the cooler Shades among,

Condemn'd Earths glow-worm Greatness, and the
Of Fortune scorn'd, deeming it Disgrace (chace
To court Unconstancy ? How oft have we
Some *Chloris* name Graven in each Virgin-Tree,
And finding Favours fading, the next Day
What we had crav'd we did deface away ?
Woeful Remembrance ! Nor Time nor Place
Of thy Abode ment shadows any Trace.
But there to me thou shin'st : Late glad Desires,
And ye once Roses how are ye turn'd, Bryars ?
Contentments passed, and of Pleasures chief,
Now are ye frightful Horrors, Hells of Grief ?
When from thy native Soil Love had Thee driven,
(Thy safe Return prefigurating) a Heaven
Of flattering Hopes did in my Fancy move,
Then little dreaming it should Atoms prove.
These Groves preserve will I, these loved Woods,
These Orchards, rich with Fruits, with Fish these
My *Alcon* will Return, and once again (Floog)
His chosen Exiles he will entertain ;
The populous City holds him, amongst Harms
Of some fierce *Cyclops*, *Circe's* stronger Charms.
These Banks (said I) he visit will, and Streams,
These silent Shades ne're kist by courting Beams.
Far, far off I will meet him, and I first
Shall him approaching know, and first be blest
With his Aspect, I first shall hear his Voice,
Him find the same he parted, and rejoice
To learn his pass'd Perils, know the Sports
Of foreign Shepherds, *Fawns*, and Fairy-Courts.
No Pleasure to the Fields, a happy State
Enjoy, secure from what they hate :
Free of proud Cares they innocently spend
The Day, nor do black Thoughts their Ease offend,
Wise Nature's Darlings they live in the World,
Perplexing not themselves how it is hurl'd.
These Hillocks *Phæbus* loves, *Ceres* these Plains,
These Shades the *Sylvans*, and here *Pales* strains
Milk in the Pales; the Maids which haunt the Springs
Dance on these Pastures, here *Amynas* Sings ;
Hesperian Gardens, *Tempe's* Shades are here,
Or what the Eastern Inde and West hold Dear.
Come then, dear Youth, the Wood-Nymphs twine thee
With Rose and Lilly, to impale thy Brows. (Boughs
Thus ignorant, I mus'd, not conscious yet
Of what by Death was done, and ruthless Fate :
Amidst these Trances Fame thy Loss doth sound,
And through my Ears gives to my Heart a Wound ;
With stretch'd out Arms I sought thee to Embrace,
But clasp'd (Amaz'd) a Coffin in thy Place.
A Coffin ! of our Joys which had the Trust,
Which told that thou wert come but chang'd to Dust :
Scarce, even when felt, could I believe this Wrack,
Nor that thy Time and Glory Heavens would Break.
Now since I cannot see my *Alcon's* Face,
And find nor Vows, nor Prayers to have place
With guilty Stars, this Mountain shall become
To me a sacred Altar, and a Tomb
To famous *Alcon* : here as Days, Months, Years
Do circling glide, I sacrifice will Tears :
Here spend my remnant Time, exil'd from Mirth,
Till Death at last turn Monarch of my Earth.
Shepherds on *Forth*, and you by *Doven* Rocks,
Which use to sing and sport, and keep your Flocks.

Pay

Pay Tribute here of Tears, ye never had
To aggravate your Moans a Cause more sad ;
And to their Sorrows hither bring your Mands,
Charged with sweetest Flow'rs, and with pure Hands ;
(Fair Nymphs) the Blushing Hyacinth and Rose
Spred on the Place his Reliefs do enclose,
Weave Garlands to his Memory, and put
Over his Hearse a Verse in Cypress Cut :
Vertue did dye, Goodnes but Harm did give,
After the noble Alcon ceas'd to Live,
Friendship an Earthquake suffer'd ; losing Him,
Love's brightest Constellation turned dim ;

Hymn.

Saviour of Mankind, Man Emanuel,
Who sinless died for Sin, who vanquish't Hell,
The First-fruits of the Grave, whose Life did give
Light to our Darkness, in whose Death we Live.
O strengthen Thou my Faith, correct my Will,
That mine may Thine obey; Protect me still,
So that the latter Death may not devour
My Soul seal'd with Thy Seal ; so in the Hour
When Thou whose Body sanctify'd thy Tomb
(Unjustly judg'd) a glorious Judge shalt come
To judge the World with Justice ; by that Sign
I may be known and entertain'd for Thine.

II. An Epitaph of one named Margaret.

IN Shells and Gold Pearls are not kept alone,
A Margaret here lies beneath a Stone ;
A Margaret that did excel in Worth
All those rich Gems the Indies both send forth.
Who had she liv'd when Good was lov'd of Men,
Had made the Graces Four, the Muses Ten,
And forc'd those happy Times her Days that claim'd
From her to be the Age of Pearl still nam'd ;
She was the richest Jewel of her Kind,
Grac'd with more Lustre than she left behin'd,
All Goodnes, Vertue, Bounty, and could chear
The saddest Minds, now Nature knowing here
How Things but shwon, then hidden are lov'd best,
This Margaret shrin'd in this Marble Chest.

III. On a Drunkard.

NOr Aramanths nor Roses do bequeath
Unto this Hearse, but Tamarisks and Wine,
For that same Thirst, though dead, yet doth him pine,
Which made him so carouse while he drew Breath.

IV. Aretinus Epitaph.

Here Aretine lies, bitter Gall,
Who whilst he liv'd spoke evil of all,
Only of God the Arrant Sot
Nought said, but that he knew him not.

V. Verses on the late William Earl
of Pembroke.

I.
THe doubtful Fears of Change so fright my Mind,
Though raised in the highest Joy in Love,
As in this slippery State more Grief I find,
Than they who never such a Bliss did prove ;
But fed with lingring Hopes of future Gain,
Dream not what 'tis to doubt a Loser's Pain.

II.

Desire a safer Harbour is than Fear,
And not to rise less Danger than to fall ;
The want of Jewels we far better bear,
Than so possest at once to lose them all :
Unsatified Hopes Time may repair,
When ruin'd Faith must finish in Despair.

III.

Alas ! Ye look but up the Hill on me,
Which shews to you a fair and smooth Ascent,
The Precipice behind ye cannot see,
On which high Fortunes are too prone bent :

If there I slip, what former Joy or Bliss
Can heal the Bruise of such a Fall as this ?

VI. A Reply.

I.

Who Love enjoys, and placed hath his Mind
Where fairer Vertues fairest Beauties grace,
Then in himself such Store of Worth doth find,
That he deserves to hold so good a Place ;
For chilling Fears how can he be set forth,
Whose fears condemn his own, doubts others Worth ?

II.

Desire, as Flaines of Zeal, Fear, Horroors meets,
They rise who fall of falling never prov'd.
Who is so dainty satiate with Sweets
To murmur when the Banket is remov'd ?
The fairest Hopes Time in the Bud destroys,
When sweet are Memories of ruin'd Joys.

III.

It is no Hill but Heaven where you remain,
And whom Desert advanced hath so high
To reach the Guerdon of his burning Pain,
Must not repine to fall, and falling dye,
His Hopes are crown'd, what Years of tedious breath
Can them compare with such a happy Death ?

VII. Upon John Earl of Lauderdale's
Death.

I.

Of those rare Worthies, who adorn'd our North
And shin'd like Constellations, Thou alone
Remain'dst last (great *Maitland*) charg'd with Worth,
Second in Vertue's Theatre to none -
But finding all Eccentrick in our Times,
Religion into Superstition turn'd,
Justice silenc'd, exiled, or inurn'd :
Truth, Faith, and Charity reputed Crimes.
The Young-Man destinate by Sword to fall,
And Trophies of their Countries Spoils to rear ;
Strange Laws the Ag'd, and Prudent to apal,
And forc'd sad Yokes of Tyranny to bear.

And for nor great, nor virtuous Minds a Room,
Distraining Life, thou shroud'st in thee thy Tomb.

II.

When Misdevotion every where shall take place,
And lofty Orators in thundring Terms
Shall move you (People) to arise in Arms,
And Churches hallow'd Policy deface ;
When you shall but one general Sepulchre
(As *Averroes* did one general Soul)
On high, on low, on good, on bad confer,
And your dull Predecessors Rites controul ;
Ah spare this Monument, great Guests it keeps,
Three grave Justiciars, whom true Worth did raise,
The Muses Darlings, whose Los's *Phæbus* weeps :
Best Men's Delight, the Glory of their Days,
More we would say but fear, and stand in Awe
To turn Idolaters, and break your Law.

III.

Do not repine (blest Soul) that humble Wits
Do make thy Worth the Matter of their Verse :
No high-strain'd Muse our Times and Sorrows fits :
And we do Sigh, not Sing, to crown thy Hearse.
The wisest Prince, e're manag'd *Britain's* State
Did not disdain in Numbers clear and brave,
The Vertues of thy Sire to celebrate,
And fix a rich Memorial on his Grave.
Thou didst deserve no less ; and here in Jet,
Gold, Touch, Brass, Prophyry, or *Parian* Stone,
That by a Prince's Hand no Lines are set
For thee : the Cause is now this Land hath none.
Such Gyant Moods our Parity forth brings,
We all will nothing be, or all be Kings.

VIII. To the Obsequies of the blessed Prince,
James, King of Great Britain.

Let Holy David, Solomon the Wise,
That King, whose breast *Ageria* did inflame:
Augustus, Helen's Son, great in all Eyes,
Do Homage low to Thy Mausolean Frame,
And bow before Thy Laurels Anadem.
Set all those Sacred Swains, which to the Skies
By never-dying Lays have rais'd their Name,
From North to South, where Sun doth set and rise.
Religion Orphan'd, waileth o're Thy Urn,
Justice weeps out her Eyes, now truly Blind,
To Niobe's the remnant Vertues turn:
Fame, but to blaze Thy Glories, stays behind
I'th' World, which late was golden by thy Breath,
Is Iron turn'd, and horrid by Thy Death.

IX. On the Death of a young Lady.

THis Beauty which pale Death in Dust did turn,
And clos'd so soon within a Coffin sad,
Did pass like Lightning, like to Thunder burn;
So little Life, so much of Worth it had!
Heavens but to shew their Might here made it shine,
And when admir'd, then in the World's Disdain
(O Tears, O Grief,) did call it back again,
Lest Earth should vaunt She kept what was Divine.
What can we hope for more? what more enjoy?
Sith fairest Things thus sooneft have their End;
And, as on Bodies Shadows do attend,
Sith all our Bliss is follow'd with Annoy!
She is not Dead, she lives where she did love,
Her Memory on Earth, her Soul above.

Fond Wight, who dream'dt of Greatness, Glory,
And Worlds of Pleasure, Honours doft devile,
Awake, learn how that here thou art not great,
Nor glorious, by this Monument turn wise.

One it enshrineth, sprung of ancient Stem,
And if that Blood Nobility can make,
From which some Kings have not disdain'd to take
Their proud Descent, a rare and matchless Gem.

A Beauty here it holds, alas, too fast,
Than which no Blooming Rose was more refin'd,
Nor Morning's Blush more radiant ever shin'd,
Ah! too too like to Morn and Rose at last.

It holds her who in Wit's Ascendant far
Did Years and Sex transcend, To whom the Heaven
More Virtue than to all this Age had given,
For Virtue Meteor turn'd, when she a Star.

Fair Mirth, sweet Conversation, Modesty,
And what those Kings of Numbers did conceive
By Muses Nine, and Graces more than Three,
Lye clos'd within the Compass of this Grave.

Thus Death all Earthly Glories doth confound,
Lo! how much Worth a little Dust doth bound.

Far from these Banks exiled be all Joys,
Contentments, Pleasures, Musick (Care's Relief)
Tears, Sighs, Complaints, Horrors, Frightments, sad Annoyes
Invest these Mountains, fill all Hearts with Grief.

Here Nightingales and Turtles vent your Moans;
Amphyrian Shepherd here come feed thy Flock,
And read thy *Hyacinth* amidst our Groans,
Plaine, Echo, thy *Narcissus* from our Rocks.

Lost have our Meads their Beauty, Hills their Gems
Our Brooks their Chrystral, Groves their pleasant shade
The fairest Flow'r of all our Academs
Death cropp'd hath, the *Lesbia* chaste is dead.

Thus sigh'd the *Tyne*, then shrunk beneath his Urn,
And Meads, Brooks, Rivers, Hills about did Mourne.

The Flower of Virgins in her Prime of Years
By ruthless Destinies is ta'n away,
And rap'd from Earth, poor Earth, before this Day,
Which ne're was rightly nam'd a Vale of Tears.

Beauty to Heaven is fled, sweet Modesty
No more appears; she whose harmonious Sounds
Did ravish Sense, and charm Mind's deepest Wounds,
Embal'm'd with many a Tear now low doth lye.

Fair Hopes now vanish'd are; she should have grac'd
A Prince's Marriage-Bed; but (lo!) in Heaven
Blest Paramours to her were to be given!
She liv'd an Angel, now is with them plac'd.

Virtue is but a Name exactly trim'd,
Interpreting what she was in Effect,
A Shadow from her Frame which did reflect,
A Pourtrait by her Excellencies limn'd.

Thou whom Free-will, or Chance hath bither brought,
And read'ft; here lies a Branch of *Maitland's* Stem,
And *Seton's* Off-spring: know that either Name
Designs all Worth, yet reacht by humane Thought.

Tombs (else-where) use Life to their Guests to give,
These Ashes can frail Monuments make live.

X. Another on the same Subject.

Ike to the Garden's Eye, the Flower of Flow'rs
With purple Pomp that dazzle doth the Sight;
Or as among the lesser Gems of Night,
The Iffler of the Planet of the Hours:
Sweet Maid, thou shinedst on this World of Ours,
Of all Perfections having trac'd the Height,
Thine outward Frame was fair, fair inward Powers,
A Saphire Lanthorn, and an Incense Light.
Hence the enamour'd Heaven, as too too good
On Earth's all-thorny Soyl long to abide,
Translated to their Fields so rare a Bud,
Where from thy Sun no Cloud thee now can hide.
Earth moan'd her Loss, and wish'd she had the grace
Not to have known, or knowna thee longer Space.

Hard Laws of Mortal Life! (Consent,
To which made Thralls we come without,
Like Tapers lighted to be early spent,
Our Griefs are always ripe,
When Joys but halting march, and swiftly fly
Like Shadows in the Eye:
The Shadow doth not yield unto the Sun,
But Joys and Life do waste even when begun.

XI. On the Death of a Nobleman in Scotland, buried at Aithen.

Aithen, thy Pearly Coronet let fall,
Clad in sad Robes upon thy Temples set,
The Weeping Cypres, or the Sable Jet.

Mourn this thy Nursing's Loss, a Loss which all
Apollo's Quire bemoans, which many Years
Cannot repair, nor Influence of Spheres.

Ah! when shalt thou find Shepherd like to him,
Who made thy Banks more famous by his Worth,
Then all those Gems thy Rocks and Streams send forth.

His Splendor others Glow-worm Light did dim,
Sprung of an ancient and a virtuous Race,
He Virtue more than many did embrace.

He fram'd to Mildness thy Half-barbarous Swains,
The Good-man's Refuge, of the Bad the Fright,
Unparallel'd in Friendship, World's Delight. For

For Hospitality along thy Plains
Far-fam'd, a Patron, and a Pattern fair,
Of Piety, the Muses chief Repair.

Most debonaire in Courtesy suprem,
Lov'd of the Mean, and honour'd by the Great,
Ne're dash'd by Fortune, nor cast down by Fate,
To present, and to after-Times a Theme.
Aitben, thy Tears pour on this Silent Grave,
And drop them in thy Alabaster Cave,
And Niobe's Imagery become;
And when thou hast distilled here a Tomb,
Enchase in it thy Pearls, and let it bear,
Aitben's best Gem and Honour shrin'd lies here.

XII.

Fame Register of Time
Write in thy Scrawl, that I
Of Wisdom Lover, and Sweet Poesy,
Was cropp'd in my Prime:
And ripe in Worth, though green in Years, did dye.

XIII.

Justice, Truth, Peace, and Hospitality,
Friendship, and Love, being relolv'd to dye
In these lewd Times, have chosen here to have
With just true Pious their Grave;
Them cherish'd he so much, so much did grace,
That they on Earth would chuse none other Place.

XIV.

When Death to deck his Trophies stopt thy Breath
Rare Ornament and Glory of these Parts,
All with moist Eyes might lay, and routhful Hearts,
That things immortal vassal'd were to Death.

What good in Parts on many shar'd we see
From Nature, gracious Heaven, or Fortune flow,
To make a Master-piece of worth below,
Heaven, Nature, Fortune gave in gross to Thee.

In Honour, Bounty, rich, in Valour, Wit,
In Courtesy, born of an ancient Race,
With Bays in War, with Olives crown'd in Peace,
Match'd great, with Off-spring for great Actions fit.

No Rust of Times, nor Change, thy Virtue wan
With times to change, when Truth, Faith, Love decay'd
In this new Age (like Fate) thou fixed stay'd
Of the first World an all substantial Man.

As erst this Kingdom given was to thy Syre,
The Prince his Daughter trusted to thy Care,
And well the Credit of a Gem so rare
Thy Loyalty and Merit did require.

Years cannot wrong thy Worth that now appears
By others set as Diamonds among Pearls,
A Queen's dear Foster, Father to three Earls,
Enough on Earth to triumph are o're Years.

Life a Sea-Voyage is, Death is the Haven,
And fraught with Honour there thou hast arriv'd,
Which Thousands seeking have on Rocks been driven,
That Good adorns thy Grave which with thee liv'd:

For a frail Life which here thou didst enjoy,
Thou now a lasting hast freed of Annoy.

XV.

Within the Closure of this narrow Grave
Lye all those Graces a Good-wife could have:
But on this Marble they shall not be Read,
For then the Living envy would the Dead.

XVI.

The Daughter of a King of Princely Parts,
In Beauty eminent, in Virtues chief,
Load-star of Love, and Load-stone of all Hearts,
Her Friends and Husband's only Joy, now Grief:
Is here pent up within a Marble Frame,
Whose Parallel no Times, no Climates claim.

XVII.

Vertes frail Records are to keep a Name,
Or raise from Dust Men to a Life of Fame,
The Sport and Spoil of Ignorance; but far
More frail the Frames of Touch and Marble are,
With Envy, Avarice, Time e're long confound,
Or Mis-devotion equals with the Ground.
Vertue alone doth last, frees Man from Death,
And, though despis'd and scorned here beneath,
Stands grav'n in Angels Diamantine Rolls,
And blazed in the Courts above the Poles.
Thou wast fair Vertue's Temple, they did dwell,
And liv'd ador'd in thee, nought did excel
But what thou either didst posses or love,
The Graces Darling, and the Maids of *Jove*,
Courted by Fame for Bounties which the Heaven
Gave thee in great, which if in Parcels given
To many, such we happy sure might call,
How happy then wast thou who enjoy'dst them all?
A whiter Soul ne're Body did invent,
And now (sequestred) cannot be but blest,
In rob'd in Glory, 'midst those Hi'archies
Of that immortal People of the Skies,
Bright Saints and Angels, there from Cares made free
Nought doth becloud thy sovereign Good from Thee.
Thou smil'st at Earth's Confusions and Jars,
And how for *Centaures* Children we wage Wars:
Like Honey-Flees whose Rage whole Swarms confunes
Till Dust thrown on them makes them vail their
Thy Friends to thee a Monument woul'd raise,) Plumes:
And limn thy Vertues; but dull Grief thy Praise
Breaks in the Entrance, and our Task proves vain,
What Duty writes, that Woe blots out again:
Yet Love a Pyramid of Sighs thee rears,
And doth entomb thee with Fare-wells and Tears;

XVIII.

I.

Though Marble Porphyry, and mourning Touch,
May praise these Spoils, yet can they not too
For Beauty last, and this Stone doth close, (much
Once Earth's Delight, Heaven's Care, a purest Rose:
And (Reader) shouldst thou but let fall a Tear
Upon it, other Flow'r's shall here Appear,
Sad Violets and Hyacinths which grow
With Marks of Grief, a publick Loss to show.

II.

Relenting Eye, which deignest to this Stone
To lend a Look, behold, here laid in one,
The Living, and the Dead interr'd, for dead
The Turtle in its Mate is; and she fled
From Earth, her choos'd this place of Grief
To bound Thoughts, a small and sad Relief.
He is this Monument, for hers no Art
Could frame, a Pyramid rais'd of his Heart.

III.

Instead of Epitaphs and airy Praise
This Monument a Lady chas't did raise
To her Lord's living Fame, and after Death
Her Body doth unto this Place bequeath,
To rest with his, till God's shril Trumpet sound,
Though time her Life, no time her Love could bound,

XIX. To Sir William Alexander.

Though I have Twice been at the doors of Death,
And Twice found shut those Gates which ever
This but a Lightning is, Truce ta'en to Breath, (mourn
For late born Sorrows augur fleet Return.
Amidst thy sacred Cares, and Courtly Toils,
Alexis, when thou shalt hear wandring Fame
Tell, Death hath triumph'd o're my mortal Spoils,
And that on Earth I am but a sad Name;
If thou e're held me dear, by all our Love,
By all that Bliss those Joys Heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the Maids of *Jove*,
To grave this short Remembrance on my Grave.

Here Damon lies, whose Songs did sometime grace
The murmur'ring Esk, may Roses shade the place.

POLEMO-MIDDINIA

Inter Vitarvam & Nebernam.

NYMPHÆ, quæ colitis highissima monta Fifæ,
Seu vos Pittenwema tenent, seu Crelia crosta,
Sive Anstræa domus, ubi nat Haddocuſ in undis,
Codlineusque ingens, ubi Fleucca & Sketta
pererrant

Per costam, & scopolis Lobster monifootus in undis
Creepat, & in mediis ludit Whitenius undis :
Et vos Skipperii, soliti qui per mare breddum
Valde procul lanchare toris, iterumque redire,
Linquite skellatas botas, shippasque picatas,
Whistlante que simul fechtam memorate bloodæam,
Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
Banda Deum, quoque Nympharum Cockeſielearum
Maia ubi Sheepifeda, atq; ubi Solgoofera Baffa
Swellant in pelago, cum Sobootatus Edenum
Postabat radiis madidis & shouribus atris.

Quo viſo ad ſechtae noſan cecidere volucres.
Ad terram, cecidere grues, pliſh pliſh que dedere
Solgoofæ in peſago prope littora Bruntilliana ;
Sea-fuſor obſtupuit, ſumique in margine faxi
Scartavit præluitre caput, wingsque flapavit.
Quodque magis, alte volitans Heronius ipſe
Ingerimans clig clag mediis ſhitavit in undis.

Namque a principio Storiam tellabimus omnem,
Muckrélium ingentem turbam Vitarva per agros
Neberna marchare fecit, & dixit ad illos,
“ Ite hodie armati greppis, dryvate caballos
“ Neberna per croita, atque iplas ante fenefras.
Quod si forte ipſa Neberna venerit extra,
Warrantabo omnes, & vos bene defendebo.

Hic aderant Geordy Akinbedius, & little Johnus,
Et Jamy Richæus, & front Michel Hendersonus,
Qui jolly trypas ante alios dansare solebat,
Et bobbare bene, & laſſas kiffare bonæas ;
Duncan Olyphantus, valde stalwartus, & ejus
Filius eldeſtus jolyboyus, atque oldmoudus,
Qui pleugham longo gaddo dryvare solebat ;
Et Rob Gib wantonus homo, atque Oliver Hutchin,

(Aiken)

Et ploucky-fac'd Watty Strang, atque inkneed Alcknda
Et Willy Dick heavy-artsus homo, pigerrimus omnium,
Qui tulit in pileo magnum rubrumque favorem,
Valde lethus pugnare, ſed hunc Corngrevius heros
Noutheadum vocavit, atque illum forcit ad arma.
Insuper hic aderant Tom. Taylor, & Hen. Watsonus,
Et Tomy Gilchristus, & fool Focky Robinsonus
Andrew Alfhenderus, & Jamy Tomfonus, & unus
Norland bornus homo, valde valde Anticovenanter,
Nomine Gordonus, valde blackmoudus, & alter
(Deil itick it ignoror nomen) flavy beardius homo
Qui pottas dightavit, & aſſas jecerat extra.

Denique præ reliquis Geordeum affatur, & inquit,
Geordi mi formane, inter stoutifimus omnes,
Huc ades & crook saddelos, hemmasque, creilesque,
Brechmehesque ſimul omnes bindato jumentis ;
Amblentemque meum naggum, fattumque mariti
Cursorem, & reliquos troitantes ſumito averos.
In cartis yokkato omnes, extrahito muckam
Crofta per & riggas, atque ipsas ante fenefras
Neberna, & aliquid fin ipsa contra loquatur,
In sydis tu pone manus, & dicio fart jade.

Nec mora, formannus cunctos hankavit averos,
Workmannosque ad workam omnes vocavit, & illi

Extemplo cartas bene fillavere jigantes :
Whistlavere viri, workhorsosque ordine sweros
Drivavere foras, donec iterumque iterumque
Fartavere omnes, & ſic turba horrida muſtrat,
Haud aliter quam ſi cum multis Spinola troupis
Proudus ad offendam marchaſſet fortiter urbem.
Interea ante alios Dux Piper Laius heros
Præcedens, magnamque gerens cum burdine pypan.
Incipit Harlai cunctis ſonare batellum.
Tunc Neberna furens yettam ipfa egressa, vidensque
Muck-certas tranſire viam, valde angria facta
Non tulit affrontam tantam, verum, agmine facto,
Convocat extemplo Barowmannos atque Ladaos,
Iackmannumque, Hiremannos, Pleugbdrivſters atque
(Pleugbmannos

Tumlantesq; ſimul reekoso ex kitchine boyos,
Hunc qui dirtiferas terfit cum dishclouty dishas,
Hunc qui gruelias ſcivit bene lickere plettas,
Et saltpannifumos, & widebricatos fisheros,
Hellæosque etiam falteros duxit ab antris,
Coalheughos nigri girnantes more Divelli,
Lifeguardamque ſibi ſavas vocat improba laſſas,
Maggæam magis doctam milkare cowæas,
Et doctum sweepare flooras, & ſternere beddas,
Quæque novit ſpinnare, & longas ducere inreedas ;
Nanjæam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes,
Yellantemque Elpen, longo bardamque Anapellam,
Fartantemque ſimul Gyllam, gliedamque Kataam
Egregie indutam blacko caput footy clouto ;
Mammæamque ſimul vetulam, quæ ſciverat apte
Infantum teneras blonde oſcularier arſas ;
Quæque lanam cardare ſolet greasy fingria Betty.

Tum deum hungræos ventres Neberna gruelis
Fariſt, & guttas rawſuiulbus implet amaris,
Poſtea newbarmæ ingentem dedit omnibus haſtum,
Staggravere omnes, grandesque ad ſydera riftas
Barmifumi attollunt, & ſie ad prælia marchant.
Nec mora marchavit foras longo ordine turma,
Ipſa prior Neberna ſuis ſtout facta ribaldis.
Rustæum manibus gestans furibunda gulæum :
Tandem Muckrelios vocat ad pell-mellia flaidos.
“ Ite, ait, uglæi Fellows, ſi quis modo poſthac
“ Muckifer has noſtras tentet crossare fenefras,
“ Juro quod ego ejus longum extrahabo thrapellum,
“ Et totam rivabo faciem, luggasque gulæo hoc
“ Ex capite cuttabo ferox, totumque videbo
“ Heartbloodum fluere in terram. Sic verba finivit.
Obſtupit Vitarva diu dirtflida, ſed inde
Couragium accipiens, Muckrelios ordine cunctos
Middini in medio faciem turnare coegit.

O qualem primo fleuram guſtaſſes in ipſo
Battelli onſetto ! Pugnat Muckrelius heros
Fortiter, & Muckam per posteriora cadentem
In creilibus ſchoolare ardet. Sic dirta volavit.

O quale hoc hurly hurly fuit, ſi forte vidiffes
Pypantes arſas, & flavo ſanguine breeckas
Dripantes, hominumque heartas ad prælia faintas !

O qualis firy fary fuit, namque alteri nemo
Ne vel footbreddum yerdæ yieldare volebat,
Stout erat ambo quidem, valdeque hardhearta caterva !
Tum vero è medio Muckdryvſter proſilit unus
Gallantæus homo, & greppam minatur in ipsam
Nebernam, (quoniam miſere ſcaldaverat omnes)
Dirtavitque totam peticotam gutture thicko,
Pearlinealque ejus skirtas, filkamque gownæam,
Valquineamque

Vasquineamque rubram muckshera begariavit.
 Et tunc ille fuit valde faintheartus, & ivit fundum.
 Valde procul, metuens shottam woundumque pro.
 Sed nec valde procul fuerat revengia in illum;
 Extemplo *Gilla* ferox invasit, & ejus
 In faciem girnavit atrox, & tigris facta
 Boublentem grippans berdam, sic dixit ad illum :
 Vade domum, filthae nequam, aut te interficiabo.
 Tunc cum gerculeo magnum fecit *Gilly whippum*,
 Ingenteaque manu sherdam levavit, & omnem
 Gallantai hominis gashbeardam belse mariavit;
 Sume tibi hoc, inquit, sneesing valde operativum,
 Pro premio, Swingere, tuo, tum denique fleido
 Ingente *Gilly wampbra* dedit, validamque nevillam,
 Ingeminatque iterum, donec bis fecerit ignem
 Ambobus fugere ex oculis; sic *Gylla* triumphat.
 Obstupuit bombaizdus homo, backumque repente
 Turnavit veluti nasus bloodasset; & offy!
 Ter quater exclamat, & b quam foede neezavit!
 Disjuniumque omne evomuit valde hungrius homo,
 Lausavitque supra atque infra, miserabile visu,
 Et luggas necko imponens, sic eucurit absens;
 Non audens gimpare iterum, nenaworsa tulisset.

Hæc Neberna videns yellavit turpia verba,
 Et fy, fy! exclamat, propendanc victoria losta est.
 Nec mora, terribilem fillavit dira canonem,
 Elatisque hippis magno cum murmure fartam
 Barytonam emisit, veluti *Monsmegga* cracasset.
 Tum vero quackarunt hostes, flightamque repente
 Sumpserunt, retrospexit *Farkmannus*, & ipse
 Sheepeheadus metuit sonitumque istumque buleti.
 Quod si King Spanius, *Philippus* nomine, septem
 Hisce confimiles habuisset forte canones
 Batterare *Sluissam*, *Sluissam* dingasset in assam.
 Aut si tot magnus *Ludovicus* forte dedisset
 Ingentes fartas ad moenia *Montalbana*,
 Ipfam continuo townam dingasset in yerdam.
 Exit *Cornigrevius*, wracco omnia tendere videns,
 Confiliumque meum si non accipitis, inquit,
 Pulcaras scartabo ficies, & vos worriabo:
 Sed needlo per seustram broddatus, inque privatas
 Partes stobbatis, greitans lookansque grivate,
Barlafumle clamat, & dixit, O Deus! O God!
 Quid multis? Sic fraya fuit, sic guisa peracta est,
 Una nec interea spillata est droppa cruoris.

P O E M S

Never before Printed.

E P I G R A M S.

1.

THE Scottish Kirk the English Church do Name;
 The English Church the Scots a Kirk do call
 Kirk, and not Church, Church and not Kirk, O
 Your Kappa turn in Cbi, or perish all. (Shame.
 Assemblies meet, post Bishops to the Court,
 If these Two Nations fight, 'tis Strangers Sport.

2.

A Gainst the King, Sir, now why would ye fight
 Forsooth, because he dubb'd me not a Knight?
 And ye (my Lords,) why arm ye 'gainst King Charles?
 Because of Lords he would not make us Earls.
 Earls, why do ye lead forth these Warlike Bands?
 Because we will not quit the Church's Lands.
 Most Holy Church-men, what is your Intent?
 The King our Stipends largely did augment.
 Commons to Tumult thus, why are You driven?
 Priests us persuade it is the Way to Heaven.
 Are these just Cause of War, (good People,) grant:
 Hoe! Plunder! Thou ne're Swore our Covenant.

Give me a Thousand Cov'nants, I'll subscribe
 Them all, and more, if more ye can contrive,

Of Rage and Malice; and let every one
 Black Treason bear, not bare Rebellion.
 I'll not be mockt, hiss'd, plunder'd, banish'd hence
 For more Years standing for a ... Prince.
 His Castles all are taken, and his Crown,
 His Sword, and Scepter, Ensigns of Renown,
 With that Lieutenant, Fame did so extol,
 And Captives carried to the Capital,
 I'll not die Martyr for a mortal Thing,
 'Tis enough to be Confessor for a King.
 Will this you give Contentment, Honest-men?
 I've written Rebels; Pox upon the Pen.

3.

THE King a Negative Voice most justly hath,
 Since the Kirk hath found out a Negative Faith.

4.

IN Parliament one Voted for the King,
 The Crowd did murmur he might for it smart;
 His Voice again being heard, was no such Thing,
 For that which was mistaken was a Fart.

5.

Bold Scots, at Barnnockburn ye kill'd your King,
Then did in Parliament approve the Fact;
And would ye Charles to such a non-plus bring
To authorize Rebellion by an Act.
Well, what ye crave, who knows but granted may be?
But if he do't, Cause swadle him for a Baby.

6.

A Reply.

Swadl'd is the Baby, and almost Two Years
(His swadling Time) did neither cry nor stir,
But star'd, smil'd, did lye still, void of all Fears,
And sleep'd, tho' barked at by every Cur.
Yea had not wak'd, if Lefly that hoarise Nurse
Had not him hardly rocked, old Wives him curse.

7.

THE King, nor Band, nor Host had him to follow
Of all his Subjects; they were given to thee,
Lefly. Who is the greatest? By Apollo,
The Emperor thou, some Palsegrave scarce seems he.
Could'st thou pull Lords as we do Bishops down,
Small distance were between thee and a Crown:

8.

When lately Pym descended into Hell,
E're he the Cups of Letbe did carouse,
What Place that was, he called loud to tell,
To whom, a Devil; This is the Lower-House.

9.

The Status of Alcides.

Flora upon a time
Naked Alcides Statue did behold,
And with Delight admir'd each amorous Limb,
Only one Fault she said could be oft told.
For by right Symmetry
The Crafts-Man had him wrong'd,
To such tall Joynts a taller-Club belong'd:
The Club hang by his Thigh,
To which the Statuary did reply,
Fair Nymph, in ancient Days your ... by far
Were not so hugely vast as now they are.

10.

Great Lyes they tell, preach our Church cannot err,
Less Lyes, who say the King's not Head of her;
Great Lyes, who cry we may shed others Blood,
Less Lyes, who swear dumb Bishops are not good;
Great Lyes they vent, say we for God do fight;
Less Lyes who guess the King does nothing right;
Great Lyes and less Lyes all our Aims descry.
To Pulpits some, to Camp the rest apply.

11.

A Speech at the King's Entry into the Town of Linlithgow, pronounced by Mr. James Wiseman School-Master there, inclosed in a Plaister made in the Figure of a Lyon.

Thrice Royal Sir, here I do you beseech,
Who art a Lyon, to hear a Lyon's Speech!
A Miracle; for, since the Days of Æsop,
No Lyon till those times his Voice dar'd raise up
To such a Majesty: Then King of Men
The King of Beasts speaks to thee from his Den;
Who, tho' he now inclosed be in Plaister,
When he was free was Linlithgow's wise School-master.

12.

A Country Maid Amazon like did ride,
To sit more sure with Leg on either Side;

Her Mother who her spy'd said, that e're long
She should just Penance suffer for that Wrong;
For when time should on her more Years bestow,
That Horses Hair between her Thighs would grow.
Scarce Winter twice was come (as was her told)
When she found all to Frizle there with Gold,
Which first made her afraid, then turn'd her Sick,
And forc'd her keep her Bed almost a Week.
At last her Mother calls, who scarce for Laughter
Could hear the pleasant Story of her Daughter,
But that this Frenzy should no more her vex
She swore thus bearded were their weaker Sex;
Which when deny'd, think not (said she) I scorn,
Behold the place (poor Fool) where thou was born.
The Girl that seeing cry'd, now void of Pain,
Ah Mother, you have ridden on the Main.

13.

God's Judgments seldom use to cease, unless
The Sins which them procur'd Men do confess:
Our Cries are Baal's Priests, Our Fasting vain,
Our Pray'r not heard, nor answer'd us again,
Till Perjury, Wrong, Rebellion be confess'd,
Think not on Peace, nor to be freed of Pest.

14.

THE King gives yearly to his Senate Gold,
Who can deny but Justice then is sold!

15.

Here Rixus lies, a Novice in the Laws,
Who plains he came to Hell without a Cause.

PHYLIS,

On the Death of her Sparrow.

Ah! if ye ask, my Friends, why this salt Shower
My blubber'd Eyes upon this Paper pour?
Gone is my Sparrow, he whom I did train,
And turn'd so toward, by a Cat is slain:
No more with trembling Wings shall he attend
His watchful Mistress. Would my Life could end;
No more shall I him hear chirp pretty Lays,
Have I not Cause to loath my tedious days?
A Dedalus he was to catch a Fly,
Nor Wrath, nor Rancor Men in him could spy,
To touch or wrong his Tail, if any dar'd
He pinch'd their Fingers, and against them war'd.
Then might that Crest be seen shake up and down
Which fixed was unto his little Crown.
Like Hector's, Troy's strong Bulwark, when in Ire
He rag'd to set the Grecian Fleet on Fire.
But (ah, alas!) a Cat this Prey espies,
Then with a Leap did thus our Joys surprise.
Undoubtedly this Bird was kill'd by Treason,
Or otherways had of that Fiend had Reason.
Thus was Achilles by weak Paris slain,
And stout Camilla fell by Aruns vain.
So that false Horse, which Pallas rais'd 'gainst Troy,
King Priam and that City did destroy.
Thou now whose Heart is big with this frail Glory,
Shalt not live long to tell thy Honour's Story.
If any Knowledge resteth after Death
In Ghosts of Birds, when they have left to breath,
My Darling's Ghost shall know in lower Place,
The Vengeance falling on the Cattish Race.
For never Cat nor Catling I shall find,
But mew shall they in Pluto's Palace blind.
Ye who with gawdy Wings and Bodies light
Do dint the Air, turn hitherwards your Flight.
To my Sad Tears comply these Notes of yours,
Unto his Idol bring an Harv'ft of Flowers;
Let him accept from us, as most divine
Sabaean Incense, Milk, Food, sweetest Wine;

And

And on a Stone let us these Words engrave,
Pilgrim, the body of a Sparrow brave,
In a fierce glutinous Cat's Womb clos'd remains,
Whose Ghost now graceth the Elysian Plains.

DIVINE POEMS.

1. Peter, after the Denial of his Master.

LIKE to the solitary Pelican
The shady Groves I haunt, and Deserts wild,
Amongst Wood's Burgeses, from Sight of Man,
From Earth's Delight, from mine own self exil'd.
But that Remorse which with my Fall began,
Relenteth not, nor is by Change turn'd mild,
But rents my Soul, and like a famish'd Child
Renews its Cryes, though Nurse does what she can.
Look how the skrieking Bird that courts the Night
In ruin'd Wall doth Lurk, and gloomy Place,
Of Sun, of Moon, of Stars I shun the Light,
Not knowing where to stay, what to embrace :
How to Heaven's Lights should I lift these of mine,
Sith I denied Him, who made them shine.

2. On the Virgin Mary

THE woful Mary midst a blubber'd Band
Of weeping Virgins, near unto the Tree
Where God Death suffer'd, Man from death to free,
Like to a plaintful Nightingale did stand,
Which sees her Younglings rest before her Eyes,
And hath nought else to guard; them save her Cryes:
Love thither had her brought, and Misbelief
Of these sad News, which charg'd her Mind to Fears,
But now her Eyes more wretched then her Tears,
Bear witness (ah, too true,) of feared Grief:
Her Doubts made certain, did her Hopes destroy,
Abandoning her Soul to black Annoy.
Long fixing down-caft-Eyes on Earth at last
She longing them did raise, (O torturing Sight !)
To view what they did shun, their sole Delight
Embru'd in his own Blood, and naked Plac't,
To sinful Eyes, naked save that black Vail
Which Heaven him shrouded with, that did bewail.
It was not Pity, Pain, Grief did posses
The Mother, but an Agony more strange,
Cheek's Roses in pale Lillies straight did change ;
Her Sp'rits (as if he bled his Blood) turn'd less,
When she him saw, Wo did all Words deny,
And Grief her only suffer'd sigh, O my !
O my dear Lord and Son ! Then she began,
Immortal Birth, tho' of a Mortal born,
Eternal Bounty which doth Heaven adorn,
Without a Mother, God ; a Father, Man ;
Ah, what hast thou deserv'd, what hast thou done !
Thus to be treat ? Woe's me, my Son, my Son !
Who bruise'd thy Face, the Glory of this All,
Who Eyes engor'd, Load-Stars to Paradise,
Who, as thou were a trimmed Sacrifice,
Did with that cruel Crown thy Brows impale ?
Who rais'd Thee, whom so oft the Angels serv'd,
Between those Thieves who that foul Death deserv'd ?
Was it for this Thou breed waft in my Womb ?
Mine Arms a Cradle serv'd Thee to Repose ?
My Milk Thee fed, as Morning-dew the Rose ?
Did I Thee keep till this sad Time should come,
That wretched Men should nail Thee to a Tree,
And I a Witness of Thy Pangs must be ?
It is not long, the Way's besetrow'd with Flowers,
With Shouts to echoing Heavens and Mountains roll'd,
Since, as in Triumph, I Thee did behold
Dr. Royal Pomp approach proud Sion's Towers :

Lo, what a Change ! Who did Thee then embrace,
Now at Thee shake their Heads, inconstant Race.
Eternal Father, from whose piercing Eye
Hid nought is found, that in this All is form'd,
Diegn to Vouchsafe & Look unto this Round,
This Round, the Stage of a sad Tragedy :
Look but if Thy dear Pledge thou hear canst know
On an unhappy Tree, a shameful show.
Ah ! Look if this be He, Almighty King,
Before Heavens spangled were with Stars of Gold,
E're World a Center had it to uphold,
Whom from Eternity Thou forth didst bring.
With Virtue, Form and Light, who did adorn
Skie's radiant Globes, see where he hangs a Scorn ?
Did all my Prayers tend to this ? Is this
The Promise that celestial Herald made
At Nazareth, when full of Joy he said,
I happy was, and from Thee did me bless ;
How am I blest ? No, most unhappy I,
Of all the Mothers underneath the Sky.
How true and of choise Oracles the Choice
Was that blest Hebrew ? whose dear Eyes in Peace
Mild Death did close, e're they saw this Disgrace,
When he fore-spake with more than Angel's Voice ;
The Son shond (Malice sign,) be set a-part
Then, that a Sword should pierce the Mothers Heart.
But whither dost thou go, Life of my Soul ?
O stay a little till I dye with Thee ;
And do I live Thee languishing to see ?
And cannot Grief frail Laws of Life controul ?
If Grief prove weak, come cruel Squadrons kill
The Mother, spare the Son, He knows no Ill :
He knows no Ill, those Pangs base Men are due
To me and all the World, save Him alone ;
But now He doth not hear my bitter Moan ;
Too late I Cry, too late I Plaints renew ;
Pale are his Lips, down doth his Head decline,
Dim turn those Eyes once wont so bright to shine.
The Heavens which in their Mansions constant move,
That they may not seem guilty of this Crime,
Benighted have the golden Eye of Time ;
Ungrateful Earth, can't thou such Shame approve.
And seem unmov'd this done upon thy Face.
Earth trembled then, and She did hold her Peace,

3. Hymn.

HI M. whom the Earth, the Sea and Sky
Worship, adore and magnify ;
And doth this threefold Engine steer,
Mary's pure Closet now doth bear.
Whom Sun and Moon, and Creatures all,
Serving at Times, obey his Call ;
Pouring from Heaven his Sacred Grace,
I' th' Virgin's Bowels hath ta'ne Place.
Mother most blest by such a Dower,
Whose Maker, Lord of highest Power ;
Who this wide World in Hand contains,
In thy Womb's Ark himself restrains,
Blest by a Message from Heaven brought,
Fertile with Holy Ghost full fraught ;
Of Nations the desired King,
Within thy Sacred Womb doth spring.
Lord may Thy Glory still endure,
Who born waft of a Virgin pure ;
The Father's and the Sp'rit's of Love
Which endless Worlds may not remov.

4. An Evening Hymn.

MAKER of all, we Thee intreat,
Before the joyful Light descend,
That Thou with wnted Mercy great
Us, as our Keeper would'ft defend,
Let idle Dreams be far away ;
And vain Illusions of the Night,
Repress our Foe, least that he may
Our Bodies to foul Lust incite.

Let this, O Father, granted be,
Through our dear Saviour's boundless Merit,
Who doth for ever live with Thee,
Together with the holy Spirit.

5. Complaint of the blessed Virgin.

THE Mother stood with Grief confounded,
Near the Cross; her Tears abounded
While her dear Son hanged was,
Through whose Soul, her Sighs forth venting,
Sadly mourning and lamenting,
Sharpest Points of Swords did pass:
O how sad and how distress'd,
Was the Mother ever-bless'd,
Who God's only Son forth-brought.
She in Grief and Woes did languish,
Quaking to behold what Anguish
To her noble Son was wrought.

6. Hymn upon the Nativity.

Christ, whose Redemption all doth free,
Son of the Father, who alone
Before the World began to be,
Didst spring from Him by Means unknown.
Thou his clear Brightness, Thou his Light,
Thou everlasting Hope of all,
Observe the Prayers which in Thy Sight
Thy Servants through the World let fall.
O dearest Saviour bear in Mind
That of our Body Thou a Child
Didst whilom take the natural Kind,
Born of the Virgin undefil'd.
This much the present Day makes known,
Passing the Circuit of the Year,
That thou from thy high Father's Throne
The World's sole Safety didst appear.
The highest Heaven, the Earth and Seas,
And all that is within them found,
Because he sent Thee us to ease
With mirthful Songs his Praise resound.
We also who redeemed are
With Thy pure Blood from sinful State,
For this thy Birth-Day will prepare
New Hymns this Feast to celebrate.
Glory, O Lord, be given to Thee
Whom the unspotted Virgin bore,
And Glory to Thee, Father, be,
And th' holy Ghost for ever more.

7. Hymn upon the Innocents.

Hail you sweet Babes that are the Flowers,
Whom (when you Life begin to taste,)
The Enemy of Christ devours,
As Whirlwinds down the Roles cast.
First Sacrifice to Christ you went,
Of offer'd Lambs a tender Sort;
With Palms and Crowns you Innocent
Before the sacred Altar sport.

8. Dedication of a Church;

Jerusalem, that place Divine,
The Vision of sweet Peace is nam'd,
In Heaven her glorious Turrets shine,
Her Walls of living Stones are fram'd,
While Angels guard her on each Side,
Fit Company for such a Bride.
She deckt in new Attire from Heaven,
Her Wedding-Chamber now descends,
Prepar'd in Marriage to be given
To Christ, on whom her Joy depends.
Her Walls wherewithal are inclos'd,
And Streets are of pure Gold compos'd.
The Gates adorn'd with Pearls most bright
The Way to hidden Glory show,
And thither by the blessed Might
Of Faith in Jesus's Merits go.

All these who are on Earth distract
Because they have Christ's Name profest.
These Stones the Work-men dress and beat,
Before they thoroughly Polisht are,
Then each is in his proper Seat
Establish'd by the Builder's Care. ¶
In this fair Frame to stand for ever,
So joyn'd that them no Force can sever,
To God who sits in highest Seat,
Glory and Power given be,
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
Who reign in equal Dignity;
Whose boundless Power we still adore,
And sing their Praise for ever-more.

9. Hymn.

JESUS, our Prayers with Mildness hear,
Who art the Crown which Virgins decks,
Whom a pure Maid did breed and bear,
The sole Example of her Sex.
Thou feeding there where Lillies spring,
While round about the Virgins dance,
Thy Spouse dost to Glory bring,
And them with high Rewards advance.
The Virgins follow in thy Ways
Whithersoever thou dost go,
They trace thy Steps with Songs of Praise,
And in sweet Hymns thy Glory show.
Cause thy protecting Grace we pray
In all our Senses to abound,
Keeping from them all harms which may
Our Souls with foul Corruption wound.
Praise, Honour, Strength, and Glory great
To God, the Father, and the Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
While Time lasts, and when Time is done.

10. Hymn.

BEnign Creator of the Stars,
Eternal Light of faithful Eyes,
Christ, whose Redemption none debars,
Do not our humble Prayers despise.
Who for the state of Mankind giv'n'd,
That it by Death destroy'd should be,
Hast the diseased World reliev'd,
And given the Guilty Remedy.
When th' Evening of the World drew near,
Thou as a Bridegroom deign'st to come
Out of thy Wedding-Chamber dear,
Thy Virgin Mother's purest Womb.
To the strong Force of whose high Reign
All Knees are bow'd with Gesture low,
Creatures which Heaven or Earth contain,
With Rev'rence their Subjection show.
O holy Lord, we thee desire,
Whom we expect to judge all Faults,
Preserve us as the Times require,
From our deceitful Foes Assaults.
Praise, Honour, Strength, and Glory great,
To God, the Father, and the Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
Whilst Time lasts, and when Time is done.

11. Hymn for Sunday.

Oblest Creator of the Light,
Who bringing forth the Light of Days
With the first Work of Splendor bright,
The World didst to Beginning raise,
Who Morn with Evening joyn'd in one
Commandedst should be call'd the Day:
The foul Confusion now is gone,
O hear us when with Tears we Pray;
Lest that the Mind with Fears full fraught,
Should lose best Life's Eternal Gains,
While it hath no Immortal Thought,
But is inwrapt in sinful Chains.

O may it beat the immortall Sky,
And the Reward of Life possess;
May we from hurtful Actions fly,
And purge away all Wickedness.

Dear Father, grant what we intreat,
And only Son who like Power hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst Times and Ages last.

12. Hymn for Monday.

Great maker of the Heavens wide,
Who least Things mixt should all confound;
The Floods and Waters didst divide,
And didst appoint the Heavens their bound.
Ordering where heavenly Things shall stay,
Where Streams shall run on earthly Soyl,
That Waters may the Flames allay,
Least they the Globe of Earth should spoil.
Sweet Lord into our Minds infuse
The Gift of everlasting Grace,
That no old Faults which we did use
May with new Frauds our Sons deface.
May our true Faith obtain the Light,
And such clear Beams our Hearts posses,
That it vain Things may banish quite,
And that no Falshood it oppres.
Dear Father grant what we intreat, &c.

13. Hymn for Tuesday.

Great Maker of Man's earthly Realm,
Who didst the Ground from Waters take,
Which did the troubled Land o'rewhelm,
And it unmoveable didst make,
That there young Plants might fitly spring,
While it with golden Flowers attir'd
Might forth ripe Fruit in Plenty bring,
And yield sweet Fruit by all desir'd.
With fragrant Greenness of thy Grace
Our blasted Souls of Wounds release,
That tears foul Sins away may chase,
And in the Mind bad Motions cease:
May it obey thy heavenly Voice,
And never drawing near to Ill,
T'abound in Goodness may rejoice,
And may no mortal Sin fulfil.
Dear Father, &c.

14. Hymn for Wednesday.

Holy God of heavenly Frame,
Who mak'st the Pole's high Center bright,
And paintst the same with shining Flames,
Adorning it with beauteous Light:
Who framing on the fourth of Days
The fiery Chariot of the Sun
Appoint'st the Moon her changing Rays,
And Orbs in which the Planets run.
That Thou might'st by a certain bound
'Twixt Night and Day Division make;
And that some sure Sign might be found
'To shew when Months Beginning take.
Men's Hearts with lightsome Splendor bless,
Wipe from their minds polluting spots,
Dissolve the Bond of Guiltiness,
Throw down the Heaps of sinful Blots.
Dear Father, &c.

15. Hymn for Thursday.

God, whose Forces far extend,
Who Creatures which from Waters spring
Back to the Flood dost partly send,
And up to th' Air dost partly bring.
Some in the Waters deeply div'd,
Some playing in the Heavens above,
That Natures from one Stock deriv'd
May thus to several Dwellings move:

Upon thy Servants Grace bestow,
Whose Souls thy bloody Waters clear,
That they no sinful Falls may know,
Nor heavy Grief of Death may bear;
That Sin no Soul opprest may thrall,
That none be lifted high with Pride,
That Minds cast downward do not fall,
Nor raised up may backward slide.
Dear Father, &c.

16. Hymn for Friday.

God, from whose Work Mankind did spring,
Who all in Rule dost only keep,
Bidding the dry Land forth to bring
All kind of Beasts which on it creep:
Who hast made subject to Man's Hand
Great Bodies of each mighty Thing,
That taking Life from thy Command,
They might in Order serve their King.
From us thy Servants (Lord) expel
These Errors which Uncleanliness breeds,
Which either in our Manners dwell,
Or mix themselves among our Deeds.
Give the Rewards of joyful Life,
The plenteous Gifts of Grace encrease;
Dissolve the cruel Bonds of Strife,
Knit fast the happy League of Peace,
Dear Father, &c.

17. Hymn for Saturday.

Trinity, O blessed Light,
O Unity, most principal;
The fiery Sun now leaves our Sight,
Cause in our Hearts thy Beams to fall:
Let us with Songs of Praise divine
At Morn and Evening Thee implore,
And let our Glory bow d' to Thine
Thee glorify for ever-more.
To God the Father Glory great,
And Glory to his only Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
Both now and still while Ages run.

Upon the Sundays in Lent.

18. HYMN.

Merciful Creator, hear
Our Prayers to Thee devoutly bent,
Which we pour forth with many a Tear
In this most holy Fast of Lent.
Thou mildest Searcher of each Heart,
Who know'st the weakness of our Strength,
To us forgiving Grace impart,
Since we return to Thee at length.
Much have we sinned to our Shame,
But spare us who our Sins confess;
And for the Glory of thy Name
To our sick Souls afford Redress.
Grant that the Flesh may be so pin'd
By Means of outward Abstinence,
As that the sober watchful Mind
May fast from Spots of all Offence.
Grant this, O blessed Trinity;
Pure Unity to this incline,
That the Effects of Fasts may be
A grateful Recompence for Thine.

19. On the Ascension Day.

Jesus, who our Souls dost save,
On whom our Love and Hopes depend,
God from whom all Things Being have,
Man when the World drew to an end.

What

What Clemency Thee vanquisht so,
Upon Thee our foul Crimes to take,
And cruel Death to undergo,
That Thou from Death us free might make.
Let thine own Goodness to The bend,
That thou our Sins may'st put to Flight;
Spare us, and as our Wishes tend,
O satisfy us with Thy Sight;
Mayst Thou our joyful Pleasures be,
Who shall be our expected Gain,
And let our Glory be in Thee
While any Ages shall remain.

20. Hymn for Whitsunday.

Creator, Holy Ghost descend,
Visit our Minds with thy bright Flame,
And thy celestial Grace extend
To fill the Hearts which Thou didst frame:
Who *Paraclete* are said to be,
Gift which the highest God bestows,
Fountain of Life, Fire, Charity,
Ointment whence Ghostly Blessings flows.
Thy seven-fold Grace Thou down dost send,
Of God's right Hand Thou finger art,
Thou by the Father promised
Unto our Mouths dost Speech impart.
In our dull Senses kindle Light;
Infuse thy Love into our Hearts,
Reforming with perpetual Light
Th' Infirmities of fleshly Parts.
Far from our Dwelling drive our Foe,
And quickly Peace unto us bring,
Be thou our Guide, before to go,
That we may shun each hurtful Thing.
Be pleased to instruct our Mind,
To know the Father and the Son,
The Spirit who them both dost bind,
Let us believe while Ages run.
To God the Father Glory great,
And to the Son who from the dead
Arose, and to the *Paraclete*,
Beyond all Time imagined,

21. On the Transfiguration of our Lord,
the Sixth of August; A Hymn.

ALL you that seek Christ, let your Sight
Up to the Height directed be,
For there you may the Sign most bright
Of everlasting Glory see.
A radiant Light we there behold,
Endless, unbounded, lofty, high:
Than Heaven or that rude Heap more old,
Wherein the World confus'd did lye.
The Gentiles this great Prince embrace;
The Jews obey this King's Command,
Promis'd to *Abraham* and his race
A Blessing while the World shall stand.
By Mouths of Prophets free from Lyes,
Who seal the Witness which they bear,
His Father bidding testifies
That we should Him believe and hear:
Glory, O Lord, be given to Thee,
Who hast appear'd upon this Day;
And glory to the Father be,
And to the Holy Ghost for ay.

22. On the Feast of St. Michael the
Arch-Angel.

TO Thee, O Christ, Thy Father's Light,
Life, Virtue, which our Heart inspires,
In Presence of thine Angels bright,
We sing with Voice and with Desires:
Our selves we mutually invite,
To Melody with answering Quires.

With Reverence we these Soldiers praise,
Who near the heavenly Throne abide,
And chiefly him whom God doth raise,
His strong Celestial Host to guide; *Michael* who by his Power dismayes,
And beateth down the Devils pride.

An Elegy upon the Victorious King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus.

LIKE a cold fatal Sweat which ushers Death,
My Thoughts hang on me, and by labouring breath
Stopt up with Sighs, my Fancy big with Woes
Feels two Twin Mountains struggle in her Throws,
Of boundless Sorrow, th' one, th' other of Sin,
For less let no Man call it, to begin
Where Honour ends in great *Gustavu's* Flame,
That still burnt out and wasted to a Name,
Does barely live with us, and when the Stuff
Which fed it fails, the Taper turns to Snuff;
With this poor Snuff, this airy Shaddow, we
Of Fame and Honour must contented be,
Since from the vain Grasp of our Wishes fled
Their glorious Substances, now he is dead,
Speak it again, and louder, louder yet,
Else whilst we hear the sound we shall forget
What it delivers, let hoarse Rumour cry
Till she so many Echoes multiply,
That may like numerous Witnesses confute
Our unbelieving Souls that would dispute
And doubt this Truth for ever, this one Way
Is left our Incredulity to sway;
To awaken our deaf Sense, and make our Ears
As open, and dilated as our Tears.
That we may feel the Blow, and feeling grieve
At what we would not fain, but must believe,
And in that horrid Faith behold the World
From her proud Height of expectation hurl'd;
Stooping with him, as if she strove to have
No lower Center now, than Sweden's Grave.

O could not all the purchast Victories
Like to thy Fame thy Flesh immortalize?
Were not thy Virtue, nor thy Valour charms
To guard thy Body from those outward Harms
Which could not reach thy Soul? Could not thy Spirit
Lend somewhat which thy Frailty could inherit,
From thy diviner Part that Death nor Heat
Nor Envy's Bullets e're could penetrate?
Could not thy early Trophies in stern Fight
Turn from the Pole, the *Dane*, the *Muscovite*?
Which were thy Triumphs, Seeds as Pledges sown,
That when thy Honour's Harvest was ripe grown
With full plum'd Wing thou Faulkon-like could fly,
And cuff the Eagle in the *German* Sky,
Forcing his Iron-beak, and Feathers feel
They were not Proof 'gainst thy victorious Steel.
Could not all these protect thee, or prevail,
To fight that coward Death, who oft grew pale
To look thee and thy Battles in the Face?
Alas they could not, Destiny gives Place
To none. Nor is it seen that Princes Lives
Can saved be by their Prerogatives:
No more was thine; who, clos'd in thy cold Lead,
Dost from thy self a mournful Lecture read
Of Man's short dated Glory. Learn you Kings,
You are like him but penetrable Things,
Though you from Demi-Gods derive your Birth,
You are at best but honourable Earth.
And how e're sifted from that courser Bran
Which doth compound and knead the common Man;
Nothing Immortal, or from Earth refin'd
About you, but your Office and your Mind.
Hear then, break your false Glasses which present
You greater than your Maker ever meant.
Make Truth your Mirror now, since you find all
That flatter you, confuted by his Fall.

Yet since it was decreed thy Life's bright Sun
Must be Eclips'd e're thy full Course was run,

Be proud thou didst in thy black Obscniess
With greater Glory set than others rise.
For in thy Death, as Life, thou holdest one
Most just and regular Proportion.
Look how the Circles drawn by Compass meet
Indivisibly, joyned Head to Feet;
And by continued Points which them unite
Grow at once circular, and infinite.
So did thy Fate and Honour both contend
To match thy brave Beginning with thine End;
Therefore thou hadst instead of passing Bell
The Drums, and Canons, thunder for thy Knells;
And in the Field thou didst triumphing dye,
Closing thy Eye-lids with a Victory,
That so by Thousands that there lost their Breath,
King-like, thou might'ft be waited on in Death.

Liv'd Plutarch now, and would of Cesar tell
He could make none but thee his Parallel,
Whose Tide of Glory swelling to the Brim
Needs borrow no Addition from him:
When did great Julius in any Clime
Atchieve so much, and in so short a Time?
Or if he did, yet shalt thou in that Land
Single for him, and unexampled stand.
When over the Germans first his Eagle towrd,
What saw the Legions which on them he pour'd,
But massy Bodies made their Swords to try
Subjects, not for his Fight, but Slavery,
In that so vast expanded Piece of Ground
(Now Sweden's Theatre and Scorn,) he found
Nothing worth Cesar's Valour, or his Fear,
No conqu'ring Army, nor a Tilly there,
Whose Strength nor Wiles, nor Practice in the War
Might the fierce Torrent of his Triumphs bar;
But that thy winged Sword twice made him yield,
Both from his Trenches beat, and from the Field.
Besides, the Roman thought he had done much
Did he the Banks of Rhenus only touch,
But tho' his March was bounded by the Rhine,
Not Oder nor the Danube thee confine.
And but thy Frailty did thy Fame prevent,
Thou hadst thy Conquest stretcht to such Extent
Thou might'ft Vienna reach, and after Spain;
From Mulda to the Baltic Ocean,

But Death hath span'd thee, nor must we divine
What here thou hadst to finish thy Design;
Or who shall thee succeed as Champion
For Liberty; and for Religion.
Thy Task is done, as in a Watch the Spring,
Wound to the Height relaxes with the String.
So thy Steel-Nerves of Conquest from their steep
Ascent declin'd, lye slackt in thy last Sleep.
Rest then triumphant Soul, for ever rest,
And like the Phoenix in her Spicy Nest
Embalm'd with thine own Merit upward fly,
Born in a Cloud of Perfume to the Sky,
Whilst, as in deathless Urns, each noble Mind
Treasures thine Ashes which are left behind.
And if perhaps no Cassiopeian Spark
(Which in the North did thy first Rising mark)
Shine o're thy Hearse, the Breath of our just Praise
Shall to the Firmament thy Virtues raise,
Then fix and kindle them into a Star,
Whose Influence may Crown thy gloriouſ War.

The FIVE SENSES.

1. SEEING.

FROM such a Face whose Excellence
May captivate my Sovereign's Sense,
And make him (Phæbus like) his Throne,
Resign to some young Phæton,
Whose skilles and unstayed Hand
May prove the Ruin of the Land,
Unles great Fove, down from the Sky.
Beholding Earth's Calamity.
Strike with his Hand that cannot err,
The proud usurping Charioter,
And cure (tho' Phæbus grieve) our Wo:
From such a Face as can work so;

Wheresoever thou haſt a Being,
Bleſſ my Sov'reign and his Seeing.

2. HEARING.

FROM Jeſts prophanes, and flattering Tongues,
From bawdy Tales and beaſtly Songs,
From after Super Suits, that fear
A Parliament or Council's Ear;
From ſpaniſh Treaties that may wound
The Country's Peace, the Gofpel's Sound;
From Job's false Friends, that would intice
My Sovereign from Heav'n's Paradise;
From Prophets, ſuch as Ahab's were,
Whose Flatterings ſooth my Sovereign's Ear;
His Frowns more than his Maker's fearing,
Bleſſ my Sovereign and his Hearing.

3. TASTING.

FROM all Fruit that is forbidden,
Such for which old Eve was chidden;
From Bread of Labours, Sweat and ToyL
From the poor Widow's Meal and Oyl;
From Blood of Innocents oft wrangled
From their Estates, and from that's ſtrangled;
From the candid poyon'd Baits
Of Jesuites and their Deceits;
Italian Sallads, Romiſh Drugs,
The Milk of Babel's proud Whore's Dugs;
From Wine that can destroy the Brain,
And from the dangerous Figs of Spain,
At all Bankets, and all Feaſting,
Bleſſ my Sov'reign and his Taſting.

4. FEELING.

FROM Prick of Conscience, ſuch a Sting
As ſlays the Soul, Heaven bleſſ the King;
From ſuch a Bribe as may withdraw
His Thoughts from Equity or Law;
From ſuch a smooth and beardleſs Chin,
As may provoke or tempt to Sin;
From ſuch a Hand whioſe moist Palm may
My Sov'reign lead out of the Way;
From Things polluted and unclean,
From all Things beaſtly and obscene;
From that may ſet his Soul a reeling,
Bleſſ my Sov'reign and his Feeling.

5. SMELLING.

WHERE Myrrh and Frankincenſe is thrown,
The Altar's built to Gods unknown,
O let my Sov'reign never dwell,
Such damn'd Perfumes are fit for Hell.
Let no ſuch Scent his Noſtrils flain,
From Smells that poyon can the Brain,
Heavens ſtill preferre him. Next I crave
Thou wilt be pleas'd, great God, to ſave
My Sov'reign from a Ganymede,
Whose Whorish Breath hath Power to lead
His Excellence which Way it lift,
O let ſuch Lips be never kift
From a Breath ſo far excelling,
Bleſſ my Sov'reign and his Smelling.

The Abstract.

SEEING.

AND now, juſt God, I humbly pray,
That thou wilt take the Slime away;
That keeps my Sovereign's Eyes from ſeeing
The Things that will be our Undoing.

HEARING.

THEN let him hear (good God,) the Sounds
As well of Men as of his Hounds.

TASTE.

GIVE him a Taſte, and truly too,
Of what his Subjects undergo.

FEELING & SMELLING.

GIVE him a Feeling of their Woes,
And then no doubt his Royal Nose
Will quickly Smell the Rascals forth,
Whose black Deeds have Eclipt'd his Worth;
They found and scourg'd for their Offences,
Heavens bleſſ my Sovereign and his Senses.

The CHARACTER of an Anti-Covenanter, or Malignant.

WOULD you know these Royal Knaves
Of Free-Men would turn us Slaves;
Who our Union do defame
With Rebellion's wicked Name;
Read these Verses, and ye will spring them.
Then on Gibbets straight caule hing them.
They complain of Sin, and Folly,
In these Times, so passing holy
They their Substance will not give
Libertines that we may Live.
Hold those Subjects too too wanton,
Under an old King dare canton.
Neglect they do our circular Tables,
Scorn our Acts and Laws as Fables,
Of our Battels talk but meekly,
With Four Sermons pleasd are weekly,
Swear King Charles is neither Papist,
Arminian, Lutheran or Atheist.
But that in his Chamber-Prayers,
Which are pour'd 'midst Sighs and Tears
To avert God's fearful Wrath
Threatning us with Blood and Death;
Persuade they would the Multitude,
This King too holy is and good.
They avouch we'll weep and groan
When Hundred Kings we serve for one,
That each Shire but Blood affords,
To serve the Ambition of young Lords,
Whose Debts e're now had been redoubled
If the State had not been troubled.
Slow they are our Oath to swear,
Slower for it Arms to bear,
They do Concord love and Peace,
Would our Enemies embrace:
Turn Men Proselytes by the Word,
Not by Musket, Pike and Sword.
They Swear that for Religion's Sake
We may not massacre, burn , sack :
That the Beginning of these Pleas
Sprang from the ill-spe'd ABC's.
For Servants that it is not well
Against their Masters to Rebel,
That that Devotion is but slight
Doth force men first to swear, then fight.
That our Confession is indeed
Not the Apostolick C R E E D,
Which of Negations we contrive,
Which Turk and Jew may both subscribe.
That Monies should Men's Daughters marry,
They on frantick War miscarry.
Whilst dear the Souldiers they pay,
At last who will snatch all away.
And as Times turn worse and worse,
Catechise us by the Purse.
That Debts are paid with bold stern Looks,
That Merchants pray on their Compt-books ;
That Justice dumb and sullen frowns
To see in Crolets hang'd her Gowns ;
That Preachers ordinary Theme
Is 'gainst Monarchy to declaim.
That since Leagues we began to swear,
Vices did ne're so black appear ;
Oppression, Blood-shed, ne're more rife,
Foul Jars between the Man and Wife ;
Religion so contemn'd was never
Whilst all are raging in a Fever.
They tell by Devils and some sad Chance
That that detestable League of France,
Which cost so many Thousand Lives,
And Two Kings by Religious Knives,
Is amongst us, though few detry,
Though they speak Truth, yet say they Lye.



He who says that Night is Night,
That triple Folk walk not upright,
That the Owls into the Spring
Do not Nightingales out-sing ;
That the Seas we may not plow,
Ropes make of the rainy Bow ;
That the Foxes keep not Sheep,
That Men waking do not sleep ;
That all's not Gold doth Gold appear,
Believe him not altho' he Swear.
To such Syrens stop your Ear,
Their Societies forbear.
Ye may be tossed like a Wave,
Verity may you deceive ;
Just Fools they may make of you,
Then hate them worse than Turk or Jew.
Were it not a dangerous Thing,
Should we again obey the King ;
Lords lose should Sovereignty,
Souldiers haste back to Germany,
Justice should in our Towns remain,
Poor Men possess their own again.
Brought out of Hell that Word of Plunder
More terrible than Devil or Thunder,
Should with the Covenant fly away,
And Chari y amongst us stay ;
Peace and Plenty should us nourish,
True Religion 'mongt us flourish.
When you find these lying Fellows,
Take and flower with them the Gallows.
On others you may too lay hold,
In Purie or Chett, if they have Gold.
Who wise or rich are in this Nation,
Malignants are by Proteftation.

A PASTORAL Song.

Phyllis and Damon.

Pb.] Shepherd doft thou Love me well ?
Da.] Better then weak Words can tell.
Pb.] Like to what, good Shepherd say ?
Da.] Like to Thee Fair cruel Maye.
Pb.] O how strange these Words I find ;
Yet to satisfy my Mind
Shepherd without mocking me
Have I any Love for thee,
Like to what, good Shepherd say.
Da.] Like to Thee Fair cruel Maye.
Pb.] Better Answer had it been
To say thou lov'd me as thine Eyne.
Da.] Wo is me, these I love not,
For by them Love entrance got,
At that Time they did behold
Thy sweet Face and Locks of Gold.
Pb.] Like to what dear Shepherd say,
Da.] Like to Thee Fair cruel Maye.
Pb.] Once, (dear Shepherd,) speak more plain,
And I shall not ask again ;
Say, to end this gentle Strife,
Doft thou Love me as thy Life ?
Da.] No, for it is turn'd a Slave
To sad Annoys, and what I have
Of Life by Love's stronger Force
Is reft, and I'm but a dead Cors.
Pb.] Like to what ? good Shepherd say,
Da.] Like to Thee Fair cruel Maye.
Pb.] Learn I pray this, like to thee,
And say I love as I do me.
Da.] Alas, I do not love my self,
For I'm split on Beauty's Shelf.
Pb.] Like to what ? good Shepherd say,
Da.] Like to Thee Fair cruel Maye.

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NOTE.

SIR John Drummond, the Author's Father, was for Ten or Twelve Years Usher to King James VI. and thereafter made Knight of the Black-Rod; but did not long survive. He was second Son to Sir Robert Drummond of Carnock. The first of which Family was Brother to Annabella Drummond, Queen of Scotland; As appears from a Charter granted to him by King Robert III: which runs thus, *Robertus Rex Sc: dilecto nostro fratri Willielmo de Drummond, Domino de Carnock.* And the Confirmation thereof by King James I: to him, contains these Words; *James, by the Grace of God, &c. To our well beloved Uncle William Drummond of Carnock.*

ERRATA.

AUTHOR'S DEDICATION, p. 22. l. 22. for Mother, read Grandmother.
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F I N I S.



